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# The HOUSE I HAUNTED

By JEAN HUMPHREY  
As told to  
Helen Brooks



ONE summer, several years ago, I was motoring through England with friends. They were looking for a country house to rent for the summer; I was—well, that will come later in my story.

We were following a typical highway in Surrey, when suddenly I put my hand on the arm of the man driving the car and cried excitedly:

“Stop! Please stop!”

Needless to say, the car came to a halt so sudden and unexpected that we were all thrown violently forward. Indifferent to the physical discomfort of a jolt, I pointed eagerly in the direction of a large estate off to the right.

“Loo! Do you see that old ivy-covered stone wall, and that iron-wrought gateway? Do you see that house on the knoll with the old-fashioned garden leading to it? I want to go into that house. I’d like to rent it for the summer.”

My friends were never surprised at anything I might do, but they demurred at this new and unreasonable fancy of mine.

“But there is no sign that the place is for rent, Jean,” someone reminded me. “Won’t the owner think we’re a little mad?”

“Never mind,” I persisted. “They won’t refuse to admit us. We’ll think up something to say when we get into the house.”

As I had predicted, we were admitted without demur by the man-servant who opened the door. When the lady of the mansion entered the drawing-room—to which we had been escorted—our attention was arrested by two things: the first was the silver-haired charm and beauty of the woman who hesitated for a second on the threshold of the room; the second was the uncontrollable start she gave at sight of us—of *one* of us, to be exact. Then she came forward with dignified calm and a cordial smile, greeted us graciously and asked what she could do for us.

Observing that I was, for some obscure reason, slightly embarrassed, it was one of my friends who explained our eagerness to find an attractive home for summer rental, and

that, being particularly struck by the beauty of this estate, we had ventured to make inquiries, in spite of there being no rental sign upon the premises.

Then the lady said: “Strangely enough, only yesterday I instructed my lawyer to put my house on the market for summer rental. If you would like to inspect it, we will see if we can come to some arrangement mutually satisfactory.”

Eagerly and enthusiastically we agreed to her suggestion, and then she escorted us over the house, showing us—apparently—every nook and cranny.

Out of an impulse that I was only half conscious of obeying, I said, when we had returned to the ground floor: “Is there not a room in the ell to the right in the rear?”

The surprised glances of my friends were of no consequence to me, but our hostess’ sharp and penetrating stare into my eyes brought the blood to my face.

“There is such a room. It was my husband’s study. How did you know?” the Englishwoman asked coldly.

With an effort I gathered the remnants of my self-possession, and I said in as casual a manner as I could achieve: “I thought I observed—from the highway—such an ell, with several windows.”

“I see,” the lady said gently, but her eyes, looking into mine, did not see at all—or saw more than my words conveyed.

MY friends were delighted with the place (obviously intent upon renting it for their own use) and upon asking one or two questions relating to business, they expressed their satisfaction with the entire project. It was at that point that the white-haired lady, shifting her gentle regard from my friends to me and back again, said slowly:

“I think, after all, I do not care to—to rent my home for the summer.”

Surprised and discomfited ejaculations greeted this quiet announcement, but to our pleadings and perplexity she replied calmly:

“No, I think that it is better that I do not rent my home.



*I Was a Ghost  
While  
Still Alive!  
LOVE  
Sent My Spirit  
Forth to Fight  
for the Man  
of  
My Dreams!*

The fact is," she supplemented with a slight hesitation, "this house is haunted."

Further ejaculations of our various reactions—surprise, indifference (to ghostly visitations), eager assurance that no such obstacle should be permitted to alter our plans—made no impression upon the chatelaine of this beautiful home. She shook her head, with a kindly smile, and repeated her determination not to rent the place.

Finally, having my own secret purposes in view, I said eagerly: "I assure you, dear Madam, that a house being haunted is nothing to me. Every old house in England is haunted, for that matter. What possible difference could it make to you or to—to me?"

She looked deep into my eyes, then she said quite simply: "Ah, but you see, my dear young lady, it happens that my house is haunted by—you!"

I must go back over time and space, and narrate the strange occurrences which had entered my life prior to the amazing incident I have described—occurrences that led to this incident and were part and parcel of it. I have had a colorful life, but one single chapter of it contained mystery and drama enough for a lifetime; by comparison, all the rest fades into the limbo of forgotten things.

To tell my story with the zest necessary for so romantic and unusual a tale, I must start with the prelude of a love which rose above human limitations. This does not necessarily imply strength of character; it was a spiritual phenomenon that carried our souls over obstacles that our human minds and bodies would have found insurmountable.

I was twenty-five when an aunt took me for a trip to India. It was in Madras that I met Lamar Brocton. He was then a lieutenant in the Royal Dragoon Guards, which was considered a "crack" regiment of his Royal Highness, the King of England.

Lamar was the first attractive Englishman I had met, and his opinion of American girls was not a flattering one, so it followed that we were not predisposed to admire one another. However, we fell in love in the manner that philosophers

deride—at first sight—and within a week we were so deeply and romantically attached to each other that it was almost inevitable that Fate should take a hand in our affairs. An ugly and sinister hand it was, reaching out from unknown spaces and unguessed causes, to wreck the happiness we had miraculously found.

For a time neither of us was concerned with the material aspect of the situation. In other words, neither of us halted in our mad and joyous love-path to face certain rather painful and obvious facts.

I was a flagrant exception to the rule that American girls, traveling abroad, are heiresses. I was penniless except for a small income left me by my parents, which I was obliged to supplement by teaching singing. Rich relatives occasionally showered benefactions upon me, but there was no one to give me permanent backing.

Lamar came from an old and wealthy county family. He had a twin brother—Alfred—for whom their father cared far more than for Lamar. In fact, the old man's antipathy dated back to the birth of the twin boys, soon after which the young mother had died.

Alfred was the living replica of the wife who had been deeply loved and desperately mourned by Edward Brocton. From early infancy Lamar had resembled his father in appearance and temperament. For some obscure reason Edward held Lamar directly accountable for the mother's death. This had puzzled the twins since they had been old enough to be aware of it. They had agreed—between themselves—that the only explanation of their father's attitude must be that Lamar had been the last born, and that his coming had actually snapped the thread that held the mother to life.

ODDLY enough, neither of the boys had ever been told which of them was the elder. They had early learned that to question their father on the subject was to bring his wrath upon them. Their old nurse Mary evaded their questioning in true Celtic fashion, or pretended not to remember. The only other person qualified to inform them was the physician who had assisted at their entry into the world—Doctor Vaughn. But it was not until they were fifteen that they began seriously to wonder which of them was the elder, and Doctor Vaughn had died suddenly when they were twelve. Moreover, since childhood they had seldom seen the family physician; their father, for reasons unknown to them, having quarreled with Doctor Vaughn and cut his acquaintance.

When the twins were about sixteen, they faced the fact that, according to British law, only one of them could legally inherit the entailed estate and fortune. English law provided that the elder of twin boys—if only by sixty seconds the elder—was the proper heir. Unknown to their father they consulted the family attorney. By him they were informed that there had been a birth record in the Registry of Vital Statistics, in the county-seat, but that the Registry Office (existing when they were born) had been burned years ago, together with all records.

Finally the brothers decided that regardless of which of them should eventually inherit the property, they would share and share alike. They were close pals, genuinely devoted to one another, never dreaming in their boyhood that any alien influence could ever wedge between them.

His father's antipathy for Lamar increased as years developed the similarity between them. Their wills clashed continually, and Lamar, deeply resenting injustice, gave vent to a bitterness that widened the breach between them. After leaving Sandhurst, he entered the Guards and proceeded to live beyond his income and call on his father to pay his debts. Mr. Brocton's antagonism then flamed more intensely than ever.

**A**LFRED took up farming and horse-breeding, and lived at home, looking after the estate. At twenty-three—in 1913—he married an English girl whom I shall call Evelyn. Lamar went home for the wedding and he and the young bride had taken an instant dislike to each other.

Then, three years after the War—one year before my meeting with Lamar—he had had a final and disastrous quarrel with his father, who had cut him off without a penny. Alfred, however, was sending his brother half of his own allowance, unsuspected—so far—by either his father or wife. Certainly this went to prove that the twins were still close to each other, and that Lamar could count on Alfred's loyalty to the last.

The pay of an officer in the British Army has always been small, and a crack regiment is an expensive institution. It was all Lamar could do to scrape along—and to support a wife even in a less expensive regiment was out of the question.

Such was the situation, and a serious one for two persons deeply in love and eager to marry. Lamar had been trained for the army, and at thirty-two a young man cannot begin a different professional or business career.

So, with hearts aflame and spirits soaring to high altitudes of hope and faith, we decided to live in the happy present and wait for time to settle our material difficulties.

Lamar took leave of absence and traveled with us through India and Egypt. Romance and adventure went with us, from the hill country back of Simla, to the Nile over whose green waters we sailed under blue Egyptian skies. As we stood together on "The Roof of the World"—that glorious high plateau beyond Cairo—we seemed to see the entire universe in panorama beneath us, and it was there that we recognized the immensity and power of such love as ours.

Dawn and sunset, moonlight and shadow—it was all perfect in our young and idealistic eyes. We felt that the rapture of love and youth would be ours forever.

And so, at the end of two unbelievably happy months, we parted. Lamar returned to his regiment and I and my aunt wandered back to America. Lamar wanted me to meet him in England in a year's time. He held the fatuous belief that I possessed the magic with which to win his father to justice and generosity.

As I look back to that hour in Cairo when Lamar held me to his heart for the last time, I marvel that I endured the months that followed. Loneliness—heart-break—despair! Despair began when Lamar wrote that he could not get leave for the trip to England. I began to question what the future held for us. Days and weeks and months were merely so much dross of life to be annihilated, along with every other obstacle that lay between me and the man I loved.

I had always liked men, but their admiration and attention had ceased to mean anything to me. I was only happy when I saw the sun rise over a mountain top, or heard a bird calling to its mate in the woods, or listened to the roar of surf breaking on a beach. These things brought me spiritually close to my loved one, and our minds kept in tune by books mutually read and discussed in letters.

I knew that I came of a good family who, for generations, had been subject to amazing and unaccountable dreams. I had often heard strange stories of dreams, but no one of my people had ever arrived at the true meaning of their remarkable dreaming. To me it was given, at last, to do this.

Often I dreamed of Lamar, but these dreams were unreal and fantastic. He seemed always out of reach and perversely unlike his actual self. Knowing of the family tradition, I longed to dream of Lamar in less illusive form. Then came a night when I saw him clearly and felt his lips on mine. I even heard his dear voice whisper:

"I love you, Jean, with all my heart and soul!"

Only that—but I awoke trembling with joy. At last he had appeared to me in my dreams, a flesh-and-blood man who took me in his arms and quickened the beat of my heart with the touch of his lips and the sound of his voice. After that, every once in a while, such a dream would come to me to make the loneliness and waiting easier to bear.

A letter arrived one day, about this time, and in it I read bad news. Alfred had written to his brother to tell him that his wife had discovered the secret dispatch of money to Lamar each month, and had gone to their father with her discovery. The immediate result was a reduction by one half of Alfred's income and steps taken to prevent his sending a penny of it to his twin brother. Lamar stated that, unless matters should mend during the ensuing months, he would be obliged to resign from the Guards and join a less expensive regiment.

All this made me very wretched, for it seemed to portend far more than appeared on the surface. I had a feeling that sinister powers were at work, and I wrote to Lamar concerning my fears. But he treated these forebodings with a light dismissal, assuring me that regardless of all else Alfred was and would continue to be loyal to him, and that it would be only a question of time, and not such a long time, before everything worked out all right. Lamar, having no reason for feeling affection for his father, was not hypocritical enough to pretend any sorrow or regret in contemplation of the fact that the old man was—according to Alfred—growing more feeble each month and would be unlikely to live much longer. It may sound cruel, but such treatment as Edward Brocton had accorded Lamar does not inspire either love or respect. I did not blame him for looking forward to his father's death with a sense of relief.

**S**HORTLY after this I began to have stranger dreams than before. One night I went to sleep very early and I dreamed of being in Lamar's ancestral home. He had described it often and had shown me pictures of it, so there was nothing extraordinary in seeing it vividly in a dream. I walked along vast corridors where dim lights brooded over the shadows, and through empty, high-vaulted rooms. Not a soul did I see, though I passed through most of the rooms in the house.

I wrote of this dream to Lamar and in his reply he expressed surprise at the accuracy of my vivid description. No photograph—he wrote—could possibly have shown the things I described; details that he had forgotten but which he must have given me.

Several weeks later—and again I had gone early to bed—I dreamed of the home in Surrey a second time. The first thing I recall was standing in the doorway of a huge room. Seated at a long table were three figures, a woman and two men. They meant nothing to me and I watched them without interest. I observed that one of the men was old.

Suddenly the elderly man lifted his head. I saw his face clearly and I almost cried aloud, for his eyes were the eyes

of Lamar, only deeper and without tenderness. Then I heard him say:

"You have heard my decision. I shall abide by it."

The face of the younger man was clearer now. It was young and weak, but kindly, and the eyes were full of pain. Then he spoke, looking straight at the old man.

"Father, how do I *know* that I and not Lamar was the first born?"

The old man's lips twitched and his eyes seemed to glow like living coals. His voice rang out and I saw the other one shrink back as if struck.

"How do you *know*! Do you dare question my word? Do you dare oppose me, knowing that I have only a few weeks, perhaps, in which to live? I want your oath—on paper—not to give a penny to your brother after my death, or I shall break the entail for one generation and leave everything to your son on his coming of age."

I heard the younger man call out in despair: "Father, you can't mean to do this thing! I love Lamar. By God, I'd rather be left without a penny!"

I saw the woman—she was young and pretty—give him an angry, ugly glance and murmur something which seemed to make his face quiver as if with pain and doubt.

"You must choose!" It was the old man's voice echoing through the room like a clarion of doom. "If you do not sign this paper before I die, everything I possess will go to trustees. Not a penny will you touch while you live."

I WATCHED their eyes meet and hold each to each, futile anger and despair in the young blue eyes; menace and power in the old dark ones. I heard again that voice of command saying:

"And no tricks, Alfred! You will render an accounting to those empowered to act in my stead. I could not count on Evelyn tattling on you—as before—" I saw him throw the girl a look that held a touch of scorn—"for she would have too much to lose."

I saw the man called Alfred fling his arms on the table, bury his head in his arms and give a moan that was like a sob. I saw the girl smile, and I hated that smile: it was so full of satisfied venom. She pushed a paper toward Alfred and touched his arm. He lifted his head slowly and took in his hand a pen that she gave him. His fingers moved clumsily, painfully, over the paper under his hand.

Then a strange thing happened. Up to that moment I had stood there as if unrelated to time or space or circumstance. Sudden awareness now took possession of me, and I knew that the scene enacted before me concerned me vitally because it concerned one whom I loved. From my throat came a cry of protest, and I took a step or two into the room.

Three things occurred instantaneously. Alfred turned toward me and on his face I saw stupefaction rather than fear. The girl turned also, her eyes bulged in their sockets. She half rose in her chair, and her lips parted in a shriek of terror. The old man, his face stiff with horror, fell forward over the table.

That was all I remembered after waking. At the sound of that shriek the dream ended, abruptly and definitely as a nightmare ends, on a high note of physical or mental distress. I awoke trembling and in a cold sweat.

That dream—the most vivid I had ever experienced—left me spent, physically and emotionally. But dream or vision, fantasy or reality, I knew what I must do. I sent a cable to Lamar, saying:

*Your father is dead. Go to England as soon as possible.*

For twenty-four hours I heard nothing, then a cable came from Lamar. It read as follows:

*How in God's name did you know? Have just received word from my brother. Am leaving tomorrow.*

In God's name, how did I know? Well might he ask me that, as I asked it of myself, day and night.

I had a short respite from dreams of any sort; then, early one morning, after a wakeful night, I had a very strange dream. I found myself in an utterly unfamiliar house and I knew in my dream that I had never seen it before. But the dream began outside this house.

It seemed to be a summer morning and I saw trees and shrubs. I was on a country road going toward a wrought-iron gateway in an ivy-covered stone wall. Through the gate I saw a garden path bordered with flowers of whose scent I was conscious. I opened the gate and walked up the path to a mansion and entered by a wide front door which was open. The house was spacious and I wandered about without seeing anyone.

THEN I entered a room in the rear, on the ground floor. It looked like a man's study. I stood motionless, as if waiting for something, and suddenly I saw the figure of a man approaching me from a corner of the room. I seemed to see both face and body as if through a mist. The face was tender, beneficent, with kind eyes and a gentle smile. Some deep-seated in-

stinct told me that this was not a figure of the quick but of the dead; yet I felt no fear nor shrinking.

He came nearer, smiling at me, then went toward a bookcase near where I stood. I heard a slight sound outside the room, and I was aware that the man heard it also, for he stood arrested. I turned my head and in the doorway I saw a lovely white-haired woman. Her gray eyes met mine with a look of questioning wonder, as if asking what I was doing in that room. It seemed as if she saw *me*, but not the figure standing so close to me.

I turned to look at him but there was no one there! No one in the room but myself and the gracious woman in the doorway! I turned and spoke to her, but as I heard my own voice speaking, I saw a strange expression flash over her face. The next second she and the room had disappeared, and I awoke with a start.

Deeply puzzled and intensely curious, I was certain that I had dreamed of an actual house and a living woman—and of another being who was not living. But who were they and

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## Plagiarism

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Notice is hereby given to all who submit stories that the same must be the original work of the author.

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where was the house? I hoped that I would again dream of this house and woman—and I did!

Once I saw her in the garden, with lilies of the valley in her hand. She saw me and moved toward me, her face full of wonder and surprise, but no fear. I longed to speak to her, but, as before, when she heard my voice a look of amazement came into her face—and then woman and garden vanished and I was awake in my bed, watching the light of early dawn.

The next time—and this was the third and last time I saw her—she was seated at an old desk in the study, whither I had gone in search of the man with the kindly eyes. She was gazing at a framed photograph held in her hand. Her eyes were full of tears. Impulsively I went toward her, a cry of sympathy on my lips. She looked up, saw me, gave a low cry and sprang to her feet. Then no more at all. The dream faded slowly this time, as if the scene were swept away like a mist. I awoke gradually, without any sense of having been asleep and dreaming. It was very strange.

All this was interesting to me—but what did it have to do with the sinister happenings in Surrey, or with Lamar, whose letter in reply to my cable I was eagerly awaiting?

**A** FEW nights later I dreamed again that I was in the unknown house. I was not conscious of entering the study; but I was there, quite still and waiting—for what? It was very early morning, for a faint streak of dawn-light came through the latticed windows, delicately cutting the shadows and outlining the objects in the room.

Without fear or even surprise I saw coming toward me the same man with the gentle smile. He seemed to recognize me and to greet me with his eyes. He walked directly to the bookcase, or rather he seemed to glide across the room. As before, I knew that he did not belong to the living world. Often we dream of the dead, but it is usually of the dead whom we have known in life. This man I had never known.

He took down a large book from the bookcase. It appeared to be heavy but he carried it without effort to the desk. He looked at me and his eyes bade me follow him. I bent over the book as he opened it and turned the pages. Obviously it was a journal, and an old one. The pages were yellow with time.

The hand that turned the pages was white and fragile. Delicate fingers pointed to a paragraph in the middle of a page. I read as follows:

*Early this morning Helen Brocton gave birth to twin boys. The first one, stronger than the other, was born at five minutes to four, and the second one, twenty minutes after four. The latter promises to be fair like the mother. I am deeply concerned about Helen. She has always been frail and the double birth has been a serious strain. But if she pulls through tonight and tomorrow, she will live. I am doing all in my power to save her.*

The date of this entry was January 2nd, 1890. On the next page, dated the following day, I read this:

*Helen died this evening, poor girl. Edward is inconsolable. He seems to hate the infants for being the innocent cause of her death. Especially is he bitter against the first-born, who, because he is the stronger of the two, he seems to regard as chiefly responsible for Helen's death. Edward is stubborn and often stupid.*

Again there came a swift and noiseless turning of the pages—many pages. I saw a date ten years later. I read:

*I find it damnable the way Edward is embittering young Lamar's life. I can understand Edward favoring Alfred, who is so like poor Helen, and it is inevitable for him to have friction with Lamar, who is a chip of the old block. But I cannot forgive his ruthless injustice toward his first-born. I foresee trouble in the end.*

*As for me, Edward is no longer my friend, and I cannot regret it. He hates me for my refusal, five years ago, to sign a sworn statement that I, as physician in charge of the case, knew that Alfred was born before Lamar. I shall keep my own counsel until the lads are old enough to know the truth, then I shall tell them.*

*I believe that old nurse Mary has signed a perjured statement. It is inconceivable that Edward should try to disinherit Lamar, but what else can be his evil purpose?*

There was one more entry, dated 1902.

*Family matters are growing rapidly worse with the Broctons. Edward has created a situation that is truly sad and terrible. Fortunately the boys are devoted to each other and I believe that their mutual loyalty will survive their father's wicked injustice and sinister purpose. They will soon be old enough to find things out for themselves, and, since the Registry of Vital Statistics has burned down, with all records, it will be my obligation to tell the twins the truth.*

That was the last entry in the journal. The ghostly fingers turned the rest of the pages as if to show me that they were blank. Then the kind eyes looked once more deep into mine and seemed to say:

"I have tried for years to reach others. You are the first to see and understand. You know the truth and will use it. Good-by!"

The vision faded and I was alone in the room. No book was on the table and the light of dawn was brighter. Then, slowly, the room and the dream faded, and I awoke.

I cannot describe my sensations in that hour of waking. They were confused, yet, paradoxically, terribly clear. At once I cabled to Lamar that I was going to sail for England and that he must meet me there as soon as possible. I was always able to borrow money for an emergency, so that material difficulties were overcome without delay. Within ten days I was in Surrey—and in the most amazing way I now found myself in the house that I had visited in my dreams.

As those strange and uncannily arresting words were addressed to me by the woman whose gray eyes looked deep into mine—and whose face I had recognized at first glance—I heard my friends exclaim in amazed confusion. But I was concerned only with what I had come to England to accomplish.

Hurriedly, sometimes incoherently, I told my story, ending with the dream in which I had read the entries in the doctor's journal. For a long moment there was the silence of an amazement too profound for expression; then his widow told me that she had known of the journal—which her husband had kept up to the day before his death—but that she had not opened it since he passed away, not being able to endure the pain of reading it.

"He was killed," she said quietly, "while breaking in a young mare. She threw him at a fence. That was in 1902. He was so strong and happy, with no thought of death. It was very terrible," she ended, her voice breaking.

**W**E went with her to the study and she took down the old journal and put it on the desk as her husband's ghostly hands had done in my dream. But this time it was I who turned the yellowed pages.

I found each record precisely as I had read it in my dream. I showed the entries to the others; and my friend's husband, who was a lawyer, assured me that no further proof would be required for the protection of Lamar's interests. By confronting the old nurse Mary with the doctor's written records, it would probably be easy to force from her an admission of her own falsely sworn statement. That would clinch the matter.

We were all so excited—my friend and her husband and the dear widow of the doctor, whose real name I have withheld at her request—that for a time we thought only of what

must be done, rather than of the uncanny phenomena that had resulted in the discovery. Then, at last, they returned to the subject of my strange dreams. I told them of each one in detail, and when I dwelt upon my impression of the lady's husband when he had first appeared to me in the study, she said tremulously:

"And I, who would have given the rest of my life for one glimpse of his dear face—it was not to me that he came, but to one whom he had never seen in life."

"Yes," I said quickly, "but it was surely because he wanted to right a wrong and he knew that I could help him."

"I, too, could have righted the wrong," the dear lady said sadly, "if he had appeared to me and shown me the journal records of which I knew nothing. There is more to it than that, my dear child. It must be that you possess a psychic power which is very rare. How else can you explain your extraordinary dreams?"

How else, indeed! That was what Lamar said to me, weeks later, when everything had been adjusted and he had even forgiven Alfred for the cowardly part he had played in the affair.

IT was on our honeymoon that Lamar said to me one day:

"Sweetheart, I don't believe that you *dreamed* what you saw and heard. Those were not dreams as we understand the definition. I was so long in India that I can understand or at least accept many things that others deny and laugh at."

He went on to tell me that when my letters began to reach him, telling of my strange dreams about his home, he tried to treat them lightly, but that all the time he had been deeply impressed.

"If I didn't *dream* what I saw and heard, then what *did* I do?" I asked him, utterly at sea as to his meaning.

"There is such a thing as the disembodied spirit," he told me—"that is to say, the temporary departure of the spirit from the living body, during the unconscious period that we call sleep. In many countries the superstitious natives claim that a person should never be awakened suddenly or violently, as it does not give the soul sufficient time to return to the body, and then the body dies. This is a very common belief. They even claim that sleeping persons should never be called by their own names. They have many ideas on the subject in India, and I have talked with intelligent East Indians who firmly believe that to some it is permitted to wander in spirit whither they will, while their bodies lie inert in sleep."

In all my life I had never heard of this strange belief, but the more I considered it, the more I accepted it as truth. I am positive that it was not to dreams, however remarkable, that I owed the wonderful disentangling of the twisted skeins of my love-life.

My soul had gone forth to help me and the man I loved, and it had accomplished its purpose!

Out of such a soil our love has grown into a richer, sweeter flower than is the gift of Life to most mortals!