

Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE



Published monthly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 325 N. Capitol Ave., Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second-class matter March 20, 1913, at the post-office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 25 cents. Subscription, \$4.50 a year in the United States; \$5.00 a year in Canada. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, although every care will be taken of such material while in our possession. The contents of this magazine are fully protected by copyright and must not be reproduced either wholly or in part without permission from the publishers. FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor. Copyright, 1924, by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company

Contents for December, 1924

Cover Design.....	Andrew Brosnatch	
Death-Waters.....	Frank Belknap Long, Jr.	9
<i>Snakes—and a Black Man in a Black Lake</i>		
The Earth Girl.....	Carroll K. Michener	16
<i>A Distant Planet—Destruction of a Civilization</i>		
With Weapons of Stone.....	C. M. Eddy, Jr.	28
<i>Cavemen—Primitive Love—the Saber-tooth Tiger</i>		
The Death Clinic.....	Otto E. A. Schmidt	34
<i>Weird Revenge of a Great Surgeon</i>		
Cave of Murdered Men.....	W. Benson Dooling	47
<i>A Fantasy</i>		
Kaivalya.....	Mrs. Edgar Saltus	49
<i>Fourth Dimension—Hypnotism—Crime</i>		

(Continued on Next Page)

(Continued from Preceding Page)

A Tryst With Death	Edgar White	58
<i>A Rendezvous at the Tomb</i>		
The Valley of Teeheemen (Part One)	Arthur Thatcher	61
<i>Two-part Novel—Airplane Falls Into Strange Valley</i>		
Black Temple Band	Elwin J. Owens	87
<i>Six Black-robed Men—and a Weird Cave</i>		
His Family	C. Franklin Miller	93
<i>A Mad Colonel in the African Wilderness</i>		
A Hand From the Deep	Romeo Poole	98
<i>Strange Tale of Quack Surgery</i>		
After	Denis Francis Hannigan	106
<i>Beyond the Door of Death</i>		
Creeping Mist	Thomas B. Sherman	108
<i>Crime of a Man Who Was Already Dead</i>		
The Silent Five	Anthony D. Keogh	116
<i>A Haunted House and a Secret Society</i>		
The Case of the Russian Stevedore	Henry W. Whitehill	123
<i>Facts in the Strange Death of Dr. Dinwoodie</i>		
Voodoo	Estil Critchie	128
<i>Haiti—Worship of the Green Serpent</i>		
The House of Dust (Conclusion)	L. A. Botah	132
<i>Two-part Mystery Serial</i>		
Youth	Howard R. Marsh	156
<i>Storiote of Shattered Hopes</i>		
Fairy Gossamer	Harry Harrison Kroll	159
<i>A Cave of Hungry Spiders</i>		
The Song Eternal	Galen C. Colin	163
<i>Through the Ages It Sang to Him—of Love</i>		
The Crimson Crucifix	H. Thompson Rich	170
<i>A Birthmark—an Innocent Kiss—and Disaster</i>		
The Eyrie		175
<i>A Chat With the Readers</i>		

For Advertising Rates in WEIRD TALES Apply to

W. B. ZIFF CO.

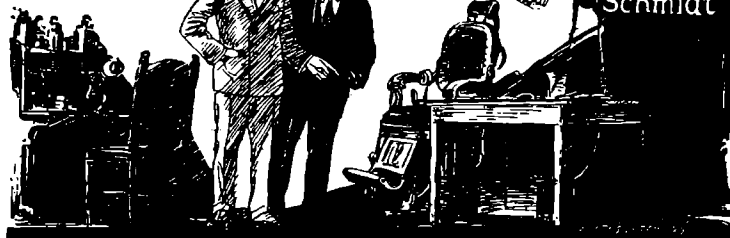
Transportation Building
Chicago

Architects Building
New York

Bryant Building
Kansas City

The DEATH CLINIC by

Otto E. A.
Schmidt



THE obsequious Louis had already taken my hat and coat and pulled out my accustomed chair, before I saw Professor Jacowsky beckoning. He was seated three rows to the right, next to the wall. I was surprized, thinking it could not be I he meant, and looked around to see to whom he was motioning. But he smiled, and I saw his lips frame my name, "Stannard", at the same time that he pointed to the vacant seat opposite him.

Now, on those rare occasions when Professor Jacowsky smiled, it was as if some masculine Galatea should suddenly come to life. Those thin, cold, statuesquely beautiful features instantly broke into a warm, intensely human radiance, like a lily suffused with the ruddy sunset glow.

A great man was Jacowsky. He ruled in lonely state at the very apex of the surgical profession in his particular line, cranial surgery, besides being a renowned alienist and criminologist, and his nod to a struggling young tyro like myself was as potent as the command of Jove.

What would not one of us worshipping smaller fry give to bask in the favor of that great man! To be associated in a case with him stamped the fortunate assistant as a great sur-

geon, and would be a guarantee of fame and fortune. Small wonder, then, that I obeyed the summons with alacrity, to the evident chagrin of the expectant Louis.

Yet, eager though I was to respond to the call, it was with considerable diffidence that I scanned my host's countenance. A flush of self-reproach mantled my own. I was debating whether or not to apologize for my part in a certain unpleasant incident that had happened some months ago. The professor, however, appeared oblivious of any untoward recollection, as his look and manner expressed only friendliness and even cordiality.

I decided he had forgotten the event entirely, and concluded it was better not to obtrude the reminiscence of any disagreeable memories upon the pleasures of the evening, as his was too big a nature to bear malice. Great men are usually magnanimous.

I still retained a vivid recollection of the affair. It had happened one evening when a crowd of embryo medicos like myself was gathered in the club's card room. We were discussing a celebrated murder case, in which insanity was the defense.

In the exuberance and positiveness of youth and inexperience, I had loudly declared: "Brain storms, bah! It

is my belief that the alienists for the defense are crazier than the defendant, whose insanity they profess to establish," when Professor Jacowsky himself, the dean of all the alienists in the case under discussion, burst through the fringe of the crowd.

His eyes blazed like stars, and his normally marble-like face glowed with saturnine fury as he cried: "Ha, it is such stupid levity and apostasy of puling neophytes like yourselves that is gaining the noble art of Esculapius the scorn of the world!"

He looked around with a malign and baleful glare, as if waiting for some one to take up the gage. But no one handed him his card, or threw a glove in his face—we were in New York, not Moscow—and, with a cold bow, he rapidly left the embarrassed assemblage.

I, the cause of the outbreak, could only congratulate myself that he apparently had not located the perpetrator of that treasonable utterance.

It was common rumor that the professor had not visited the club again since that time. Therefore I was doubly astonished, not only to find him there, but to be singled out as the recipient of his hospitality.

When I had seated myself, he handed me, with exquisite grace and courtesy, the menu he had been scanning, and remarked: "It's an abomination to eat alone, don't you think? Besides" (his professional instinct coming to the surface) "being extremely hard on the digestion, you know."

After enjoying the salad, he said: "Stannard, I have been keeping an eye on you from a distance, and I believe you to have the makings of a good surgeon. You have originality, the daring of independent research, and the courageous initiative of the pioneer."

I was astonished. It was true I had lately successfully handled several difficult cases, one of which had gotten into the "Surgical Monthly," but had no idea my poor triumphs

had attracted the notice of such a busy and distinguished practitioner as the professor.

He continued, with considerable pathos: "The unfortunate fact connected with progress due to the labors of great men is that it is so uniquely the result of individualism. Unlike monarchs, there are no crown princes of genius to step into the shoes of great men upon their demise and carry forward their labors. When the king is dead, he is dead.

"This is due, in some instances, to an unworthy jealousy, which brooks no rivals; in some others to a blinding contempt, which can see no possible successor amongst the associates of one's own generation; or, in yet other cases, to the thoughtlessness of a 'splendid isolation' that seeks no successor.

"In my own case, I shall select a young man whom I deem the most worthy, to whom I shall teach all I know of our noble science, whom I shall associate with myself in my work and train to think as I think, work as I work, and continue my labors when and where I must eventually leave off."

I thrilled to the utmost depths of my being at this speech. Could it be possible that I was that fortunate individual he had in mind? Else why then this confidence?

There followed some desultory conversation, during which the professor seemed to be busy with his reflections, and we had finished the roast before his mind once more definitely centered on his immediate surroundings.

"I am informed, Stannard," he said at last, looking at me with his brilliant smile, "that you are an enthusiast in amateur photography."

My heart sank. I feared the professor might consider my penchant a weakness, diverting me from the more serious business of surgery, and was going to berate me and advise its abandonment. I could not lie, however, in the light of his piercing

glance, and nodded affirmatively. I was about to assure him that I was more than willing to give up this recreation, if he thought it interfered with my profession, when his next words spared me this *faux pas*.

"That is well," he said; "it is desirable that men who follow assiduously one line of endeavor should seek relaxation in some lighter diversion. Continuous application to one employment is apt to set up a cerebral congestion, a chronic brain storm, so to speak"—was he mocking me? I could almost believe so—"which the following of a rival pursuit tends to disperse by diverting the accreted blood and diffusing it over another area.

"Up to a short time ago, I gave my undivided attention to my beloved art. But it was a mistake," he added, almost sadly. "I find I have missed many of the good things of life. Now I, too, have become a devotee of the camera."

He lowered his voice, and his eyes shone with almost fanatical enthusiasm as he proceeded: "I have made a wonderful discovery in, or rather, contemplate a new application of photography that will astonish and enrapture the world. I will share with you my secret, but it must remain a secret until I am ready to give it out generally. I have spoken to no other mortal about it, and you must agree to mention it to no one. Will you promise?"

I cheerfully gave my word, almost choking with exultation. My good fortune in being selected as the professor's confidant thrilled and elated me to a point where I could hardly speak.

"Have you an engagement for this evening?" he suddenly asked. Without stopping to think, I answered, "No." As if I would allow any prior engagement to stop me now, at the threshold of my new and glorious career! But hold, there was!

"Then let it be tonight," Jacovsky continued. "Come, let us go to my

apartments now, and I will initiate you."

He looked at me solemnly, and spoke slowly, "You must give me your whole time and confidence from this moment and must tell no one of our intentions, or even that you are going with me to my house."

"Er—how long will it take, professor?"

I was surprized at my own temerity in venturing even this timid reflection on his right to my implicit obedience and fealty. In truth, the words burst from me involuntarily.

He looked at me a little suspiciously, I thought, and said, carelessly: "Oh, I won't take more than two, or possibly two hours and a half, of your valuable time."

WE HAD already lighted our cigarettes and were sipping our black coffee when a waiter whispered to my companion that Dr. Brandel, dining at another table, wished to speak with him on his way out. The professor seemed to reflect a moment, glancing over my shoulder in the direction of Dr. Brandel. He nodded, and, turning to me, said earnestly: "Take your time, Stannard, but remember, not a word to any one. Wait for me in the foyer."

I bowed as he rose, leaving me to finish my coffee at my leisure. I did not turn my head to see who had made the request, because I had recognized the name as that of a prominent physician who occasionally called on the professor for his services in difficult operations on rich clients.

At this moment, the prickings of an outraged conscience stung me. The fact was that this particular evening of the week, Saturday, was one of those on which I regularly called on my fiancée. I had not missed these calls for more than a year—ever since I had been courting her—and it had come to be tacitly understood between us that they were reserved for her.

I felt guilty. To omit my call now, after the habit had become so fixed that she had a right to it, and would most certainly expect it, was more than my sense of honor and honesty could stand. And without a word of explanation or postponement! No, that was asking too much. While I could make allowances for the natural secretiveness and enthusiasm that seem to be characteristic of inventors, I resented the professor's suspiciousness and the binding me to a secrecy that seemed unnecessarily restrictive. I would retract my consent to go with him this evening, and postpone the engagement to a time when I was entirely free.

I turned around to locate the professor. He sat at a table, about four or five rows removed, in earnest conversation with Dr. Brandel. I noticed he had so disposed himself that he could observe the table at which I sat. In order to see him, it was necessary for me to lean slightly away from the wall on account of an intervening post; for the wall tables, which seated two, were placed each in little niches, or recesses, formed by the jutting out of the large pillars that helped support the superstructure.

I was about to arise and ask the professor to put off our engagement until a later date, when I was seized with an inspiration.

The grill of the Physicians' and Surgeons' Club is modern and strictly up to the minute. At each table is installed a telephone, as befits the calling of the diners, who must keep continuously in touch with the world and are subject to the demands of duty at every moment. The telephone on our table stood near the wall. Leaning forward, with my face to the left, nonchalantly smoking a cigarette, I took down the receiver with my left hand and obtained the old familiar number. I knew that Jacowsky could see little more than my right shoulder, and occasionally my right hand, as I withdrew the cigarette from my lips

and flicked off the ashes into the tray. There was hardly any need to lower my voice, even, as it would scarcely carry to Dr. Brandel's table above the usual din of the dining room, quiet though they tried to keep it.

"Helen, dear," I murmured, after the customary salutations, "I am afraid I shall have to disappoint you this evening. I have an engagement with Professor Jacowsky at his rooms tonight, which will permit no postponement. You know how important this should be to me. I have an idea, or hope, that he intends to associate me with him in his work, and, if that is the case, it means that my reputation is established and my fortune made. I will feel, then, that I can afford to marry even a rich young lady like yourself immediately."

She laughed.

"I am so glad, Harry," she cried, bravely trying to suppress the note of disappointment in her tones. "I congratulate you heartily. I think it's just splendid, and no more than you deserve. But can't you come after this wonderful engagement?" she continued. "How long will you be?" "Oh, until 10, or half past," I replied.

"Good!" she exclaimed, joyfully. "I'll wait up for you. Do run in for a few minutes and tell me all about it. I just can't wait until tomorrow. I couldn't sleep a wink. But remember, you must be here at a quarter of 11, or, at least"—and her voice quavered a little dolefully—"telephone, if you cannot come. Now promise, dear, won't you?"

"I promise," I answered dutifully, not a little charmed by her sweet manner of proprietorship. How ready and willing we are to assume the yoke of obedience when a-wooing!

Just then, I happened to glance around to the right and saw the professor approaching. I turned again to the telephone. "I must bid you good-bye immediately, dear," I said hastily; "I'll explain later."

Hanging up the receiver, I pushed the telephone quickly against the wall.

"Well, Stannard," said Jacowsky, coming up a moment later, "I see you waited for me. If you're ready now, we'll go."

He rubbed his hands gleefully and seemed to glow with some inward satisfaction.

"His talk with Dr. Brandel must have been of a very agreeable or profitable nature," I thought; "the man is actually thawing out."

We left the dining room together, the professor showing me such courtesy and cordiality that I burned with mingled pride and shame. He took my arm like a brother and assisted me into his limousine with the utmost grace and deference. On the journey to his residence, he talked animatedly about his experience in the profession, but not one word of photography or his wonderful invention.

I remember drawing the curtain and looking out into the night. The moon shone with a brilliance that was almost a glare, making the street lights seem pale and wan by comparison. Crowds streamed along the sidewalks, talking, laughing, gesticulating, filled with the glamor of the warm spring evening.

WE SOON arrived at the professor's house, a modest, old-fashioned, two-storied residence, set well back from the sidewalk in a quiet, narrow street, so narrow that even the moonlight did not penetrate. There were no lights, and it seemed from without to be unoccupied. The street was dark and deserted, and the gloomy appearance of the house and its surroundings gave me a chill.

It might have been due to the sudden precipitation from the light and warmth and gayety of the restaurant and thronging streets into the vicinity of this inhospitable-looking neighborhood, with its somber abodes, or the momentary stirring of a rudimentary instinct, grown obsolete by genera-

tions of disuse; but certain it was that my exaltation of a moment before suddenly degenerated into a chilling depression.

While walking up the stairs in the silence and semi-darkness, I seemed to lose all consciousness of my surroundings, and moved in a daze or trance. The most distinct recollection I have of my impressions at that time is of walking slowly between two figures in armor, through swaying, shouting, threatening mobs, to a platform from which rose two slender columns joined at the top by a cross-piece. Beneath this cross-piece gleamed a broad and slant-cut knife—the guillotine.

Amidst the hostile throng, however, one face stood out that was not disfigured by hate—the face of Helen. She stood there with arms outstretched, and such an agony of fear, pity, and appeal distorted her features that I stopped short on the steps.

I was about to remember an urgent engagement and beg the professor's indulgence, when the door burst open and I was surrounded by a flood of light. The professor's man took our hats and coats, and I was ushered into what I took to be the study. Bright lights glowed from a massive central electrolier upon a table littered with books and papers. On the hearth crackled a coal-fire, the warmth and cheer of which felt grateful, despite the mellowness of the night outdoors. Of the walls of the room, little was to be seen; for they were almost completely hidden by bookcases filled with volumes of medical lore.

The feeling that had possessed me on the stairway instantly vanished as I entered into the light and warmth. I felt ashamed of my momentary weakness. "Pshaw!" I exclaimed mentally, "it must have been merely the reaction consequent on leaving a good warm dinner, the brilliance and life of the grill and the crowds, and the sudden entrance into this tomb-like street and the sight of this

gloomy house from the outside. Nothing gloomy about its inside, however."

The professor had been busying himself straightening things out a bit, and at length procured a decanter from which he poured two small glasses of brandy. He next produced a box of Russian cigarettes, of a peculiarly pleasant aroma and soothing effect.

He had been talking all the while in a high voice, and with a somewhat nervous manner, apologizing for the disorder of the room and asking what else one could expect from an old bachelor. There was much more in this strain; indeed, I had never suspected the man of such volubility. He seemed to be trying to make me feel at home and show me that he was taking me into his inmost heart and confidence. But not one word of the main object of my visit. Of course, I did not dare to obtrude any reference to his intentions, expressed in the grill, but let him take his own time and way.

He referred to his library with pride, and showed me many rare volumes, counterparts of which not even the library of the Physicians' and Surgeons' Club could boast. He opened cabinets holding hundreds of numbers of various medical journals, each containing articles by himself, or references to his work. He sketched rapidly and concisely some of the more difficult cases referred to therein, and I was astounded at the almost superhuman knowledge and skill demanded and displayed in their treatment.

"Marvelous," I could but mutter, "marvellous."

"Yes," he replied, evidently gratified at my frank and sincere admiration; "sometimes we engage in a desperate duel with death, and, at other times, merely flirt with him. Cases in the latter class I consider simply experiments. When the impulse, which, if continued unchecked, must inevitably lead to dissolution, has

been initiated, as is the case in desperate accidents or the encroachments of disease on the vital organs, the surgeon's task becomes a battle royal. Such, for instance, was this case of Benedetti's, where the left ventricle of the heart was penetrated by a stiletto, and this one of Jennings', in which part of the cranium and cerebellum were shot away."

Jacowsky's eyes gleamed as he continued: "The latter operation itself was trivial" (he waved his hand airily), "requiring mere care, haste, and skill, but I truly believe it is, in its entirety and consequences, the most interesting I have ever been engaged in. In fact, I have made the subject my pensioner, with the sole object of keeping him under observation to note the effect of the loss of part of the brain. I have learned many important facts and it has become a sort of hobby.

"One of the factors that has contributed considerably to my success is the inventive faculty, which I possess to a marked degree. I believe I have the most extensive and complete collection of instruments of any individual or association in the world. Many are of my own contrivance. I possess the ability, not only to direct the making of an instrument to exactly meet the requirements of the case in hand, but also I have fashioned many to meet possible future contingencies."

I looked at the man in amazement. All this, though savoring somewhat of boasting, was yet said with a simple satisfaction and complacency, in the manner a man might use in speaking of a task completed merely in the course of the day's work.

There was one curious feature connected with the professor's manner that had forced itself upon my attention through its oft-repeated recurrence. He had the habit, or mannerism, of clasping one wrist with the other hand, and sitting or standing thus in apparent reverie. It struck

me as very droll. He looked for all the world like a man feeling his own pulse.

This action was quite frequently repeated in the course of the evening. He indulged it again, after his last remarks, and, as I sat watching him, sprang lightly to his feet.

"Come," he cried cordially; "we will now inspect the glorious work of which I spoke to you at the club. I will show you my treasures."

I FOLLOWED him out of his studio into the hall. As he preceded me up the stairs, I could not help thinking on this human dynamo. Although he was already past middle age, his step was still quick and sure, his bearing keenly alert. Every move of his thin, tall, soldierly frame, his long and slender fingers, attested the possession of a superabundance of nervous power. The high forehead, almost too broad between the temples, the aquiline nose, the firm chin, and, above all, those dominating, unwavering orbs, gleaming in their pale setting, stamped the features of a leader, truculent but real.

He stopped at the end of the upper hall and opened a door. He turned a switch, and I beheld a large room, which occupied the whole of the back end of the upper floor of the building, lighted from above, in the daytime, by two long skylights. He turned on a few more switches, and the blinding glare of the many electric globes was almost overpowering.

"This," cried the professor, waving his hand to designate the whole chamber, "is the most complete, elaborate, and advanced operating room in New York. We are now" (touching a button) "breathing an ever-refreshed supply of sterilized and tempered air."

I looked around, it must be confessed, with something of disappointment. To the casual view, it did not compare with the operating rooms in any of our large modern hospitals. If

he had said laboratory and operating room combined, the cases, racks, tables, and shelves covered with instruments and apparatuses, the various tubes, drills, basins and other paraphernalia, might have lent color to such qualification.

He did not give me time, however, to formulate my vague and uncertain—I will not say suspicions, but speculations—into words. Closing the door and stepping to one side, he pointed to a reclining chair, somewhat like a barber's or a dentist's, which stood in the middle of the room, opposite the door.

"There I have an examination chair, which, with a few movements, can be instantly converted into an operating table. Pray be seated," and he motioned to it.

I looked at the chair, adorned with innumerable clamps and hooks and straps that to a layman would appear gruesome, but could only excite the admiration of a practitioner like myself.

"No, thank you," I laughed; "I could not think of being seated while you are standing."

I noted there was no other chair in the room.

"But I beg of you to do so," he insisted. "I cannot talk while seated, and I have much to say."

He seemed to be somewhat irritated at my refusal; so, to humor him, I threw myself into the chair, which felt really luxurious. It had an arm of metal on each side. These, I saw, could be dropped down out of the way.

"Now, perceive," he continued in a mollified tone, "above your head those three boxes, each with an aperture, are kinetographs, so arranged that one takes up the continuation of the work the instant the end of the film in the preceding one has been reached. This is a little invention of my own" (with a touch of pride in his voice) "and gives me a whole hour of continuous exposure. Here," he

resumed, pointing with his toe to a box on the floor, under a table covered with instruments, "is an improved phonograph, also of my own invention, which records continuously for an hour, and is exactly synchronized with the kinetographs. As you have probably noticed, this apartment has unique acoustic properties, with a new microphone attachment, also of my own devising."

"Confound the fellow's smirking, his egotism begins to get on my nerves," I thought.

But he was continuing: "Gives me an exceptionally clear record of every sound, even a whisper, that may occur in any part of this room."

I was somewhat taken back. To tell the truth, I had not noticed the remarkable acoustic properties of which he spoke, though I would have been puzzled to explain in what manner I would expect such to manifest themselves. However, the professor gave me no time to ask questions, but went on: "We have thus a combined apparatus, which will record in sound and scene a clinic that may be exhibited in every university in the world exactly as if the spectators were present at the original."

He now lapsed into silence and again exhibited that peculiar abstraction I had before noticed, wherein he seemed to be feeling his own pulse. This time, it lasted fully half a minute, during which a look of satisfaction, and even pleasure, spread over his face. He dropped his hands with a motion as of finality, as if he had just made a firm resolve. His features sharpened to a tense expression, his eyes took on a steady glitter, and he spoke in short, sharp, businesslike accents, very different from the soothing, purring tones he had till now employed.

"This," thought I, "is the manner of the master at work."

"Now, Stannard," he said, "I have kept you so long in suspense, though trying to entertain you in my poor

way, because, as you know, a man cannot do his best work with his stomach full of undigested food. As sufficient time has elapsed, however, for our brain and bodily functions to resume the normal, we will proceed with the main business."

At this remark, my mind awoke for the first time, I must confess, to a realization of the passage of time. There was a clock on a small shelf at one side of the doorway, just opposite the chair wherein I sat. Beside it stood a telephone. I had not noticed either until that moment. The clock indicated half past 10.

It was now a certainty that I could not keep my engagement. I started to rise with the intention of explaining the circumstances to the professor and telephoning my regrets to Helen.

Jacowsky was watching me with an alert, catlike glance. He saw me start and look at the clock, probably reading my intention in my expression. At my first movement, which was no more than a convulsive tensing of the muscles as I gripped the metal arms of my chair, preparatory to rising, he made a quick motion with his hand, and I felt a burning, thrumming, pricking sensation in my hands and arms.

I was powerless to move. In fact, the potent electric current, which I now knew to be coursing through my body, held me tense and rigid, and made me grip the arms of the chair with frightful tenacity. I could not even cry out, nor did the professor give me any opportunity to try. With incredibly swift and silent movements, he inserted a gag (I had noticed it dangling from the head of the chair without knowing what it was) between my jaws and strapped it firmly. My head, neck, shoulders, arms, and legs were also securely clamped, strapped, or tied, until I could not move a muscle. The current was shut off and the professor spoke in terse, tense and authoritative tones.

"Now place yourself in a submissive mood, Stannard," he said.

I perceived the sweet, sickening odor of chloroform.

"You are not the man I took you for," he went on, "if you let our glorious experiment fail for the want of a little courage. Remember the eyes and ears of the world are upon you. Your name will be linked forevermore with that of Jacowsky in an imperishable fame. Posterity will . . . acclaim . . . you . . ."

I dimly saw those glittering eyes glaring into mine with maniacal triumph, while his lips murmured soothingly. I floated and swayed in soft, shimmering clouds, as he receded farther . . . and farther . . .

FROM far, far off, I heard a droning voice. I was back in my college days and realized that I had committed the unpardonable offense of falling asleep at a clinic. A monotonous voice was saying: "And now, gentlemen, you perceive the cortex, clear of the meninges. The dura mater, arachnoid, and pia mater having been . . ."

Suddenly, I recognized the professor's tones, and, like a flash, the recollection of all that had happened came over me. I saw him standing a few steps away, holding a peculiar bowl-shaped object in his hand. He had already noticed my return to consciousness. His manner was eager, triumphant. He pointed to this object and then to the floor, where, directly before me, a large mirror had been stood at an angle. I saw within it the reflection of another mirror, hung high up on the wall.

From the angle at which I sat or reclined, I stared with bulging eyeballs at an image thus doubly reflected therein. My God, it could not be possible! I must be still under the ethereal influence!

I looked again at the object in the professor's hand. He saw my glance and sensed my puzzlement. Pointing

to the mirror, to the object he held and then to me, he cried:

"Is it not a superb success, Stannard? Perfect!"

As there is a heaven—and, I trust, a hell for such fiends—the image I saw reflected in the mirrors was a part of my own exposed brain! And the diabolical monster held in his hand the upper hemisphere of my skull!

I fainted.

The next sound I heard on returning to consciousness was an indistinct whirring noise, which soon developed into the ringing of the telephone bell. Jacowsky rushed to the instrument. "Hello," he called impatiently, "hello, hello." My now acutely sharpened senses distinctly heard the strident, tinny vibration of the voice in the receiver, a treble voice.

"Yes," said Jacowsky, apparently in reply to a question, "this is Professor Jacowsky." . . . "No, Doctor Stannard is not here." . . . "He has not been here this evening." . . . "No, you are mistaken," impatiently.

The truth dawned on me. I looked at the clock. It was ten minutes of 11. The questioner was Helen!

Helen! What was she to me now! To me, a living-dead man, in the merciless hands of a murderous maniac. God! What man had ever been in a like position before? A witness to my own destruction. Living, yet as certainly dead as if mine had been the flesh that once covered the bones of that articulated skeleton hanging in the professor's study.

A recollection of the vision that came to me while climbing the front stairs flashed into my mind. Was it a premonition of the fate that awaited me that her spirit had tried to convey? O Helen! Thou art now lost to me in this life! This life, with its triumphs, its high achievements, its sweetness and hopes, slipping . . . slipping. In the full flush of young, virile manhood, in perfect health, anx-

ious, nay, deliriously aching to live, with everything worth while in life to live for, I was doomed to die, here, in the heart of a civilized city, surrounded by millions who would only too gladly give aid, did they but know my plight.

No, no, no!

I groaned from the uttermost depths of my being. I would have shrieked, cursed, raved.

At the first hollow, impotent sound that issued from my straining jaws, the professor flew to my side and examined the fastenings of the gag. He looked at me reproachfully. How I loathed those false, hypocritical features, how I execrated the insane cunning with which he had lured me into the trap.

In the depths of those dilated, glaring eyes, in that abstracted, impersonal, almost vacant expression, I saw no hope of mercy. The faculty of congruity was entirely fled from that disordered mind.

I saw the situation clearly. Without the check of the sense of responsibility, his parietic brain had taken control of the body, and, though still a perfect running engine, was running wild to destruction—my destruction.

"Stannard," he cried, as soon as he could regain his breath, "I am surprised at you. Will you play the baby now, when our real demonstration is just about to begin? Shame, that you, a man whom I have selected from all the world to share my glory, should betray weakness when success is about to crown our efforts! If you do not already know, I will tell you that it is because I believed you to have an absolutely normal and healthy brain that I chose you, and if you will observe the convolutions and fissures of the cerebrum there in the mirror, you will see that my judgment was justified.

"The study of the comparative anatomy and physiology of the nervous system is one of the most enchant-

ing departments of human knowledge, and the brain is the central station that controls it all. I have made numerous examinations of the brain immediately after death; but the time elapsing between the actual cessation of life and the examination has destroyed the value of the observations.

"The State, through a false squeamishness, is neglecting innumerable golden opportunities to benefit posterity by not permitting competent observers like ourselves to conduct experiments similar to the one in hand upon the persons it puts to death. I once offered, at Auburn, to make the experiment, but they refused me, and drove me out as if I had been a lunatic.

"But now, Stannard," he cried, with glistening eyes, "we shall try the experiment together, you and I."

I shuddered. Of course, I failed to see any humor in his remark.

Pain, I suffered none; and a curious state of indifference seemed to be coming over me. Whether it was that I had reached the limit of emotional endurance, or the dreadful hopelessness and helplessness of my position were numbing my faculties, I seemed to be losing my fear of death. Perhaps it was sheer physical exhaustion, or I was becoming hypnotized by the strange personality of this madman. I had heard that he possessed and exercised this power. I had reached the ultimate depth of despair.

But his talk and kaleidoscopic moves gave my mind sufficient occupation to keep me from the continuous contemplation of my impending doom. There seemed to be an abundance of method in his madness. I became fascinated with his designs, and even awaited his next action with interest.

He walked to the head of the chair and critically inspected the exposed cerebrum.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed. "See, the suffusion is already dissipated. Professor Tyndall confessed himself utterly unable to find any logical con-

nection between the molecular activities of the brain substance and the phenomenon of consciousness. He never thought of putting his conclusions to such a test," he added, sneeringly.

He glanced at the clock. It was five minutes past 11. A look of concern came over his features, as he gazed anxiously upward to the kinetographs.

"We must hasten," he continued; "our time is getting limited."

He stalked over to the wall.

"Now, Stannard," he cried, "the supreme moment has come. This switch will connect you with a current of the same strength as that used in public executions. I will at last have an opportunity to watch its effects in action. I am sorry," and he looked at me with apparently genuine sympathy, "that we cannot observe it together. But you have the consolation of knowing that death itself will write your epitaph in imperishable characters, more enduring than decomposing brass or crumbling marble. Posterity, when beholding the flaming story of this hour, will exclaim: 'There died a brave man, a martyr to the cause of humanity!'"

Before I could gasp or moan or faint: "Now," he shouted, and threw the switch.

A blinding flash enveloped me, and I seemed to be hurled to an illimitable distance. . . .

I SAW the professor standing before me, rubbing his hands and smiling with intense satisfaction. I vaguely wondered if I was dead.

But he spoke: "Stannard, Stannard, it was beautiful, perfect! But, of course, I did not intend to kill you. The current was only strong enough to cause insensibility. I'm afraid I lied, but I had to let you believe otherwise. We now have an admirable record of 'the connection between the molecular activities of the brain substance and the phenomenon of consciousness.' It was the most in-

tensely enchanting spectacle of my career to see the record imprinted by this simulation of death on the cortex. However, it is all over, and I shall now release you. We will enjoy viewing the records together at some future time."

He began leisurely undoing the fastenings of my legs and hands. These were numb and helpless.

"You will not suffer much discomfort from the operation," he said, gently. "A few weeks of absolute rest in the hospital, with your head in a cast, will put you in as good condition as ever. Barring a bony ridge around the rim of the incision, which your curly hair will effectually hide, there will remain no trace of this adventure. Don't you think it was beautifully done?" he continued, pointing to the severed portion of my skull, now resting on a shelf. "The instrument with which I accomplished it is a vast improvement and adaptation of Hey's saw, contrived by me especially for this occasion."

He had by this time freed my legs and forearms, and was fumbling with the straps that held the gag in place. An overpowering sense of joy, relief, and thankfulness came over me. I felt as if arising from the grave itself. I could only dumbly look my gratitude when I caught his eye, like a dog that has been scolded but is spared an expected beating.

He caught my glance and gazed from me to that gruesome tablet whereon he professed to see my feelings and emotions recorded. I heard him mutter: "Ah, two—despair and unconsciousness, hope and life."

Glancing again at the clock, he frowned, and a singular change came over him. He straightened up, with an evil look flaring in his eyes. An awful fear assailed my heart again.

"Stannard," his voice tolled in cold, measured tones, "the farce is over. Now begins tragedy. Do you remember one night, just four months ago, in the card room of the Physi-

cians' and Surgeons' Club? You insulted me then—you, boor, fool, idiot, bungling amateur and imitator in the sacred science of surgery. dared to criticize me—me, the great Jacowsky! A deadly insult that in my country might be wiped out only with blood. No one has yet insulted Jacowsky but that he has atoned with his blood. I must have blood, your heart's blood."

His voice had risen to a shriek; he laughed—a dreadful, mirthless, hysterical cackinnation.

So this was indeed the end. I saw now that his mind had lost utterly its balance-wheel of habitual restraint and was running riot. He seemed to have shed like a mantle the stern austerity of professional mannerism that had formerly encased him in a frigid repose, and stood revealed in all the brutal animalism of that race whose cruel ferocity has so often shocked the world. His eyes flashed and glanced hither and yon: a spot of crimson glowed in either cheek; his foam-flecked jaws champed like a wolf's, as he strode up and down the room, gesticulating wildly.

I prayed for a quick release from my agony.

He sneered: "You thought you could insult me with impunity. that you had escaped my wrath. Bah, you crude barbarians know nothing of honor, of the amenities that prevail among civilized gentlemen! You settle your differences with brutal blows, like animals, or resort to the cruder and more vulgar protection of the law.

"You thought I did not know you, ha? How quickly and avidly you snapped the bait I dangled before you! You are trapped like a wolf, and I am going to despatch you like a wolf. It was a duel of wits and I triumphed. I was too cunning for you. This is my revenge. Stannard. A sweet, full revenge.

"I could have killed you long ago, but I wanted to use you first. You

have furnished me with a subject for experiments I have longed to make. I have records of the effects of fear and hope on the brain, and now death will write his own record. What a glorious revenge! To know that my victim realizes he is dying by my hand while I gloat over him in his death struggles."

He suddenly stopped in his mad walk and slammed a long case, which he took from a closet, on to a table. Opening it, he drew therefrom one of a pair of long, slender rapiers.

"This," he exclaimed, examining it critically, "has already pierced a man's heart. With it, I shall open your jugular."

Resetting the mirror against the base of the door, he cried: "Behold yourself die!"

He placed himself in attitude before me and made a quick lunge.

I do not know whether it was due to a sharp click, as of the door-knob springing back, which I imagined I heard, or to the swift, almost involuntary throwing aside of my lower jaw as far as the straps of the gag would allow; but I could see in the mirror that the thrust had failed, striking to one side, in the muscle of the neck. At the same instant, I heard a crack as the point of the weapon broke against the metal of the headrest.

The maniac stared with bulging eyes.

"What, missed?" he whispered. "And I a master of fence!"

He hurled the useless rapier from him and burst into a volley of oaths in mingled Russian, French, and English.

He dashed about the room, swinging his arms aloft and alternately striking his chest and head.

"My God!" he shrieked. "I must be mad. I must be mad! *Mon Dieu!*"

I closed my eyes to shut out the sight of the horrible monster. He was quiet for a few moments. When

I looked again I saw him pick up the other rapier from the case.

"This time, I shall not fail," he muttered, and raised his arm for the fatal stroke.

A muffled report from without, and the musical tinkle of glass striking the floor, fell simultaneously on my ear. At the same time, the professor's arm dropped limply to his side and the rapier stuck in the floor, quivering.

The door burst open with a crash, and, framed in the opening, amidst blue-coated, helmeted officers, and supported by the emergency-hospital surgeon, appeared Helen. She stood there with arms outstretched, and such an agony of fear, pity, and appeal distorted her features that I straightway fainted. . .

THE story of how she dragged the Captain of Police into her auto and compelled him to accompany her with a platoon of officers is soon told.

They received no response to their ring at the front door and found it locked, the professor having, with insane cunning, dismissed his man for the night.

The officer was dubious about forcing an entrance without a warrant; but, finding a rear pantry-window un-

locked, he listened to her entreaties to investigate further.

They found every room open and unoccupied until they tried the door of the one at the end of the hall on the second floor. This being locked, several of the officers sought the way to the roof with the object of trying any window they might discover at the rear. Once on the roof and seeing light streaming from the skylights, they approached, and saved my life at a critical time.

But to me the cruelest blow of the whole desperate affair was the disappointing discovery that the improved kinetographs and phonographs, in which I hoped to find the most marvelous records ever produced by human ingenuity, were only the distorted dreams of the professor's crazed imagination, about which he still raves in a padded cell at Matteawan.

I am glad to add that his prognosis of the case and completeness of my recovery were fully substantiated. . .

How did Helen learn of my desperate plight? True, I forgot to explain that, in the desperate hurry of the professor to stifle my groans at the very time he was denying my presence to her over the telephone, he neglected to replace the receiver on the hook.