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# THE TWIN SOUL

BY AMELIA REYNOLDS LONG

"There was no life in its eyes; they were like the eyes of a dead man."

**M**IDNIGHT!  
Somewhere in the dark labyrinth of the lower halls of Sullivan Towers, the ancestral home of my friend, Sir Guy Sullivan, an unseen clock told off twelve melancholy strokes in lifeless monotony. From where I lay in bed beside my friend, I counted them mechanically, my mind for the moment diverted from the wind and rain that was lashing the world outside. As the last stroke was told off, there was a thud, as of some sinister, heavy thing falling into place.

A strange uneasiness crept over me. What was it about this gloomy, slowly decaying old place that had

drawn Sir Guy back to it after an absence of twelve years?

My friend's low breathing reassured me, for I experienced a sensation of acute revulsion at the thought of being left alone anywhere in that house; a touch of terror, arising from the premonition that while supposedly alone, I yet would not be alone; that an indefinable Something lurked in the shadows.

My thoughts turned to the mysterious doctor who had leased the Towers during Guy's absence, and who was still occupying a part of the old place. *Who was he? What was he?* We knew only that his name was Niles Murnane, that he was something of

a recluse, and that he was conducting certain experiments with which we were in no way to interfere during our stay at the Towers. We had not seen the doctor upon our arrival. There had met us only Ferguson, Sir Guy's man, who had come on ahead with our luggage.

I turned over and finally fell into a light slumber, from which I suddenly found myself wide awake. Some change had taken place in the room. For several minutes I lay perfectly still, trying to determine what that change could be.

Presently I became aware that Guy's gentle snoring had ceased, and that he was breathing very softly, although quite regularly and without effort. This surprised me, for during all the years of our friendship I had never known him to breathe in that fashion while sleeping. Through the darkness I strained my senses in his direction. Then, with startling suddenness, I realized the change that had taken place in the room. *The man beside me was not Sir Guy Sullivan!*

What were my exact emotions at that moment I do not remember. They seem to have been a wild jumble, in the midst of which that one fact stood out clear and undeniable. It was too dark for me to see him, and yet I knew perfectly well that the man beside me was not my friend!

Cautiously I arose! If this man was not Guy Sullivan, I would at least learn who he was, and also, perhaps, what had become of Guy. My groping hand found the matches. With feverish impatience I lit the candle, guarded the flame with my hand, and crept stealthily toward the bed. Whom—or what—would I see there?

Bending low, yet taking care not to awaken him, I let the dim candle-light fall upon the face of the sleeper. What I was expecting I do not

know; but what I beheld was the well-known features of Guy himself!

It took me several minutes to realize that it was indeed he. But there was the unmistakable, slightly, aquiline curve of the nose, the dark, straight line of the brow, even the little scar upon the left cheek. Dazedly I set down the candle and, neglecting to extinguish it, got back into bed. There was no possible denying the familiar features of my friend, and yet only a moment before I would have been willing to swear that the man beside me was not Sir Guy Sullivan.

I slept no more that night. During the long hours intervening until dawn, I lay upon the bed fully awake, my eyes riveted upon the face of the man beside me. I had an uncanny feeling that if I removed my gaze even for an instant, Guy would vanish and that stranger return—return and refuse to be gone when again I looked for my friend.

At last (I think it must have been around 4 o'clock, for the top part of the windows was beginning to turn gray), I fell into an uneasy but deep slumber, from which Guy awakened me several hours later.

When we descended the dark old mahogany staircase, we found Ferguson awaiting us.

"Dr. Murnane sends you his regards, and invites you to breakfast with him in the east room," he said.

This was wholly unexpected, for the doctor had utterly ignored us upon our arrival the night before.

THE doctor's apartment had its east side composed almost entirely of glass, so that the sun flooded it with dazzling brilliance. So bright was this glare that upon first entering, I was entirely blinded to the presence of another man who was standing over by the dark hearth. It was only when he spoke that I became aware of him.

"Sir Guy? And Mr. Hammond? Good morning."

"Ah! Dr. Murnane, I believe?" Guy stepped forward, extending his hand. "Awfully good of you to put up with us. Hope we aren't inconveniencing you."

"Not in the least." He motioned us to our places at the table. "In fact, I shall be glad of your company. You slept well last night, I trust?"

We both replied that we had; but I fear that my answer did not carry conviction, for the doctor turned his deep-set gray eyes searchingly upon me.

"You are a light sleeper, Mr. Hammond?" he inquired.

"No, not especially," I replied in some surprize. "Why?"

"Merely an idle question." He shrugged slightly, dismissing the subject. But I had an odd feeling that he had known of my long hours of sleeplessness.

"They tell me that you keep no servants," observed Sir Guy presently. "Isn't it a bit inconvenient and lonely in this big place?"

"Inconvenient, no," replied Dr. Murnane; "lonely, yes, at times. But then I have—my experimental work."

He paused ever so slightly before the three last words; and I received the vivid impression that he had intended saying something else, but had changed it at the last minute.

"May I inquire what lines your experiments follow?" asked Guy, more through a desire to make conversation than because he really wanted the knowledge.

"Certainly. And yet," Dr. Murnane smiled thoughtfully, "I fear I shall have difficulty in explaining so that you will know just what I mean. You might call it, perhaps, organic creation."

"Microbes and that sort of thing?" I asked, recalling having read some-

where how cellular forms of life could be produced artificially in a laboratory.

"No." He shook his head slowly. "I am what you might call a metaphysical surgeon."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Guy. "What a profession! One might say you operated upon the soul, eh?"

"Precisely." Dr. Murnane seemed pleased with the phrase. "That sums up my profession pretty well, Sir Guy."

LATER in the morning I was alone in the library—Guy had gone to his room to write some letters—when Ferguson entered.

"Mr. Hammond," he began, after making sure that the door was tightly closed behind him, "may I speak to you a moment, sir?"

"Of course," I answered, wondering what his secretive manner could mean. "What is it, Ferguson?"

"It's about this house, sir. There's something wrong here."

"Wrong?" I repeated. "I don't understand."

"Neither do I, sir," replied Ferguson, "and that makes it all the worse. Last night, for instance. I'd be willing to swear that Dr. Murnane never saw his bed. His eyes this morning had the look of a man who had not slept."

"Still," I protested, "there is nothing alarming about that. Men of science, I believe, often stay up all night to work upon their experiments."

"Yes, I know," he rejoined, "but this is different. I have the feeling, somehow, that it is some unholy thing he is experimenting with. There are certain things, you know, that men are the worse for finding out. Did you notice at breakfast when Sir Guy asked if he wasn't lonely here, he said, 'But then I have—my experimental work.'? He sort of stopped

like in the middle of the sentence. You *did* notice it, I think, sir?"

"Yes," I admitted, "I did. But what significance do you attach to it?"

"None, exactly," he replied. "But—well, Mr. Hammond, I had the feeling that instead of 'experimental work' he was going to say a person's name."

"What?" I exclaimed. "What do you mean, Ferguson?"

"Just that, sir," he answered. "I could have taken my oath that he had meant to say a person's name, but for some reason changed his mind. Then, there's the Presence."

"The what?"

"Excuse me, sir. I had not meant to say that. But it's as if there's something here besides ourselves; not a person or an animal; just a Presence."

I was silent, remembering my experience of the previous night. Was there, then, more to this affair than appeared upon the surface? Ferguson was an even-headed fellow, not given to hallucinations.

"Ferguson," I began, but got no farther. From somewhere in the interior of the house rang out a weird, long-drawn-out shriek that seemed to come nearer and nearer along the dark hallways until it entered the very room where we were, and for several seconds rolled like a poisonous vapor about the ceiling! Then even more abruptly than it had started, it ceased, leaving in its place an ominous silence!

Ferguson and I stared at each other dumbly. At last he spoke.

"My God, sir!" he whispered hoarsely. "What was that?"

Together we started on a run in the direction from which the sound had seemed to come. In the main hallway we encountered Sir Guy.

"What has happened?" he de-

manded excitedly. "I thought I heard a scream."

"So did we," I replied. "It seemed to come from the west side of the house."

"That would be in the armory," he said. "Come."

With Ferguson and me at his heels, he started off in that direction. But we had gone only a short distance when he all but collided with Dr. Murnane, who was hurrying from the rear of the house. His face was ashen, and he was greatly excited.

"Gentlemen, please go back," he entreated. "You must not come this way. It is not safe."

"But we thought we heard a scream," I began. "Is anyone hurt?"

"No, no. Everything is all right," he assured us hastily. "Go back, please. You must not come any farther." Slipping by us, he passed into the next room, and we heard the click of a bolt as the door closed behind him.

We stared at one another. There was nothing to do but go back, so we slowly returned to the library. When we were all within its walls, Guy confronted us. "Now tell me, each of you, what you heard," he requested.

"I heard a scream," I replied. "At first I thought it was human, but now I'm not so sure."

"And I heard the same, Sir Guy," said Ferguson. "Mr. Hammond and I were both in this room when it started."

"Did it seem human or animal to you, Ferguson?"

"I couldn't say, sir. I was too startled to notice."

Guy turned to me. "You're sure you thought it was human at first, Lucas?" he questioned.

"At first, yes," I said, "but now I can't be so positive. But you

heard it yourself. What do you think?"

"I was in my room with the door shut," he answered, "and so I did not hear it distinctly. But my impression was that it was a bestial howl issuing from human lungs, if such a thing is possible."

"Heavens!" I gasped, but said no more, for at that moment Dr. Murnane appeared in the doorway.

"I hope you have not been greatly alarmed, gentlemen," he said courteously. "An experiment in my laboratory miscarried, forming gas which escaped through a small valve. It was that which caused the sound you heard."

I have noticed that Englishmen are, as a class, generally inclined to avoid what we Americans term a situation; and I had never found Sir Guy to be an exception to this rule. Now, however, he rose admirably to the occasion.

"What makes you think, Dr. Murnane, that we only *heard* something?" he asked.

"Mr. Hammond said as much," answered the doctor. "You—you could not have done other than hear?"

"Not see, for example?" suggested Sir Guy cannily.

At his words the doctor's face became positively ghastly.

"Merciful heavens, man!" he cried. "You don't mean—you saw——?"

"No," said Guy quietly, "we did not see, we merely heard. But, now, doctor, perhaps you will tell us *what* we heard."

"I believe I have already done so."

Guy smiled. "Come now," he said. "I do not believe that story, nor do you expect me to. Let us not underestimate each other's intelligence to such a degree. That scream issued from the lips of a human being."

The doctor walked to the fireplace, and for several seconds stood pinch-

ing his chin between thumb and forefinger. At last he spoke.

"No," he said slowly, "you are mistaken. That scream did not issue from the lips of a human being, nor was it the cry of an animal. In my profession, gentlemen, there are some things that can not be explained to a layman."

I saw Ferguson's face go white, and his knees start to tremble. "You mean, sir——" he began involuntarily.

Dr. Murnane smiled. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," he quoted. "But I mean nothing supernatural, Ferguson. To those who understand, there is no supernatural. But," turning back to us, "I thought we had agreed, gentlemen, that you were not to interfere in my experiments."

"We had," replied Guy promptly. "And I intend to keep my word so long as your experiments do not run contrary to the laws of humanity."

The doctor laughed softly. "So that's it; is it?" he murmured. "Well, you need have no fears along those lines, my dear sir. I am doing no harm to man, beast, or—anything else."

I HAVE been told that it is possible for the few words and actions of others to react upon our subconscious selves, and so force us to act according to their suggestions. Whether or not this was true in my case I do not know, but I can say positively that it was only after this conversation between Guy and Dr. Murnane that I became conscious of what Ferguson termed the Presence.

It was just before tea-time that I first felt it. I was in the library again, idly browsing through a book that had caught my fancy. Guy, I knew, was lying half asleep upon a couch in the part of the room at my back. It had turned out to be one

of those unreliable March days that begin fair and end sullen, and had, toward its close, threatened a continuation of yesterday's rain. Earlier in the afternoon, Ferguson had laid a fire on the hearth, and now its orange glow mingled weirdly with the waning daylight.

But of these things I was only dimly aware as I sat reading. In the same way I realized that the house had settled into a deep, almost heavy silence, but my conscious being was in no way affected by—and indeed scarcely noticed—these facts.

I am very sensitive to surrounding conditions; and now I became aware that someone was moving in the room behind me. I had heard no sound, but nevertheless I was keenly conscious of the proximity of another intelligence. Automatically I decided that Guy had awakened, and was walking about—I would naturally hear no footsteps because of the heavy carpet. So, without giving it another thought, I let the matter slip from my mind.

But presently it was brought back by the feeling that Guy had moved to my chair, and was standing beside me. Thinking he wished to say something to me, I lowered my book, and waited for him to speak. Then when several seconds had passed and he did not do so, I looked up. My gaze met empty air!

I am not superstitious, so I told myself that I had imagined the whole thing, and turned back to my book. But I had barely resumed my reading when the strange obsession returned, even more strongly than before. And now I was conscious of another fact. As in the case of the previous night, the man in the room with me—if indeed it was a man—was not Sir Guy!

The realization came so suddenly that for an instant I was paralyzed. My reason kept telling my instinct that I was mistaken, that no one could

be in that room but Sir Guy and myself. And yet I was as positive of the presence of another as I had been of the stranger the night before; as positive and as aware of its impossibility.

For several seconds I sat tense, waiting and listening. The Presence—I started slightly as I realized that in my mind I had used Ferguson's term for the inexplicable something he had felt—was quite close to me; so close, indeed, that I could have reached out my hand and touched it, if such things could be touched.

The next instant came a new experience. The thing had taken hold of me; had gripped my shoulder! But when I looked I could see no fingers upon my coat, nor could I feel the physical pressure of a human hand! And yet I knew that something had touched me; felt it as one feels the steady gaze of a hypnotist controlling his muscles while still there is no actual contact between the two.

I felt the hair at the back of my neck begin to rise, while a clammy perspiration broke out all over my body. In panic I struggled to my feet and faced about.

"Now," I cried, "whoever or whatever you are, speak and tell me what you want."

For several seconds the room seemed surcharged with electricity, as if some vague thing were trying to assume definite shape. I stood listening, more than half expecting that from somewhere out of the dusk a voice would come, answering my challenge. But nothing happened, and soon the atmosphere began to clear again.

Dazed, I staggered toward the middle of the room, dimly feeling that there was something I must do. Then my glance rested upon Sir Guy, still lying upon the couch, and I ran to his side.

"Guy," I called, "wake up. Something strange has just occurred."



He did not move. I caught him by the shoulder, and shook him gently. "Wake up, Guy," I commanded. "Something has happened."

Still he made no response, and growing alarmed, I bent closer. His inertia was not sleep, but unconsciousness!

With legs that almost refused to support my weight I ran to the door and called loudly for Dr. Murnane. In a moment or so he appeared, coming from the general direction of the armory.

"Doctor," I cried, "something has happened to Sir Guy. I found him lying unconscious upon a couch."

Without a word Murnane pushed past me, and knelt beside the still, white figure. After a cursory examination, he looked up.

"There is a bottle of smelling salts upon the mantel in the east room," he said. "Get it."

Mechanically I obeyed, finding the bottle without difficulty, and returned with it as fast as I could. When I reentered the library, I found that the doctor had lowered Guy's head, and was chafing his wrists vigorously. With a muttered word of thanks he took the bottle from me, and uncorking it, held it to his patient's nostrils.

"What is it?" I asked anxiously; "a case of faint?"

"Acts more like stupor," he answered. "In any case, it's good you called me. Ah," as Guy showed signs of coming round, "that's better! Hammond, there's a bottle of rum in that cabinet. Pour him a drink."

I did as he requested, making the dose a stiff one. Under the fiery influence of the liquor, Guy opened his eyes and looked up at us.

"Where am I?" he muttered thickly.

"You're in the library, old man," I said, greatly relieved at the sound of his voice. "You had a bad turn or something. Feeling better now?"

"Yes, I'm quite all right again." He tried to sit up, but Dr. Murnane laid a restraining hand upon him.

"You had better lie still a while longer, Sir Guy," he advised. "But if you feel quite able to do so, suppose you tell us, if you can, what happened to you."

"I don't know if I can—exactly." Guy passed a hand slowly across his brow, as though trying to recall a hazy memory. "I was lying here upon the couch half asleep. Lucas—Mr. Hammond—was sitting over by the fire, reading. All of a sudden I became aware of a slight dizziness, and a sinking sensation crept over me. I had a feeling that my personality—my ego, if you know what I mean—was being slowly submerged, and I began to fight against it with all my might. Then (this is the strange part) it seemed as if I was two people; or rather that my brain was being controlled by two powers at once; my own mind and another were struggling to gain the mastery. I can't explain it, Dr. Murnane, but I could feel it working. I tried to call to Mr. Hammond, but consciousness left me, and I knew nothing more until I spoke just now."

For a long time the doctor sat gazing thoughtfully into space. At last he asked: "Have you ever had an attack like this before?"

"No," said Guy. "I'm sure I never had."

"Nor anything similar? In fact, any kind of attack at all?"

"No—only my losses of memory, if you could count them."

"Ah!" The doctor regarded him intently. "What were they like?"

"Only extreme cases of absent-mindedness. I used to get attacks when I had no memory of my actions for hours at a time."

"Used to get'? Have you not experienced any recently?"

"Not for almost a year. They began when I was about fourteen years old."

For several minutes Dr. Murnane studied the man before him. Presently he said, "Sir Guy, the experience which you have just undergone is a very strange one, and interests me exceedingly. Would you object to submitting to a little hypnotic test which I have in mind? I give you my word of honor it will not harm you."

"What do you want to do to him?" I asked before Sir Guy could answer.

"Merely learn, if I can, what were his experiences while he was unconscious. As you perhaps know, it is a scientific belief that the ego of a man never really sleeps, but may operate in another sphere, leaving no recollection of its activities upon the conscious mind. Have I your consent to make this experiment, Sir Guy?"

Guy hesitated an instant, then nodded. "Go ahead," he directed. "If you can discover what happened to me, I want you to do so."

**A**PPREHENSIVELY I watched the doctor as with deft, sure touch he massaged his patient's forehead, the while he spoke to him in low, soothing tones. Soon Guy closed his eyes, and his muscles relaxed.

"A very easy subject. I think our little experiment is going to prove a success." Dr. Murnane had looked up at me as he spoke. Now he let his gaze return to the face of the man he had just hypnotized.

"Why, what—how?" he cried the next instant. "Surely I had him under my control!"

Guy, who had a moment before lain inertly under the power of the hypnotist, was now looking up at us with large, slightly puzzled eyes. The doctor leaned forward and repeated his performance, and again Guy gave

way before his power, although this time not so readily.

"Now, Guy Sullivan," Dr. Murnane spoke with a clear, concise enunciation, "tell us what happened to you while you were unconscious."

Guy's answer came promptly, although without a particle of meaning.

"He overcame me. He—he put me aside."

"What in thunder——" I gasped.

"Who put you aside?" demanded the doctor, without the slightest show of emotion.

"I don't know what to call him, but he is here."

"What does he mean?" I asked in a whisper.

"I haven't the slightest idea," replied the doctor. "But let us go on with the experiment." He turned back to Sir Guy. "Tell us what you did," he repeated.

The two other answers had been delivered in a dull, nerveless monotone; but now the third response came haltingly, as though the speaker employed a language unfamiliar to him; or, rather, as though he had not spoken in any tongue for a long time, and was not sure of himself.

"I—got—control——. Went out—disembodied——" The voice trailed off into silence.

"But what did you do?" persisted Dr. Murnane inexorably.

"Not—much. . . . Ask—Lucas."

The doctor looked at me questioningly.

"I don't know what he means," I said. "I thought he was asleep."

"Mr. Hammond thought you were sleeping," said Murnane. "Explain what you mean."

"No . . . Guy slept."

"Heavens!" I exclaimed. "He talks as if he were someone else. Doctor, this is not natural. Bring him out of this state, for the love of mercy!"

"Yes, perhaps it were better that I should." The doctor made a quick pass over the patient's eyes. "Wake," he commanded.

Guy looked up at us with that strange, puzzled expression.

"Feeling all right?" I enquired anxiously.

He nodded, and turned to Dr. Murnane.

"You must—do—something," he said in that halting, uncertain fashion. "It can't—go on—this—way."

His voice seemed to withdraw itself, and he sank once more into a state of coma.

Dr. Murnane uttered a sharp exclamation, and repeated his quick gesture. Immediately Guy regained consciousness, and this time appeared quite natural.

"Sorry I couldn't answer your questions, doctor," he said, in his usual, slightly drawling voice. "But after the first I seemed to lose control of my tongue."

The doctor looked at him strangely, but said nothing.

"Why, you did answer, old fellow," I exclaimed in surprize. "And you said some mighty queer things. But what did you mean when you were conscious a minute ago by telling Dr. Murnane that he must do something?"

Guy stared at me blankly. "I said nothing like that," he answered. "You've been dreaming, dear chap."

I looked at Dr. Murnane for confirmation, but he only shook his head in perplexity. "It is the strangest thing I have ever known," he said. "I am going to my laboratory now, gentlemen. I may be in to see you later, if you do not object."

When we were alone, Guy turned to me.

"Tell me all that happened, Lucas," he requested.

I gave him a full account.

"Lucas," he said after a short

pause, "there's something about this that's uncanny. When I was a little fellow, and lived here at the Towers, the servants used to say I had a strange fashion of talking aloud as if to a child companion. Of course, I know this is not an unusual thing for youngsters to do, but my case was different. I not only talked to this invisible playmate, but would often catch my nurse by the skirts and insist that she must see him in the room with me. They tell me that once I frightened a servant nearly out of her wits by suddenly crying out that she must not sit upon a certain chair, that Buddie was there, and she would hurt him. I continued to believe in this strange companion whom I called Buddie until I was nearly twelve years old. Then I went to India with father, and seemed to forget about him. But now that I am back, I seem to feel the presence of a mind—a something too indefinite to describe——" He broke off, as though unable to find the right words to phrase his vague impression.

"Look here, Guy," I exclaimed, "this has got to stop. If there's such a thing as a spook of any kind in this house, why, we must get it out. That's what the Society of Psychological Research is for; isn't it?"

"No, we must not call them in, Lucas," he protested. "At least, not yet. I have a feeling that this Dr. Murnane may be able to help. Anyway, let's wait and see what he has to tell us this evening."

**T**RUE to his promise, Dr. Murnane dropped in on us around 8 o'clock. "Gentlemen," he began, turning at once to the subject that filled all our minds, "if we want to learn anything about this strange case, we must be perfectly frank with one another. I am interested from a professional viewpoint, and would like, if you have no objections, Sir Guy, to follow the matter to its conclusion.

Now I want you to tell me if either of you has had any—ah—strange experiences since coming here. Mr. Hammond, suppose you begin; for I saw by your manner at breakfast this morning that you had met with some sort of adventure during the night."

Not sure just how my story would be received, I told him of my experience. When I had finished, he asked, "What was it made you so sure that it was not Sir Guy who lay beside you?"

"I have a very strange power of perception, Dr. Murnane," I told him. "I can sense a man's presence as soon as he enters a room, although I may neither see nor hear him."

"In like manner you would sense it if he went out?"

"Exactly so."

"And did you sense the departure of this stranger last night as you lit the candle?"

"Why, no," I replied. "I don't believe I did. But then I couldn't have, for I went over to the bed fully expecting to find him there."

"This afternoon," he asked, switching the subject abruptly, "did you experience anything out of the ordinary while Sir Guy was sleeping?"

"Yes," I answered, and told him about the Presence. "I know it sounds crazy," I concluded lamely, "but I am ready to take my solemn oath that there was someone or something in this room with me."

"I do not doubt your word, Mr. Hammond," he assured me. "In fact it bears out a vague theory I have been forming. You remember when Sir Guy was hypnotized he replied, when I asked him to tell me what he had been doing, 'Ask Lucas.' That, I believe, is your Christian name; is it not, Mr. Hammond?"

"Yes," I said. "But what does it all mean?"

"Wait and we shall see," he re-

turned. Then, to Guy: "When you lived at the Towers as a child, Sir Guy, was there ever any tale of supernatural influences? Not the usual ghost-stories connected with all old houses, but something definite, touching yourself, for example."

"I might as well tell you what I told Lucas just a bit ago," said Guy, and he related the story of the playmate that no one saw but himself.

"Ah! Now we are coming upon something definite!" exclaimed the doctor eagerly. "I expected that sort of thing would turn up somewhere. You say you used to play with this Buddie until you were nearly twelve years old? Then surely you must retain some distinct memory of him."

"After a fashion, yes," admitted Guy. "But he is confused in my mind with other children whom I knew at the time. Still, I seem to have a recollection of someone—someone who was often with me when I was otherwise alone. But the impression is vague, like the memory of a dream."

"Were you particularly imaginative as a child?"

"No. And that is what doubly puzzled my parents and nurse."

Dr. Murnane strode up and down the room several times before asking any more questions. Presently he inquired, "Did you ever have a brother born before or after you who died in childhood?"

"No," said Guy, "nor a sister. I am an only child."

"There could have been no twin brother who died at birth?"

"No. I'm positive of that. You see, I almost did have a twin. I was born a freak."

"You—a freak!" I cried incredulously. There was nothing about this typical young Englishman to suggest such a thing.

"Yes," he nodded. "But don't look so shocked, Lucas. When I

was born, I had three arms; the two I have now, and an additional little one just below my right shoulder-blade. I also have two spinal cords, but one is dead. It is the belief of the doctors that I was to have had a twin, but that he did not develop."

"Interesting," mused the doctor, talking more to himself than to us. "But still there was no body to have contained a soul. No, I can not see that that explains it. There must be something else."

"Doctor," began Guy, and I could see that only a great effort of will was forcing from him what he was about to say, "I once read of a man into whose body a demon soul had entered ahead of his own. Is such a thing possible?"

"That," replied the doctor gravely, "I can not say. We know that there are powers which we term Elementals——"

He broke off abruptly. From the other side of the house came that same weird cry we had heard earlier in the day! Quicker than lightning, Dr. Murnane sprang to the door. "Wait here. I'll be back in a moment," he flung at us, and was gone.

Left alone, the two of us stared at each other blankly. "Guy," I said suddenly, "I've a mind to follow him and find out, if I can, what this is all about. I'm more than half convinced that it's in some way connected with all the other strange things that have been going on."

"No, Lucas, you must not do that." He laid a restraining hand upon my arm. "Remember, we have promised not to interfere with the doctor's experiments."

"Not even if they may be interfering with us?" I demanded.

"I don't think they are doing that," he replied. "If they were, the doctor would know it, and he was too genuinely surprized by what we

told him to have had previous knowledge."

"He did seem in earnest," I admitted. "But I wish he'd give us some explanation of this thing. It's beginning to get on my nerves."

I had barely finished when the door was thrown violently open, and Ferguson staggered in. His face was chalky white, and he was trembling exceedingly.

"Sir Guy," he half choked, "I've seen a ghost!"

"You—what?" Guy stared at him uncomprehendingly. "Ferguson, are you crazy?"

"I—I don't know, sir," the man answered, leaning against a table for support. "I—I hope not."

"Sit down and tell us what you mean."

Ferguson dropped limply into the nearest chair. "I've seen the Presence, sir," he said. "At least, I think that's what it must have been. You see, sir, I was rather curious about what the doctor keeps in the armory, where he has his laboratory, and knowing that he was in here with you gentlemen this evening, I went over to take a look around. I was halfway down the side hall—it's quite dark around there, you know, sir—when all of a sudden I saw something moving over by the armory door. It was going slow and groping, like a mole, you might say, sir; so I stopped to watch it, not knowing what it might be. Then I saw it was the figure of a person, but all dressed in long black robes, like a priest or something. I think I must have made some sort of noise, for it turned its head in my direction, and I saw its face. Sir Guy, there was no life in its eyes; they were like the eyes of a dead man!"

At this point I believe I must have let slip an exclamation of a very profound nature, for Ferguson turned to me appreciatively. "Yes, sir," he said respectfully, "that's what I said,

too. And then the thing opened its jaws and shrieked at me; shrieked just like we heard it this morning! I didn't stay for any more, gentlemen; I ran."

There was a silence when he finished speaking. Neither of us who had heard him felt very much just then like refuting a ghost-story, no matter how improbable it might be. But we were saved the necessity of comment by the return of Dr. Murnane.

"Everything is all right now," he said reassuringly, but his eyes were vaguely troubled, and soon he left us for the night.

"Guy," I said, "that man has something up his sleeve; something that is connected with Ferguson's ghost, if not with all the rest of the fireworks. Instead of going to bed tonight, I'm going to sit up in this room and watch, and I advise you and Ferguson to do the same."

"I'm with you, sir," exclaimed Ferguson eagerly, relieved that he need not spend the long hours of darkness alone.

"Very well," assented Sir Guy. "If you two do it, I will. In fact I'm not keen on shutting myself up in that dreary room after your experience there. We may as well make a night of it down here."

**T**HERE were two couches in the room; so it was decided that one of our number should keep watch while the others slept. Ferguson offered to take the first watch, and promised to call me two hours later to relieve him. I, in turn, was to call Sir Guy two hours after that.

I lay down on my couch and tried to compose myself to sleep, but as the minutes passed I grew more and more wakeful, and soon I found myself staring idly about the room. Over in his chair by the fire I saw Ferguson, his eyes fixed stolidly upon the

opposite wall. From the other couch I heard Guy's gentle snore. But his slumber was not the healthful reward of bodily fatigue, but rather the exhaustion following severe mental strain.

Finding sleep impossible for myself, I conjectured regarding the explanation of these occurrences. Was it possible that some power from the other world was reaching out and enfolding my friend in its dark tentacles? Did the ghost of some long-dead ancestor hold a psychic influence over his life? In either case, where did Dr. Murnane fit into the picture? Was he a student of some Eastern cult, who had wittingly or otherwise affected Guy with his experiments? Strangely enough, my mind refused to accept the suggestion that he might have guilty knowledge of the affair; there was something likable about the man that made such a theory untenable. And yet he must be connected in some way; otherwise how explain the closely guarded laboratory and the ghostly figure that Ferguson had seen skulking near it? Confused by all this self-questioning, and unable to arrive at any solution to the problem, I eventually dozed off, and was awakened shortly afterward by Ferguson to begin my watch.

Seating myself in the chair which he had vacated, I prepared for my two hours' vigil. It was, I found upon consulting my watch, a quarter to 12. I would call Guy, then, at a quarter to 2.

All about me the house had become deathly still. There were, I suppose, all the little noises peculiar to night, for utter silence would have been painful to the eardrums; but I heard none of them, or, if I did, my conscious brain made no note of them. Indeed, had it not been for the breathing of my two companions I might have fancied myself alone upon a desert island.

Presently I became aware of a steady tapping upon the window-panes, and realized that it was raining. Soon the regular drumming of the drops began to sound a kind of tattoo in my brain, and lulled by the monotonous rhythm and by the comforting warmth of the fire, I began to nod, and—I blush to confess it—soon fell asleep.

How long I slept I do not know, but I was suddenly awakened by a noise quite close at hand. Sitting up only half awake, I rubbed my eyes vigorously to break the last bonds of sleep, and tried to locate the sound. Before long it came again from the vicinity of the door leading into the hall, and I looked in that direction. To my intense amazement I saw that the door was slowly opening!

With fascinated gaze I watched as inch by inch it was pushed steadily inward. Then when it had opened about a foot and a half, a black-clad figure, bent forward so that I could not see its face, glided into the room and began to cross it with slow, labored movements! Unable either to move or cry out, I watched breathlessly as, its white hands extended gropingly before it, it moved noiselessly across the floor and passed through a door leading into another room! It left no trace behind it. Indeed, in the dim firelight I could not be sure I had really seen it at all. Had it not been for the creaking of the one door as it entered and the click of the latch of the other as it went out, the whole incident might have been merely a trick of fancy.

With a rush my powers of speech and motion returned to me.

“Guy! Ferguson!” I cried, springing to my feet. “Wake up! Something in black just now passed through the room!”

Instantly Ferguson leaped from his couch. “What is it, sir?” he demanded. “What has happened?”

“A figure all in black,” I began. “Why—where’s Sir Guy?”

Simultaneously we both turned to the other couch. It was empty!

“Gone!” I heard myself gasp in dismayed tones. “Ferguson, if anything has happened to him, I am to blame. Like a traitor, I slept at my post.”

“Don’t stop to blame yourself now, Mr. Hammond,” said Ferguson, starting toward the door. “Wherever he is, we must find him. Come, sir.”

I FOLLOWED Ferguson, and together we began to make a hasty search of the lower rooms, calling Guy’s name as we went. In the main hall we met Dr. Murnane descending the stairs.

“What’s wrong?” he demanded. “Has anything happened?”

“Sir Guy has disappeared,” I told him briefly. “For heaven’s sake, help us search for him.”

The doctor uttered a sharp exclamation. “We must find him at once,” he declared. “Hammond, you lead the way. I don’t know where you have searched already.”

We rushed from one room to another, but without result. In our haste we had not stopped to bring candles, and so we were obliged to depend upon the ragged moonlight (the rain had stopped) for illumination; and this was poor enough. At last we entered the east room, where that very morning (how far away that seemed now!) we had first met Dr. Murnane. As we crossed the threshold, a cloud passed in front of the moon, throwing the room into darkness for several seconds. Then it lifted, and through the broad windows flooded a bright stream of radiance, revealing a huddled figure upon the floor.

Torn between grief and fear, I ran forward and knelt beside it. Yes, it

was Guy, and—I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving—he still lived.

“Let us take him back to the library,” said Dr. Murnane, looking over my shoulder. “We can attend to him better there.”

Together we carried the unconscious man thither and deposited him upon the couch he had so mysteriously vacated.

“Tell me what happened,” requested the doctor while he made efforts to revive Guy.

As best I could I related the whole story, not leaving out the part about the black-robed figure. I had no more than finished when the doctor sprang up, and without a word of explanation vanished through the door which had so recently closed upon my ghostly visitor.

“Now what can he mean by that, sir?” demanded Ferguson, gazing in perplexity after the departed figure.

“Don’t bother about him,” I commanded. “We have Sir Guy to look after.”

But by the time Dr. Murnane returned nearly fifteen minutes later, Guy had not yet shown any signs of returning consciousness.

“It is an attack like the one he had this afternoon,” said the doctor when he had examined Guy carefully, “and, if anything, is more pronounced than the first.” He stood off a few paces and regarded the unconscious man intently. “This disturbance, whatever it is, is mental and not physical,” he declared. “It is a psychic influence that is acting upon his physical body. Now, unless you, as his friend, have some objection to offer, Mr. Hammond, I shall try another hypnotic experiment to learn, if I can, the nature of this disorder.”

I signed for him to go ahead. “But can an unconscious man be hypnotized?” I asked.

“Yes,” he answered, “although the process and result are somewhat

different from the usual thing. For instance, a conscious man, when hypnotized, is vaguely aware of what is going on about him unless the hypnotist wills otherwise; while in the case of an unconscious man, there is no memory at all of what takes place.”

He bent forward, and soon I saw that Guy was under his control.

“Guy Sullivan,” said the doctor, “you are now a child five years old. Buddie is with you in your nursery. Do you see him?”

After a moment came Guy’s voice, monotonous and faint.

“Yes, he is here. He is beside me on the window-seat.”

“What is he like?”

“He is my friend. We play together.”

“What does he look like?”

“I can’t see him with my eyes, but he is here.”

“Evidently this spirit did not assume an astral body,” murmured the doctor. Then, to Guy, “You are nine years old. What are you doing?”

“We are watching the little brook in the park. Buddie is telling me stories about the little people who live under the stones.”

“Now you are twelve.”

“My mother is dead. I am crying. Buddie is crying, too.”

“You are fifteen now. Buddie is still with you.”

There was a slight pause. Then, “No, he is not here.”

Without an instant’s hesitation, the doctor turned to a new topic. “You now have one of your attacks of loss of memory. Tell me what you are doing.”

There was no response. Dr. Murnane repeated his question, but with the same result. I looked at Guy anxiously. Was it my imagination, or was there a subtle change taking place in him? Then I saw that the doctor had noticed it too. There was



a tense note of excitement in his voice as he spoke again.

"Tell me what you are doing."

When the answer came, it was in that strange, halting manner in which several of the replies of the afternoon had been given.

"I am—reading—Shelly's—*Adonais*."

"Why," I exclaimed, "I never knew him to read a line of poetry in his life unless he had to!"

"Very significant," muttered the doctor. "It must be that after all." Once more he addressed his patient. "Tell me what you did this afternoon."

"I stood—beside Lucas. I tried—to tell him—about myself."

"Is there anything you wish to tell me?"

"Yes . . . help me . . . you can . . . this can't go on . . . it will kill Guy."

The doctor uttered an exclamation of satisfaction. "I'll do it," he said very distinctly, "if your brother is willing."

I stared at him in amazement. What on earth did he mean? Then I saw that he was awakening Guy from the hypnotic trance; and soon my friend opened his eyes and looked up at us.

"Ah! You're conscious! I thought you would be." Dr. Murnane regarded him with the air of one who is well pleased with the way events were working out. "Were you aware that I had you hypnotized?"

"A bit ago," said Guy, "I seemed to be coming round when I heard a voice—I'm sure it was yours—saying something about my having one of my attacks of loss of memory. Then everything seemed to slip away again."

"Ah! Just so!" There was quiet exaltation in Dr. Murnane's voice. "My theory is proven. Sir Guy, I have discovered what has been troubling you, and I think I can relieve you."

"Ripping!" exclaimed Guy enthusiastically. "And now for the love of heaven tell me what it is."

"The influence that has been troubling you," began the doctor, leaning back in his chair, "is the Buddie of your childhood."

"What!" cried Guy. "No, not really!"

"It is indeed true," asserted the doctor. "He himself as good as told me."

Utter silence greeted this statement. There are some situations that can not be relieved by any exclamation, no matter how forceful.

"I will explain," said Dr. Murnane. "As you yourself suggested, you were meant to have a twin, but his body only partially developed. But the divine providence that governs such things had sent two souls; the one which is you, Sir Guy, and another which was to have been your brother. You entered the infant body first; but the other, who was inalienably attached to you, became your constant companion.

"During early childhood when the soul is freest and least hampered by earthly influences, you knew him as an ever-present playmate whom you called Buddie. Then when you grew older and were taken to India, he was drawn into your body, but kept subject to you. But there were short periods of time when he seemed to dominate, as is proved by what you thought were attacks of loss of memory.

"Recently, however, for some reason of which we know nothing, it became necessary that a separation be made; that each soul be allowed to exist on this plane independent of the other. Your brother was being forced irresistibly to the front; yet it was impossible that you both occupy the same body. Chance, or perhaps it was something else whose workings we can not understand, brought you back to your old home,

and here your brother gained greater freedom. Mr. Hammond, I think you will now understand the presence of the stranger last night; also who it was that touched you upon the shoulder this afternoon.

"I can now explain the phenomena that occurred both times I hypnotized Sir Guy," he continued. "This afternoon, not understanding the case, I hypnotized both intelligences under the impression that my first attempt to gain control of a single personality had failed. But when I began asking my questions, Sir Guy, I called you by name, and it was you who answered. Then I looked up to make some remark to Mr. Hammond. When I turned back to you, or rather, to your body, you had gone, and your brother had come. It was he who replied to the remainder of my questions."

"That, then, accounts for the halting manner of speaking!" I exclaimed.

"Exactly," nodded the doctor. "Since he was so seldom in control of the body, speech did not come natural to him.

"Then just a few minutes ago I hypnotized you while you were unconscious, Sir Guy. You answered all my questions until I asked you to tell me what you did during one of your attacks of loss of memory. Of course, since it was not you who governed your body during those times, you could not answer. But after a few minutes your brother came forward, as I hoped he would do—I had already begun to suspect the truth—and answered my questions. When he stated that he had been reading a certain selection of poetry, Mr. Hammond was mystified, for he knew that you did not care for that sort of thing; but to me it was definite proof of my theory. He then asked me to help him, and realizing that it was in my power to do so—perhaps uniquely in my power—I

consented, on condition that you were willing."

He paused, and we who were his listeners looked at one another in awe. Had ever mortal ear heard so strange a tale before?

"You say you can assist in this strange matter?" inquired Guy presently. "How?"

"By means of the experiment that has been my life work." Dr. Murnane rose. "Come, gentlemen, to my laboratory."

**L**IKE eager children on the brink of some great adventure, we followed him. I, for one, felt my every nerve tingle with excitement as, the dark corridors traversed, we drew up before the door of what had once been the armory. Dr. Murnane took a key from his pocket, and inserted it in the lock.

As the door swung open we all crowded eagerly across the threshold. The room beyond was like most laboratories in general appearance, but a second glance about it revealed strange machines and instruments which none of us had ever before seen or heard of.

Passing these without a word, Dr. Murnane led us to the farther end of the room, where something was lying upon a couch covered with a dark cloth.

"Here is my experiment," he announced, and threw aside the cloth.

Upon the couch lay the figure of a man shrouded in black, flowing garments. His features were delicate and clear-cut, and their almost Grecian beauty was rather emphasized than marred by the unnatural pallor of the complexion. His long black hair was brushed straight back from his high, pale forehead, and his eyes were closed, allowing his heavy black lashes to rest lightly upon his cheeks. Indeed, he would have been a remarkably handsome man were it not for a certain strange lack of expres-

sion—a lack too suggestive of a corpse before rigor mortis has set in.

“My word!” gasped Guy, drawing back. “Is—is he dead?”

“No,” said the doctor, “he is not dead. But neither does he live in the true sense of the word.

“Ever since I attended the university in Germany, I have been interested in producing life artificially. I made all the usual experiments with microbe life, and was more than successful. Then I grew ambitious, and determined to produce organic matter by similar means. For years I experimented, but without result. Then one day, almost entirely by accident, I made the great discovery. The result lies before you.”

“Heavens!” I cried incredulously. “Do you mean to say that this man was produced by the same means by which certain bacteria are raised from vegetable matter?”

“Practically, yes,” he replied. “And it may interest you to know that he is only four years old. I have discovered what it is that governs age, and could change any one of you into an infant or a decrepit old man within the space of a few hours.”

“Holy Saint George!” muttered Ferguson, and drew back.

“In every way his body is perfect,” said the doctor proudly, indicating the figure before us; “more perfect, in fact, than that of the average man.” He bent over and laid his hand affectionately upon the dark hair. “I call him my son,” he explained. “I never had any other child. I have given him my name.” He bent closer to the motionless figure. “Open your eyes, Niles,” he commanded. “Look at me.”

Slowly the man on the couch obeyed, and as he did so, a little gasp of horror escaped Guy and me. There was no soul behind those eyes!

“Ah! You see his deficiency.” The doctor turned to us sadly. “I

have been able to give him everything but the one thing necessary to make him really live—a soul. In reality he is not a man. He is—nothing.”

“But he obeyed you when you spoke to him!” I protested.

“Only as the steel obeys the magnet,” answered Dr. Murnane. “He could not have done otherwise. It was only my mind governing the material body.”

“But does he never move independently of you?” asked Guy.

“No—that is, never before yesterday. Then for the first time in his life—if we can say he *has* a life—he actually moved from one place to another without my command.”

I shuddered, remembering my mysterious visitant and Ferguson’s ghost.

“You may wonder,” continued the doctor, “why, when I found my experiment had failed in its main essential, I should let this empty husk go on existing. Of course, it was always possible for me to destroy him, but—well, I could not. There are some things a man can not bring himself to do, even when he knows them to be more merciful. Now I am glad I acted as I did.” He turned to Guy. “Do you understand now why I have brought you here?” he asked.

“It is your intention to transfer the soul of—my brother—to this body?” Guy spoke in a tense whisper, like one who is awed by the very thought he had dared to formulate.

“Exactly. You ask me how I know I can do it? Because it was your brother who controlled this body when it moved and tried to speak yesterday. It is what he wanted me to do when he asked me to help him this evening.”

Guy looked down into the dull, expressionless eyes that stared unseeingly up at him. “And when you

have done this thing, will he be a normal man?" he asked.

"I am sure of it."

"You will do this by hypnotism?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Go ahead."

"One minute." The doctor spoke hesitatingly. "There is one thing which I am bound in honor to tell you. There is a chance, on a scale of about one to ten, that the soul which leaves your body and enters this one may not be your brother, but you yourself. I can not govern that. Do you wish to take the chance?"

Once more Guy regarded the body upon the couch. "In any case it will be a great adventure," he said, his steady gray eyes glowing with resolution. "Yes, I will take the chance."

The doctor placed two armchairs about eight feet apart, facing each other. Then he motioned Guy to be seated in one of them.

"If my soul enters the other body," Guy asked whimsically as he sat down, "who will I be, myself or the other fellow?"

"You'll still be yourself," smiled the doctor, "although I fear you would have to forfeit your baronetcy to your brother. That goes with your material body, you know."

"Well, it would still be in the family," laughed Guy. "Here's hoping my brother proves a congenial sort of chap."

"Heavens, man! Don't jest about it," I said. "It's too serious a matter."

Dr. Murnane turned to the body on the couch. "Niles," he called sharply, "come here."

Slowly that deathlike figure without a soul rose and began to shuffle toward him. Ferguson and I drew back involuntarily. The thing was positively gruesome.

"Sit down."

The figure dropped into the chair opposite Guy.

From another part of the room Dr.

Murnane wheeled up a queer-looking machine, part of which was composed of a round disk covered with tiny, brightly polished mirrors.

"This is a hypnotizing machine," he explained. "When I start it, the disk will revolve very rapidly, while the light reflected by the mirrors will hypnotize whoever watches it. It will have no effect upon Niles, since he has no mind for it to act upon; but it will hypnotize you and your brother very quickly, Sir Guy. Mr. Hammond and Ferguson, be careful not to let your eyes rest upon it even for an instant."

He threw over a switch, and the wheel began to revolve. I caught a glimpse of blinding, flashing lights as I turned away. The great experiment had begun.

For what seemed an eternity I stood listening to the low whirring of that wheel. Afterward I learned that it had run not quite five minutes, but to such a key were my nerves screwed up that each second seemed an hour. At last there came a click, and the whirring ceased.

I turned around. Guy sat inertly in his chair, his eyes fixed unseeingly upon the machine. The other figure seemed the same as it had been before.

Quickly Dr. Murnane pushed the machine aside. Then he bent over Guy, and began to speak to him, but what he was saying I could not hear. For a long time he spoke in low, even tones, his voice becoming persuasive, compelling, soothing and encouraging by turns.

Presently I saw that something had come over Guy. It was as if a battle of some sort was being waged within him. His body grew tense, then began to tremble ever so slightly, as though both nerves and muscles were being overstrained. Seeing this, Dr. Murnane began to work harder, ex-

erting all his energy in a supreme mental effort. As he worked, great beads of sweat appeared upon his forehead and began to roll down his face.

Suddenly I became aware of another presence. Instead of four people in the room, there were now five. Instinctively I turned my attention to the thing in the chair.

As I looked, a change began to come over it. It did not stir, it did not so much as move a muscle; but gradually that indescribable expression departed from the face, and while its place was not taken by an actual look of conscious intelligence, something entered it that made it appear less deathlike.

Dr. Murnane left Guy, who, I noticed, seemed at ease again, and went over to this other. For several minutes he regarded him intently, as if assuring himself of certain facts. Then he turned to us.

"My part is finished now," he said in colorless tones that served to hide the true emotion he must have felt. "The result lies with providence."

He turned to Guy, and, with a snap of his fingers and a sharp command, released him from the mesmeric trance.

I held my breath, awaiting the outcome. Would this man be my friend, or a total stranger? The next minute he spoke, and with a sigh of relief I recognized Guy's familiar drawl.

"My word, but that was a weird experience! I was conscious, and yet I wasn't. Is it all over, Doctor?"

"So far as you are concerned, yes," said Murnane. "And now——"

He walked to the other chair, and we all followed.

With a voice that trembled he spoke the word to bring his patient out of the hypnotic state. There was a tense moment. What were we about to witness?

Slowly the man raised his head and

looked about him. The dull, lifeless expression had gone from his eyes, but its place was taken by the puzzled, uncomprehending stare of one who suddenly finds himself in unfamiliar surroundings. Dazedly he passed a hand across his forehead.

"Where am I?" He spoke haltingly, like one from whom the power of speech has long been absent. We all started violently. The sound of a human voice issuing from what but a few moments ago had been but an empty husk seemed unreal—impossible!

Dr. Murnane bent over him. "You are at Sullivan Towers," he said. "Does not the name suggest anything to you?"

The other shook his head. "How did I get here?" he asked. "I can't seem to remember—anything."

For a dismayed instant the doctor looked incredulous. Then——

"I should have known," he muttered, speaking more to himself than to any of his listeners. "The brain cells of the new body are unindented by any workings of the mind, and the spirit was unable to carry over any impressions made while in the old body. It could not have been otherwise." He beckoned to Guy to approach. "Do you recognize this man?" he asked.

The man in the chair regarded Guy long and thoughtfully.

"It seems as if I had known him somewhere," he said finally. "As if—I had lived before, and had known him then."

"And these others?" indicating Ferguson and me.

"I never saw them before."

**T**HERE the doctor had to let matters rest; and we, who had had more than enough of the supernatural, were quite content to let him do so. Whether the man now known as Niles Sullivan was merely some poor unfortunate injured, perhaps, in the

World War and partially restored to health by Murnane on that memorable night, or indeed the spiritual brother of Sir Guy, we do not know; perhaps shall never know. That an organism of the highest order could be produced in a laboratory seems impossible; nor is the fact that Dr. Murnane refuses to repeat his experiment a good argument for its possibility.

In every way Niles Sullivan is a normal man, except that his memory does not extend beyond that night in the laboratory. Of the reputed history of his existence he knows nothing, but believes himself to be Guy's twin brother, suffering from loss of memory through shell shock. More than likely the shell shock part is true; yet why should the doctor have conducted such an elaborate scheme for the sole purpose of impressing two very ordinary young men with his unusual powers? Also, how account for my very strange ex-

periences both in Guy's bedroom and in the library?

Whenever Guy and I speak of these matters, we convince ourselves, for the time, at least, that it was all due to hypnotism, and that some day Dr. Murnane will confess to the trick. Yet such an explanation, no matter how exhaustive it may be, could never account for the strange state of telepathic communication which at times exists between Guy and Niles.

But be the explanation what it may, I am convinced that the experiment brought us very near to those mysterious "things in heaven and earth" of which no man has complete knowledge; nearer, perhaps, than it is well for any of us to approach. Perhaps sometime, in a manner now hidden from us, the truth will become known. Meanwhile we must be content to regard it as a mystery, and find for it whatever explanation most appeals to us.