

# Weird Tales

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*A strange and tragic story of a looking-glass that reflected what did not lie before it*

*"All of a sudden his hand went quickly into his pocket."*



## The Mirror

By GEORGE BURROWES

**W**EDNESDAY, midnight.  
The most inconceivable thing has happened today. Indeed it is as much to convince myself that I'm not stark mad as it is to make a record for future reference that I (much against my custom) begin this journal. I presume there will have to be some sort of investigation, but I don't know by whom. One  
W. T.—6

can't judge by analogy with other cases because there never have been any other cases.

For lucidity I may as well begin by stating that this ponderous old Clarendon Street house has been mine in title ever since my wife died nine years ago, and I have lived alone in it all that time. Alone, that is, so far as any members of my

family are concerned, but not strictly alone, for I have found it necessary to take "guests"; in other words, ordinary roomers, although in this part of Back Bay we would never call them that, nor ever allow a "vacancy" sign to be put in the window. I have a housekeeper, of course, and it is she who is really the landlady. I never have any dealings with my "guests" at all except in a social way.

On the whole, I have been extremely fortunate. I take only gentlemen, middle-aged or elderly for the most part, and two of them, on the third floor, have been with me for seven years. Mr. Raleigh, with whom today's events are concerned, has been here two years and a half. He occupies the most expensive room in the house, the big front parlor on the second floor. I have had a lavatory built into one of its spacious closets.

Raleigh must be a man of some independent means, because he has no visible occupation that could bring him much income. He writes articles for philosophical publications and for some of the scientific journals, but I have heard that such things pay very little or nothing at all. I am neither a scientist nor a philosopher; so the numerous times that we have had a chat together, our topics of conversation have been entirely general, revolving mostly about the news of the day. No one could call us intimate, although it has been my habit, for the past few months, to drop in on him in the evening, two or three times a week, and take a bit of sherry before his fire. This I did last night, and this I presume I should have done again tonight had not this thing occurred.

Now—it was about four o'clock this afternoon when I went to his room and rapped on the door. He offered to lend me, last night, a new biography we had been talking of, and I forgot to carry it

away with me when I left. I very much wanted it this afternoon and went to fetch it. But I got no reply to my rap. I never, of course, enter my guests' rooms when they are not in, but this time I had no compunctions at all about entering, bent as I was on such a legitimate errand. So I opened the door and went in.

The room was empty. The late afternoon sun was streaming in through the windows, which are partly covered by heavy, dark red curtains, and there was no fire burning on the hearth. I went at once to the marble-topped table which stands against the wall at the rear of the room. It was there I remembered placing the book after I had glanced through it. And it was still there. I picked it up and was about to leave when something caught my eye which made me stop dead-still for a moment.

In the exact center of the rear wall, directly opposite the windows, there has hung for as long as I can remember a great mirror in a carved wooden frame. It is a huge thing, and ugly I suppose, but it has always been the feature of this room. I hazard a guess that it is a good seven and a half or eight feet tall and possibly five feet wide. And it was in this mirror, whose reflection encompasses the entire room, that I saw what I did see.

I saw a distinct movement in the red curtains at one of the windows behind me, and it was plainly evident that some one was hiding there, because I could see the bulge.

**I** WAS NOT alarmed. Perhaps I should have been, and perhaps my first thought should have been that there was an intruder there. But on the contrary, my first thought—and indeed my only thought—was that it was Raleigh, hiding there to escape my company. And I must admit that I was taken aback and that I

had a touch of wounded pride. Few indeed are the people to whom I am not a wholly welcome visitor.

It was, therefore, this same touch of pride which made me replace the book on the table. If Raleigh cared to avoid me by such cheap means, then most certainly I had no desire to borrow his property. So, as I say, I replaced the book and started to leave the room. I had to go obliquely toward the windows to reach the door to the hall, and as I neared them I could not, much as I wanted to, refrain from casting a glance at the curtain behind which he was presumably hiding—and strangely enough it was hanging as straight and as unruffled as the others!

Well—then I stopped again, and I suppose I chuckled to myself at my imbecility and at the trick my eyes had played on me. And, completely cured of my spasm of anger, I retraced my steps to the table to get the book again—which I wanted most intensely.

Now I *know* I did not look into the mirror again by design. In other words, it was a movement again which attracted my attention and which made me stand there, gazing into the glass.

And most distinctly, in the reflection, I could see the outline of a man's figure behind the curtain.

Now I *was* alarmed. Now the thought of a burglar did enter my head, replacing all idea of Raleigh hiding there—although why the sudden change came about, I can't say. I know that I wheeled around and faced the windows and called, "Who's there?"

There was no reply, and so far as I could see the curtains were undisturbed.

There was nothing to do but laugh to myself once more, although a bit nervously, and then turn quickly toward the mirror again and see what could be making the illusion. And illusion or not,

there was the bulge, and I turned several times from windows to mirror, from mirror to windows, seeing in one case serenely hanging curtains and in the other their distortion. Yet, in the reflection, the curtains at the *other* windows were as undisturbed as they were in actuality.

So it was at this point that I made the move which finally explained it all. I went directly down the length of the room to the window in question and shook the curtain which had puzzled me. There was, of course, no one behind it at all. But then, still standing there with the stuff in my hand, I turned and faced the mirror again, and although the distance was great and the reflection small, I still could discern that bulge. What was making it?

I shook the curtain with my eyes on the mirror, and its corresponding reflection shook in unison, but the bulge remained. So then, with my eyes still on the mirror, I gave a yank and jerked the hanging stuff aside until it should reveal the bare panelling behind it.

It did not! In the glass I had uncovered the figure of Raleigh, pressed against the panelling, staring out at me.

Yet no one in reality stood there!

Now, I possibly am setting this down at too great length, but still I want to make a record of my own actions and, to an extent, of my own feelings, merely to prove, in any future eventuality, that I had no hand in conniving at what he has done. But now, with this out of the way, I can state the truth deliberately. *Raleigh has gone into that mirror and he is still there!*

**I** CAN set it all down now, calmly enough, for I have had eight hours to get used to it. But there was no such calmness in me, I can say, at the moment when I saw him there and let the curtain

fall from my hand until, in the mirror, its folds covered him. I was shaking all over and my knees threatened to collapse under me. I have no doubt at all that, had Raleigh not made the next move, I should have fled from the room, convinced of my insanity. But Raleigh did move. Leaving the actual curtains beside me undisturbed, he flung the reflected curtains aside and stepped out from behind them. His reflection (no, I *mustn't* call it his reflection!) came toward me in the mirror, and beckoned to me to come toward him.

I went. I found it difficult to make my legs respond, but I went just the same until I was standing near enough to the mirror to touch it, and he was standing just inside. It was the most curious sight I have ever seen. There was I, and there was my reflection. There was *he*, standing beside my reflection; yet in the room with me there was no one at all!

He was trying to speak to me. His lips were moving, but they made no sound, and I am very poor at reading lips. But finally, when he had repeated something very slowly, several times, I made out that he was telling me not to be alarmed. He threw out his hands in a gesture that seemed to say, "After all, here I am and there's nothing you can do about it." And I must confess that I was calming down somewhat and that the first stunning shock of surprize and fright had relapsed into trembling curiosity. Then I noticed that he was beginning to signal me to do something. He was pointing behind me and moving his lips, but I couldn't make out what he was trying to make me understand. Finally, leaving his side of the mirror he walked away from it, toward the door of the reflected room and closed it. Then he turned and motioned for me to do the same.

And it was quite true! He had closed his door without it having any effect on mine! What was it in there? A separate world with an existence of its own?

When I got back to the mirror again, he was standing there once more and making further motions. He was pointing first to my mouth and then to the mouth of my image which was beside him. Then he pointed to his own ear and nodded, then to my mouth again, and then to my reflection's mouth. And at last I grasped his idea. He wanted me to talk. Did he actually mean that in that mirrored room my image could talk and be heard?

That was what I asked him, and my voice rang strangely in the empty room.

"Raleigh, do you mean to say you can hear me?"

He nodded, but then quickly shook his head, and with a little smile pointed to my reflection, as if to say that it was not I whom he heard, but that other I.

"Then I can ask you questions and you can reply by nodding or shaking your head?"

He nodded, smiling out at me—a little pitifully, I thought.

"Raleigh!" I cried. "How did you get in there?"

His answering gesture and expression meant, so far as I could determine, that he couldn't tell me, or that I couldn't understand.

"But how are you going to get out again?"

He shook his head.

"You mean you're not?"

His lips slowly formed the words, "I don't know."

"You mean you don't know whether you can get out or not?"

"Yes, that's what I mean," his nod said.

I am trying to set this down exactly,

as it occurred. I may, of course, not have it exactly correct, but it is near enough.

"But why did you go in?"

Again that gesture from him which might have meant, "You wouldn't understand," but which I think meant, "I know but I can't explain."

"Raleigh!" I cried (and it must be remembered that every time I spoke, of course, my image actually spoke to him although it was facing me and, in the mirror, paying no attention to him), "what shall I do about it? Shall I get some one?"

His quick, excited shaking of his head showed me that that was the last thing he wanted. So I merely stood there and thought for a few moments, bewildered indeed, and quite unable, for a while, to think rationally.

"Raleigh," I finally began, "is the rest of the house in there too?"

"No," he said.

"You mean there's just that room?"

He stretched his arms out the width of the mirror and encircled its heavy frame with his eyes, indicating, I suppose, that there was nothing there but what the mirror encompassed.

Then I had an inspiration.

"What on earth are you going to eat? Or," I added, because it suddenly struck me that he probably had no substance, "don't you have to eat?"

He smiled and indicated that he certainly did have to eat. He pointed at me several times before I grasped his meaning.

"I can bring you things to eat?" I exclaimed in wonderment.

He nodded rapidly.

"Do you mean to say you can—can eat the reflection?" I cried.

This time his smile was really one of merriment. But then, gesturing to me to watch him carefully, he went to the re-

lection of the marble-topped table and tore off a corner of a large magazine lying there; yet the actual magazine, the one in the room with me, remained undisturbed and unchanged. He reached in his pocket, scratched a match on his heel, and set fire to the triangle of paper in his hand. It blazed instantly, and he held it until all but a corner was consumed before he dropped it into a plaster bowl on his table. It was the most bewildering thing to try to think out that I have ever encountered. He had actually destroyed part of the reflection of something which actually existed only here, before me. I couldn't suppress a desire to peer into my own plaster bowl to see if there was charred paper there. It was empty, of course. Yet when I lifted it (and of course my reflection at the same moment lifted the reflected bowl) and turned it upside down, nothing at all fell out of mine, but out of the bowl in the mirror fluttered the black ash and settled on the carpet.

Raleigh, astonishingly enough, gathered them up from my reflected feet, stepped around my image, and deposited them in his fireplace. He was as neat in that world as in this.

**N**ow I see I am setting this down at too great length and I must be briefer, because, after all, my record of astonishment after astonishment is merely repetitious. I shall jot down only two things more that occurred today, and then I shall try to get some sleep.

The first thing is, that I did see him food. About seven o'clock I asked my housekeeper to serve a supper for two in Raleigh's room, although first, of course, I ascertained if it would be agreeable to him, and he arranged that he would hide from the housekeeper's eyes behind the screen in the reflected room. That was

done, and Mrs. Ellis brought the suppers in and departed without suspecting a thing.

But I might have spared myself the ordering of two suppers. We could have eaten the same one—he eating his first and clearing his reflected plate without touching mine in the least; and then I, from the same heaping plate, eating my fill. But that we did not do; we each had our own, although I later had to carry his apparently untouched portion surreptitiously to the kitchen and burn it in the range. But we did have the same cup of coffee—for experiment's sake. I poured it out. He drank it. Then I drank it, and as I drank, my image went through all the motions with an empty cup.

The second thing that happened was his calling my attention to a manuscript tucked in one of the pigeon-holes of his desk. At his signal, I glanced at it and found that it was by himself and was called *The Metaphysics of the Mirror*. At his request, I have brought it upstairs with me to read. Already I have glanced at it and found it almost incomprehensible. Tomorrow I shall try again, but I doubt if I can do it.

I may as well close this entry with one more little fact I noticed tonight. When I left him, a little while ago, he was ready for bed, and after we had said good-night he opened his windows and put out his light. And although the lights in the real room were still on, the mirror went completely dark!

**T**HURSDAY, 10 p. m.

Nothing at all of any importance has happened today. He is still there, of course, but he has been much less communicative than yesterday and has seemed to want me in the room only at meal times. He is evidently trying to

think something out; for most of the time he has been sitting in his big chair with his head on his hand and his brow wrinkled.

I was much concerned, as I lay awake last night, over the question of water and toilet facilities for him; so I went down as early as possible this morning. But it appears that it is quite all right. So long as the lavatory door, in the real room, stands open, the interior of the closet is reflected in the big mirror, and its accommodations become an actuality for him. Should I, however, close the door, his, too, of course, would close. And should he open his while mine remained closed, he would face, so far as I am able to gather (yet without understanding it) nothingness.

Meanwhile, most of today, I have been hard at work on his manuscript. It will require a good many more readings and a lot of hard thought before I shall be able to make a lucid brief of it. But I think I am getting a slight inkling, and I may as well set down what I have so far gleaned.

It seems that he believes in a sort of dualism, in which the universe is made up, not of matter and mind, but what he calls matter-which-can-not-exist-without-mind and matter-which-can-exist-without-mind. Everything that we know and sense, evidently, is in the matter-which-can-not-exist-without-mind class, although he accords complete and tangible existence to the other. Now, so far as I can figure it out—and I don't know yet whether he means it literally or is merely talking more metaphysics—the mirror is a device which can split those two worlds. I presume he means that it can act on reality much as a prism can act on light, splitting it into its component parts; so that we have a perceptible division of mind-matter and pure matter.

Now, he goes on to say, imagine the possibility of a further splitting of the mind-matter world—the world on this side of the mirror (although of course he doesn't actually talk of "sides," because he thinks of these two worlds as co-existent and co-extensive). Suppose you could split that mind-matter—get the mind away, project it to the matter side? Well—I must admit it sounds logical—then you could join the mind with the matter-that-can-exist-without-mind, and there you would be on the other side of the mirror!

And meanwhile, your real body (let me misname it thus), being composed of matter-that-can-not-exist-without-mind, would cease to exist, most naturally.

Let me see if I can put it more clearly. The universe is matter-mind and matter-without-mind, co-existent save in the presence of a mirror which splits them. Split the mind-matter and project the mind through the mirror to what we call the reflection, but which is actually pure matter, and we have created in that reflection what is to all intents and purposes a new reality.

Now, that's quite as far as I can go. I have no idea how that projection is accomplished, although, thinking of it, it certainly seems much more feasible for me to send my mind through a mirror—or just Mind in general—than to walk through it physically, as I first thought Raleigh must have done.

Well, that's all I can write tonight. Tomorrow, perhaps, I'll try the manuscript again.

**F**RIDAY, 9:30 p. m.

There certainly has been a development today. Raleigh and I have talked with each other!

It happened this way: I was awakened at a quarter after eight this morning by

my telephone ringing beside my bed. And to my amazement I heard Raleigh's voice calling me by name and wishing me good morning.

"Raleigh!" I cried. "Are you out?"

"Out where?"

"Out of the mirror!"

He laughed. "No, of course not," he replied. "I'm still 'in the mirror,' as you say, and I'm phoning you from there."

"But how——" I began.

"Silly," he said, "there's a telephone in here, isn't there?"

"Yes," I objected, forgetting everything I had learned, "but it's only the reflection of one."

"It seems to me," Raleigh returned, "that it ought to be quite as real as the match you saw me use, or the meals I've eaten. The only thing that troubles me is why I didn't think of it before."

"But how splendid, Raleigh!" I exclaimed. "Now I can sit in your room, see you, and talk to you at the same time, from your phone into the mirror."

"Not that," he said. "Remember that the phone in this mirror and the one out in the room are one and the same. And you can't talk to yourself over the same phone. There's no connection between receiver and transmitter. . . . Well, that's all now. I'm having some breakfast soon, I trust."

"Very soon, Raleigh," I said, and hung up the receiver having undoubtedly had the first conversation in the history of the world with a man in a mirror. . . .

And now I must record a little thing that happened last Tuesday night but which I did not set down here in my Wednesday entry because only now has it seemed to have any significance. Indeed, I don't believe it entered my memory again until today.

Tuesday evening, it will be remembered, I passed with Raleigh in his



rooms, seeing him for the last time—I was about to write "alive" but that is not what I mean. During the course of our chatter, I happened to pick up a statuette from the central table—I had often seen it there and admired it—and I asked him about it. It is, base and all, about eight inches high, of heavy bronze.

Looking back, I can imagine that he answered me rather curtly. What he said was this: "It was given to me by a woman. It is called Sacred Love." He reached for the wine-bottle.

"I've always been puzzled by that differentiation between Sacred and Profane Love," I began. "What, for example, does——"

"I have no patience with such terminology," he exclaimed. "Let us call this Unattainable Love and have done with it. . . . And let me fill your glass."

That was all, and I let the incident pass from my mind. But it has returned today, because Raleigh has talked with the woman on the telephone and she is coming to see him! Furthermore, it is in some way because of her that he went into that mirror!

I can only hint at the story, because I actually know nothing about it, and I dare not conjecture for fear I should be very wrong and do them both grave injustice. But that the situation has more than a little to do with his exclamation about Unattainable Love, I have no doubt at all. How long they have known each other, why the relationship is incapable of fulfilment, I have no idea. Certainly, knowing Raleigh and being aware of the unreal dream-plane in which he lives, I can readily imagine that things which would in no sense deter a more worldly man from attaining the object of his desires (providing the desires are reciprocated) would appear as insurmountable

obstacles to him. Her marriage, for instance, be it ever so unhappy.

Her name is Eleanor, but that is all I know. When Raleigh talked to me today and told me that she was coming tomorrow and that I was to admit her, I asked him if she knew what she was going to expect. He laughed rather bitterly and said, "She has expected it for years. In fact, she's the reason why!"

He said no more, and naturally I could not press the point.

That is all of moment that has happened today.

**S**ATURDAY, 10 p. m.

She has been here to see him.

This morning, when I talked with Raleigh on the telephone, he told me that she was coming about four and asked me if I would try to be downstairs near the front door so that I could let her in unbeknown to the housekeeper. That is what I did, and she came up the steps just as the clock in the lower hall was chiming.

She is, I think, the loveliest woman I have ever seen. I don't mean just physical beauty, either, though heaven knows she has that. But from the tips of her exquisite fingers to the crown of her hair which is of pure, shining silver (though not, I know, from age) she simply radiates sheer loveliness. I can't call her spiritual or ethereal, for she is much too real for that; but there is some quality about her which is not often met with in this day. Oh, they are twin souls all right, those two! Just the very sight of her would do more to convince a disbeliever that Raleigh *could* pass into a mirror, than twenty of his manuscripts.

Which brings me to this which I may as well jot down now. If I have any inkling of what his metaphysics are all about, of course he can't ever leave that mirror! Granted him the power to pro-

ject Mind back into this world, where is the Matter for him to fuse with once more? Gone out of existence by its very definition—Matter-that-can-not-exist-without-Mind! . . . So I have been thinking today, but I haven't dared to ask Raleigh.

To get back to Eleanor. She was gracious—she couldn't be other than that, but she wasted no time on self-introductions or preliminaries. She merely called me by name when I opened the door, gave me her hand, and then said in what was hardly above a whisper, "Take me to him. I must see him at once."

I indicated the stairway and followed her up it, and the moment I unlocked the door she flung her gloves on the floor and rushed across the room, pressing herself against the mirror and crying, "Oh, my dear! My dear!"

Raleigh was there, too, directly inside, his hands on the shoulders of her reflection, and I saw that he was vainly trying to turn that reflection toward him. The kisses she was bestowing on the cold glass were being given to the lips of her own image.

I should have gone then, I know, but I stayed a moment more, just long enough to see her do, in perfect knowledge of what she was doing, what a less understanding person would never have thought of. She turned from the glass and faced the empty room, raising her arms and curving them about the air and upturning her face. In the mirror, Raleigh caught her waiting reflection to him and rained his kisses upon it. He, I knew, was embracing true, warm flesh and blood; she was holding—space!

I went out and shut the door behind me.

For two hours, then, I sat in the room directly under Raleigh's, on the first floor. It was no use to try to do any-

thing, even read. I found I could fix my mind on nothing but those two upstairs; yet I can't say why I was disturbed. Everything so far is all right, and I have been in there twice since then.

The first time was after, as I say, I had been sitting for about two hours. Then I fancied I heard a cry from Raleigh's room. I stood up and listened. I heard nothing for possibly five minutes, and then, most surely, I caught the sounds of sobbing in the room above. I suppose I shouldn't have done it, but I went up the stairs and tapped on the door, opening it at the same moment.

She was all hunched up in the big wing chair by the fireplace. Her hat was off, her hair was in disarray, and she was sobbing into her hands. In the mirror, Raleigh was standing beside the reflection of the chair, but he was facing me and motioning for me to go away. I paid no attention to him, but addressed her.

"Please," I said. "Isn't there anything I can do?"

She shook her head, but her sobs diminished.

"I wondered if you wouldn't like to talk to him," I went on. "There's a telephone in my room."

She shook her head again. "I know his lips!" she cried. "I can read them."

"But wouldn't you like some tea," I pursued, "or a glass of—"

"No! No!" she said, and her sobs broke out again. "Please go away. Please leave us alone."

So I left them. But about half past seven I went in again—knocking first, of course. This time I carried them some supper on a tray. She had dragged the big chair away from the fireplace and had put it directly in front of the mirror and not more than two feet away. She was sitting in it, weeping no longer, and

in the glass Raleigh was sitting on the arm of its reflection.

She didn't move when I entered, but she thanked me graciously and begged me sincerely to pay no more attention to her.

"Please do what you would normally do in the evening," she told me, "and forget all about me. I can let myself out quite easily and I don't want you to wait up until I go. But I do want to thank you for everything you're doing for Mr. Raleigh. It's very difficult for you, I know."

I murmured something and went away. And I have obeyed her request. I've spent the evening here in my room, and I don't know whether she has gone or not. I've heard no sound from downstairs, but I shall not let it worry me; I shall go to bed.

**S**AME night, 12:30 a. m.  
*Eleanor has gone into the mirror!*

It's quite true—and now what I'm going to do I can't for the life of me imagine. I have been sitting here for half an hour with my brain in an absolute turmoil, trying to think of what is going to become of them—what, indeed, is going to become of me! I can hardly spend the remainder of my days with that secret in my house, harboring it from the world.

It happened like this: Just an hour ago my telephone rang. I was in bed, but not, I think, asleep. I answered it at once and heard Raleigh's voice, saying to me without explanation, "I think you had better come down here."

"What's the matter, Raleigh?" I cried.

"I think you had better come down," he repeated.

So I threw on my dressing-gown and found my slippers and went down immediately. I think I must have had a suspicion as I descended the stairs. It

certainly was not fully formed, but it must have been there, because when I had thrown open the door and stepped into the room, I did not glance around at all for Eleanor, but turned directly toward the mirror.

And there she was—inside!

They were standing there facing me, with their arms about each other's waists. He was as stern and straight as I have ever seen him, with his chin lifted as if in a hint of triumphant defiance. She, on the other hand, was ivory-pale, with her eyes half closed as if she were weary to death. But they both looked at me, and as I stood there for a long time with the first of these torturing thoughts beginning to whirl in my mind, they said not one single word to each other or to me, nor did they make the slightest movement.

At length I knew what I was expected to do. They merely wanted to show me that the thing had occurred. They wanted nothing else. They wanted me to look, to realize, and to go.

So go I did—and here I am, alone.

**S**UNDAY, 5 p. m.  
I am writing this in the late afternoon because I am going to bed directly I have finished. I got no sleep at all last night, not a single wink. I rolled and tossed until dawn, trying to come to some decision about Raleigh and Eleanor—for of course they are still there, and likely to say there until they die. (Or don't people ever die in that mirror world?)

I have talked with both of them at great length on the telephone today and I have tried to beseech their help in formulating some conclusion as to their destiny and mine. I have made a hundred suggestions, it seems to me, but to each one of them I have received the same response: "Wait. Please wait." I have begged them to let me call in some of the

scientists from Harvard or Massachusetts Tech, but they have said, "Please wait." I have asked them to let me inform some of their relatives or friends, but they have said the same. I have finally, in desperation, asked Raleigh if it would not be possible, without danger to them, to move the mirror to my little cottage in Maine where life would be less complicated and I could find them, perhaps, some discreet attendant who would care for their wants, but they say: "Wait."

Raleigh seems to think that my worries are in great part financial and has offered to telephone at once to his bank and see what arrangements could be made to allow me to draw money from his account without checks, which of course he can not get to me. But that is not it at all. It is merely that I can not continue much longer to keep this secret. I'm not thinking primarily of the proprieties, for God knows I'm wishing them all the happiness in the—

**W**ISCASSET, Maine. *Saturday, five weeks later.*

At last, perhaps, I can write a little. Not much, but enough to close this journal and see if I can't, by doing that, write "finis" to the whole adventure. I know it can't be done, but it is a gesture I have wanted to make every day during these awful weeks but which I could not bring myself, mentally or physically, to do.

I slept last night—thanks to the sea pounding outside my windows—the first real sleep in—heavens, how long! So today I think that I can add the last few words to this journal and explain why the entry above was so sharply broken off at ten minutes past five on that Sunday afternoon five weeks ago.

I shall see that old house no more, thank God. I couldn't live in it another day; so I have sold it, and sold most of

my furniture, and I have come here to my cottage to live on the little I have. But oh! Police. Reporters. Police. Reporters. Days and days of them until it seemed I would go mad! . . .

But here's the tale:

My pen stopped at the last letter of that word above, because downstairs I heard a noise. It was a shriek from my housekeeper in the lower hall, almost hidden by the sound of heavy footsteps running up the first flight of stairs. I jumped to my feet and threw open the door. The housekeeper was calling my name in a voice of terror, and then, before I could answer her, I heard pounding on Raleigh's door—I had locked it, of course, as I always did.

It took me but a moment to run down my stairs and to see that a man was there on the second floor landing, rattling the knob of Raleigh's door with all his might, shouting "Open up!" and banging the panels with his heavy fist.

I don't even now know who he was. Oh, how many times I've said that! I don't know who he was! I don't know who he was! To police. To reporters. To police. To reporters. Over and over and over again. I don't know who he was! I don't know who Eleanor was! I don't know who he was! Over and over and over again.

I shouted to him. I ran to him and laid hands on his shoulders, but he paid no more attention to me than if I had been a ghost—and I am not strong. He kept up that pounding and shouting and I kept up my shouting and my clawing at his back until, suddenly, he thrust me away so that I went sprawling on the carpet, and then he leaned back and with a mighty kick burst the lock. And the door flew open with a crash.

He leaped into the room screaming "Eleanor!"

Again, again, and again I have said that I don't know what he expected to find, or how he knew she was in my house. I can only report exactly what I saw and heard.

When I picked myself up and got to the opened door, he was standing in the center of the room, staring into the mirror, and his face was the most hideous purple I have ever seen. And in the mirror, far back by the reflected windows, Eleanor and Raleigh were standing, staring out at him, clutched in each other's arms, pale as death itself.

How can I tell what he thought or how much he knew? I can swear that he didn't turn around to face the real windows and see if they were standing there in actuality. He must have known!

He said nothing—absolutely nothing. But all of a sudden his hand went quickly into his side pocket, and just as quickly it came out with a revolver.

Oh, then I leaped! "No! No!" I cried at the top of my voice and jumped to his side, pawing through the air for his revolver arm. But with the other he held me off as easily as if I had been a child, and he took straight aim into the mirror.

I saw Raleigh, then, drop Eleanor from his embrace, and as she sank onto the floor, Raleigh came running toward us with his arms outstretched to their full length and his lips uttering some unheard cry.

But the man fired, and the sound in the

room was like a thunderclap. I buried my face in my hands.

But when the next ten seconds brought only silence, I raised my head again—and there in the mirror was a neat and round little hole, shoulder high. And there, just inside the glass was Raleigh, kneeling, with his hands flat against the surface of the mirror, saying something over and over to us. And Eleanor, risen unsteadily to her feet, was coming down the length of the room until she too was just inside, and one of Raleigh's arms went around her.

But then, as we stood there, I saw a look of the utmost horror come into Raleigh's eyes. And I'm afraid, fascinated, that I stared only at that look and paid no attention to what the man beside me was doing. In fact, I didn't realize it until it was all over and he, bursting into an incoherent flood of language, had sunk to the floor in a grovelling heap.

For in that awful moment while I stood and stared, he grabbed the bronze statuette of Sacred Love from the table and hurled it with all his force against the mirror. And, with a sound like the crashing of a hundred tuneless bells, the shining glass came splintering down. . . .

There was nothing there. Nothing.

Nothing but the drab wooden backing of the frame with a round bullet-hole in it and a thousand shivering pieces of the mirror on the floor in front.

And that is all I know.

And this is all I can say: God rest them, wherever they are!

