



PUBLISHED BY HAROLD HERSEY

Vol. 10

FEBRUARY, 1931

No. 2

Contents

Cover Design by Dalton Stevens

INCANTATION	Avis Furman	8
<i>Against her will she becomes a sorceress and suffers dire penalty</i>		
PRISONERS OF FEAR	Douglas M. Dold	20
<i>What a predicament—alive, yet he could not prove it!</i>		
THE TWELFTH MAN	Harold S. Corbin	30
<i>Under these terrible conditions he would rather have been the first man</i>		
WHERE NONE COULD LIVE	Arthur T. Jolliffe	40
<i>Here you learn what the deadly Sarsar means</i>		
THE HOUSE OF THE FOG	H. Thompson Rich	50
<i>Is it real or not, this place of impenetrable mystery?</i>		
CLUE OF THE BLUE BEAD	W. Harold Wilson	62
<i>When it rolls on the floor, it is the beginning of the end</i>		
THE CLOCK WITH THE LIVING FACE	Horace Leaf	70
<i>One of this famous ghost-layer's best true stories</i>		
WHEN LINCOLN SAW HIS OWN PHANTOM	Herbert Hall Taylor	77
<i>Psychic experiences of the Great Emancipator</i>		
THE WOLF IN THE DARK	J. Paul Suter	81
<i>Invisible Terror stalks into these two boys' lives</i>		
INSIDE SECRETS OF FALSE MEDIUMS AND THEIR MARVELS	Theo Annemann	89
<i>Concluding an exposé vital to all of us</i>		
THE EVIL THREE	Victor Rousseau	98
<i>The transplanted castle on the Hudson is besieged by Horror</i>		
SPIRIT TALES	Count Cagliostro	111
<i>"Conjure" again, and stones that weep</i>		
WERE YOU BORN IN FEBRUARY?	Stella King	115
<i>Your future as seen in the stars</i>		
THE MEETING PLACE		120
<i>Readers exchange their personal experiences with the supernatural</i>		

Published monthly by GOOD STORY MAGAZINE COMPANY, INC., 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y. Harold Hersey, President; Miss Pauline Sandberg, Secretary; Frank Moran, Treasurer. Entered as second class matter May 5th, 1930, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3rd, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by Good Story Magazine Company, Inc. Manuscripts will be handled with care, but this company and magazine assume no responsibility for their safety. For advertising rate address H. D. Cushing, 67 West 44th Street, New York City.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: *In United States, \$2.50; (In Canada, \$3.50).*
 SINGLE COPIES: *In United States, 25 cents; (In Canada, 30 cents).*

PRINTED BY WILLIAM GREEN, A CORPORATION, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

The Wolf in the Dark

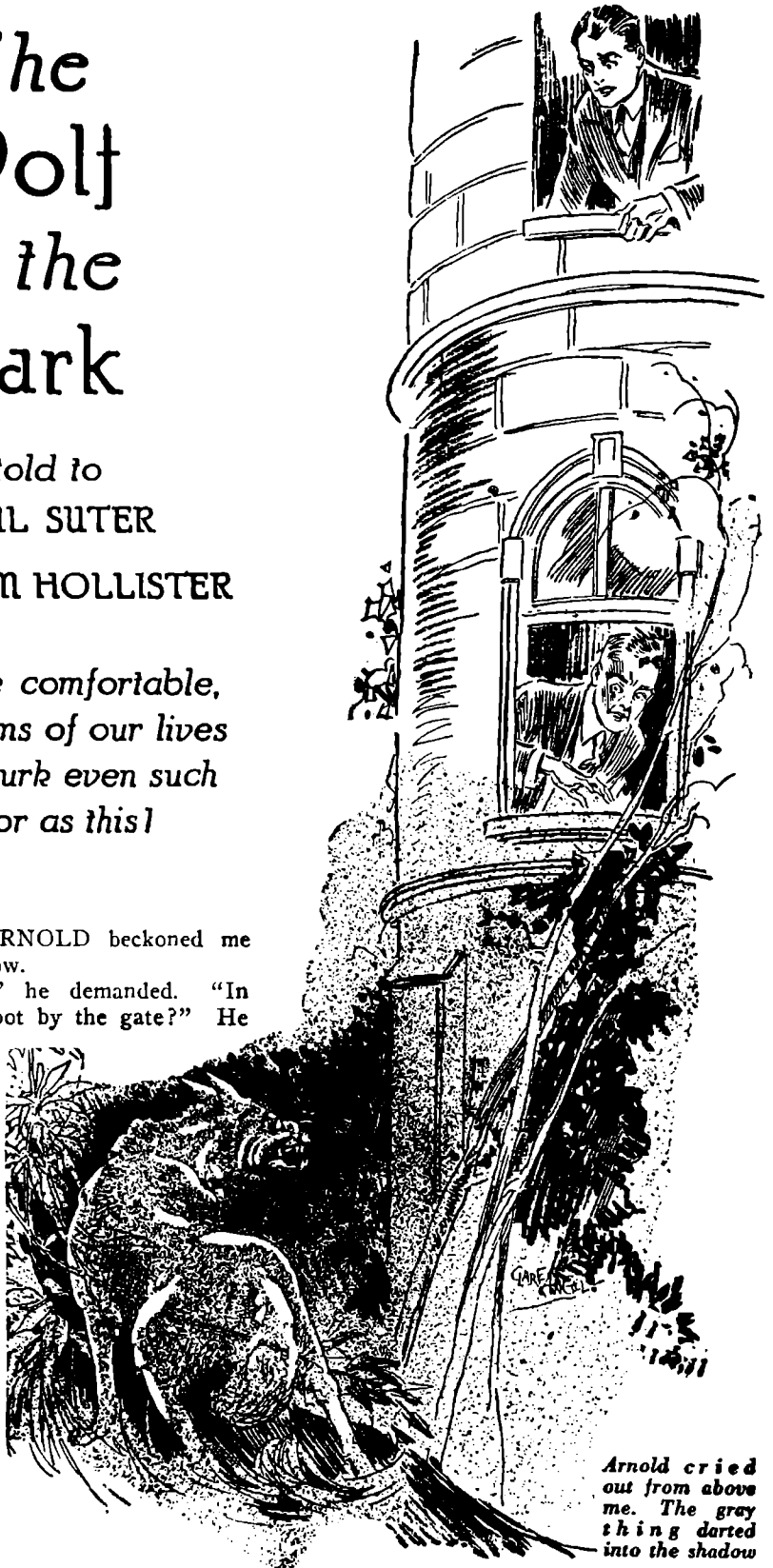
As told to
J. PAUL SUTER

By WILLIAM HOLLISTER

*Outside the comfortable,
lighted rooms of our lives
there may lurk even such
a Horror as this!*

JEFFREY ARNOLD beckoned me to the window.
“See it?” he demanded. “In that dark spot by the gate?” He pointed to the place, and with his other hand grasped my shoulder.

I shook my head. The ruinous brick wall around the quaint, circular building in which we lodged—known, appropriately, as the Ivy Tower—rose higher just to the right of the gate than anywhere else in its length. As a result, the moon-cast shadow



*Arnold cried
out from above
me. The gray
thing darted
into the shadow*

of the wall on our lawn was broader there. That was the "dark spot." The single electric light in the middle of the campus made little difference to it, one way or another. I had been looking into the shadow where he pointed, but though I leaned far out over the wide stone window sill I saw nothing.

"Just what do you expect me to see?" I countered.

He grunted, impatiently.

"I can't answer that, little Hollister. That would be suggesting it to you. Look again, while my hand is in contact with you."

I TRIED. No doubt my imagination got into play. Twice I half thought that I perceived something—or some one—staring back at me, out of the luminous shadows of the summer night. Each time, I shifted my gaze across the campus to the gray college buildings—old Burton slumbering in the moonlight—and when I looked down again there was nothing but the yellow glow on the shimmering grass blades, as the night wind swayed them. I said as much to Arnold. With another grunt, he left the window and flung himself into the arm-chair by the table where he did his studying.

"Do you know, Hollister, it's a funny thing—" He stretched his long legs until his feet came into view beneath the side of the table where I sat. "—I haven't talked about this to a soul since Tantenberg went. That was nearly five years ago—in my prep school days. Why should I pick you out? You've never been keen on psychic stuff, have you?"

"Don't know the first thing about it," I told him.

"Never, by any chance, seen a ghost?" He asked the question rather wistfully, but I grinned at him.

"Wouldn't believe it was there if I did see it."

He grinned back. His face was long and lean and grave, with a chin deep out of all proportion, but he had a boyish grin. It was that which had attracted me three months before, when I had been assigned—a lowly fresher—to the quarters next below his in the Ivy Tower.

"Since I've gone this far, I might as well tell you the rest." His face was grave again. "When a fellow has plugged along for several years, seeing and hearing things that others can't, he reaches

the point where he's got to confide in some one or burst. That's my fix. I haven't a soul to talk to—not about this." He swept one arm in a semi-circle to indicate the rows of books in his library. Even I could see at a glance that they were not ordinary books. "I've been going it alone ever since Tantenberg's time."

"Who was he?" I put in.

"My old psychology 'prof' at Badlington. Odd that he should have taught in a place like that! There's not a narrower prep school in America. Of course, when they found him out—" He broke off, with a chuckle. "They said he had dealings with the devil. Perhaps he had. It was a frightful mess, anyway. Poor old Tantenberg got the sack. I came near getting it, myself, but the Board decided that I was his victim and really not to blame, so all they did was to confine me to my room for a month. I've often felt that if I had had my liberty I could have got into touch with Tantenberg. When I went back on the old basis, he was gone for good. I never saw him again. Now, Hollister—" He leaned across the table toward me. "—you've had physics, of course?"

"Two semesters."

"Then you know about light and sound, and all the rest; the vibrations above and below the spectrum, which we can't see? And the sounds of too great frequency—or too little—for us to hear? Did it ever occur to you that creatures, or beings—call them anything you like—might live in those frequencies?"

"You mean real creatures—tangible things?"

"**O**H, they're real enough, I assure you," he said, dryly. "As to their being tangible—that means you'd have to be able to touch them. I'm not so sure about that."

"But can you see them?"

"I have seen them. I rather thought one was beginning to manifest to-night when we were looking out of the window. It seemed like a good opportunity to initiate you. But you didn't initiate." He smiled. "Ever read your 'Aesop's Fables' when you were a little chap, Hollister?"

"I still read them."

"My instinct about you must have been right. There's something in common about two fellows who like Aesop. No doubt you remember the one about the woman who had a crying baby in her arms, and

she threatened to throw him to the wolf outside the window if he didn't behave?"

My thoughts went back to an old house of wide and draughty hallways, and a little boy reading Aesop's Fables beside a dark window. I was the little boy. Arnold looked at me keenly, and nodded as if he had read my mind.

"Of course, she never did throw the baby out," he went on. "But to me the impressive thing about that story was the wolf waiting out there in the dark. Suppose the baby had fallen out by accident!"

I nodded, without speaking. I had thought of that, too—in my dim, old days of childish terrors.

Arnold rose from his chair. He walked slowly to the window. I thought he was going to beckon me again. Instead he turned, with a kind of smoldering fire in his eye, and his face very somber.

"There's a lot to that fable, Hollister. I don't mean the obvious moral—the one that's tacked on in the book. I mean the thought the unknown author had in his mind. The comfortable, lighted rooms of our lives—our safe, well-regulated, blind lives. The dark window. The wolf waiting outside in the dark. My God, what a nightmare some of us are going to tumble into when we die!"

I FOUND myself standing, too, looking into his face. It was not so much what he said as the tone of it. For just an instant—for less than an instant, as he spoke—a curtain lifted in my brain, and I looked out. I remember thinking, in that fraction of a second, that it was a

curtain which had been down since before my birth; which, in the usual course of life, would not have lifted while I still drew breath. But it did lift. I looked out. Arnold read something in my eyes, and, hooking his arm in mine, led me to the window.

"**T**RY the dark spot again, Hollister," he urged, gently. "The moon has shifted, but it is still pretty black there. See anything?"

I could not.

"Oh, well!" He turned from the window. "I can't see it myself now. There are beings who live beyond our limitations—some of them not very far beyond—whom we can see under certain conditions. Old Tantenberg taught me how to develop my powers along that line, and I've traveled quite a bit down the road since I knew him. Some of the things I see aren't very nice

to look at. Yet they are real. All of us will have to see them—some day. Would you like to learn?"

I hesitated a few seconds, and he put a kindly hand on my shoulder.

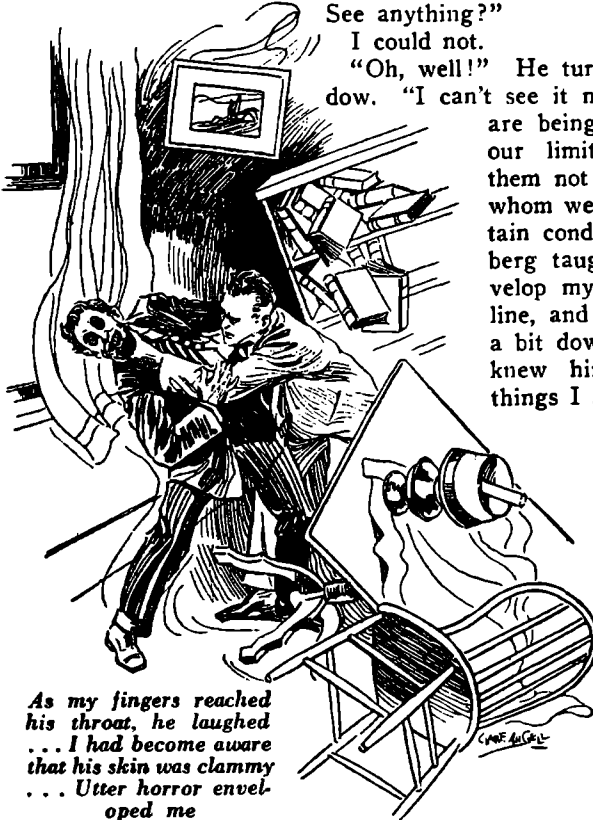
"Go down to bed, Hollister. Sleep on it. It's far too import-

ant a matter for snap judgment, I assure you. To-morrow, or some time later, we can talk about it again. I intend to turn in myself now, and it will take more than elementals to keep me awake."

"Elementals?"

"That's what they are called," he explained. "Good night."

Yet it was not a good night for me. Un-easily, I walked my bedroom directly under Arnold's apartment. Ours was an odd dwelling-place. It was the oldest building on the campus—it had been there long before the college itself—and though various conflicting traditions sought to explain its strange, tower-like construction,



As my fingers reached his throat, he laughed ... I had become aware that his skin was clammy ... Utter horror enveloped me

no one whom I ever met could give me the truth of it. All the apartments were connected by a winding staircase. Since I had moved in, the junior in the ground floor apartment had gone home ill. Arnold and I had the building to ourselves, save for the cleaning woman who visited the rooms each day.

The floors were thin and old. I could hear Arnold moving about. He shuffled back and forth above me. Our bedrooms were not carpeted. An occasional long pause interrupted the steps. I knew, without being told, that he had gone into his study to look out of the window. At last, I myself went to my window.

THE shadow by the gate was no longer luminous. It lay black and menacing across our lawn, like an evil thing. A narrow strip of shimmering yellow, far to the left, was all that remained to tell of the moon.

I returned to my arm-chair and had lighted my going-to-bed pipe when I heard Arnold's footsteps again.

I ran to my window. What I saw was no hallucination. It was a thin, gray shape, crossing the narrow strip of moonlight—crossing it swiftly yet stealthily, like a hunted thing. Arnold cried out from above me. The gray thing had darted into the shadow. I heard its running feet across the grass. It was running for the door at the foot of our stairs. We never locked that door. In a moment, I heard the thing again. It was coming up the stairs.

I shrank into the darkness beside my window. My own door was not locked. But the running footsteps did not hesitate there. They raced upward, and I heard Arnold's door wrenched open.

It seemed to me that a few words were exchanged. But I shall never be sure of that. If anyone did speak, either Arnold or his visitor, their conversation was of the briefest. There was time for not more than half a dozen words, at the most, before another sound came down the stairs.

I had never before heard anything like that sound, yet its nature was unmistakable. It was the hoarse scream of a human being in the extreme of horror and agony.

The scream was hardly silent before Arnold's door opened again.

"Hollister! Hollister!" he called.

I was up the rickety winding stairs, two at a time. Before I had quite reached

the top, Arnold staggered to meet me. I kept him from falling headlong. He was sobbing.

"Poor old chap!" he choked. "It got him! He came to me for protection, but it got him!"

"What?" I demanded.

I could just see the foot of something lying prone and crumpled within the circle of his study lamplight.

"Come," was all he replied.

He seemed to pull himself together as rapidly as he had let go. I followed him into the study, and forced myself to look at the man who lay on the floor.

He was a small, black-bearded man, very thin and sallow. His face, half-twisted about—he had fallen forward—still wore the grin of horror which must have marked his last earthly emotion. Even as I looked, however, the features began to relax into the cold placidity of death.

"Come on, Hollister." Arnold caught me by the arm. "We'll sit on my bed. We'll have to decide what to do."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"It's Tantenberg." He pushed me down to a seat on the bed, and sat beside me. "Don't ask me how he came here. I haven't any more idea than you. All I know is that he was trying to escape. That was obvious. I was perhaps the one man in the world who could have helped him—at any rate, the one man he knew of. But he came too late. There wasn't time. It got him."

"What got him?" I demanded.

"*The Thing that killed him.*" He thrust his grim face close to mine. "Listen, Hollister. Will you go for Dean Campbell? There'll have to be an inquiry into this—the coroner and all that. He'll call it heart disease. They always do."

"I'll put on my coat and go now."

His hand detained me.

"Old man—" I started at the unusual note of pleading in his firm voice. "Don't be long."

I promised, and went back to my room to dress.

FIFTEEN minutes later I returned, without having waited for the Dean to accompany me. I had merely given my message and left. The strange note in Arnold's voice worried me. But he was still sitting on the edge of his bed. As I plumped down beside him, my eyes turned, with a sort of fascination, toward the open door of his

But It utterly failed to achieve Its main purpose—the indefinite possession of a mortal body in which to work Its evil

study. He had changed the position of the oil lamp on the table. Now the body lay in shadow, and I was glad.

"Good, little Hollister!" He gripped my knee nervously with his long, delicate hand. "I suppose the Dean will be along when he gets into his clothes? You still don't know what all this is about, do you?"

I shook my head.

"To think that once I used to be as innocent as that! You've never read Myers or Barrett or O'Donnell—any of them? Borrow some of my books, when you have time. Haven't you, honestly, even heard of elementals?"

I met his keen, dark eyes with another negative. I felt a little ashamed. Tremendous issues of life and death had been swirling about my head on that close, summer night, and my senses were shut to them. Footsteps sounded on the still campus. My companion's friendly grip tightened.

"Here he comes. That's the fastest I've heard him walk since I started here. Elementals, little Hollister, are spirits that have never been clothed in flesh. They are continually acting on man, usually without his knowledge. Some of them are tremendously powerful and utterly evil—that was the kind that got poor old Tantenberg. Why did It get him?—*because* It was evil. Such beings kill for the sheer lust of it. Listen, Hollister—I hear the Dean. He's just starting up the stairs. Before he comes in, I want to tell you something.

"I'M all alone in the world—father and mother dead, no one to tell me what to go in for. All I have is plenty of money. I've not been able to make up my mind, before to-night, as to my career. This settles it!" He waved an arm, almost fiercely, toward the pathetic, broken figure on the study floor. "They're going to call it heart failure—mark my words! But, no matter what they call it, I know the truth. I know what killed him. God help me, I saw him die! While such dangers are possible to man, there is need for some one to devote his life to studying

and thwarting them. That will be my work! You hear me, Hollister? I call on you to remember what I said." His voice changed. "Here's the Dean."

Our Dean at Burton, William Campbell, was a gaunt, deep-eyed old Scotchman of rare comprehension. I have often thought that, if Arnold had seen fit to tell him the whole story, with all its terrific implications, the old man might have understood. He came from the Highlands, whose people see behind the veil oftener than most. His advice at this critical moment might have averted the horror which was to descend upon us that night.

ARNOLD'S tale was quite matter-of-fact. Tantenberg, an old professor whom he had not seen for years, had visited him unexpectedly, and had dropped dead, without a word. That was all he knew. Perhaps the Dean at Badlington might know the address of the relatives. Neither Dean Campbell, nor the coroner who came later and pronounced the cause of death heart disease as my friend had predicted, could get more out of Arnold than that.

Arnold had answered the inevitable queries calmly enough. When the examination was finished, he looked from the Dean to the fat, phlegmatic coroner, and in his turn put a question.

"What are you going to do with him?" He nodded toward the body.

The coroner replied: "I shall rouse the undertaker on my way back, and have him come over right away. The body can lie at his place while inquiries are made."

Arnold shook his head, emphatically.

"I don't want it that way. Tantenberg was my friend. Why not leave him here until his relatives are found? And let the undertaker wait till morning."

Dean Campbell's bushy, white eyebrows lifted in surprise. He glanced at me, and at the Coroner.

"I've no objection," I told him.

The coroner shrugged his shoulders, with a slow smile.

"If you have none, young man, neither have I. It's a matter between you and

your friend and Dr. Campbell. No doubt the undertaker will be glad of his night's sleep."

"Ye are very sure ye wish this, Arnold?" The Dean's rugged, kindly face was inscrutable. "Most young men would go to lengths to avoid anything of the sort."

"He was my friend," Arnold returned, stubbornly. "Anyway, I'm different from most young men."

"I'M thinking ye are." The old man nodded, thoughtfully. "Friendship is a wonderful thing, lad. It shall never be said that I kept one friend from showing the last sacred considerations to another. Have it your way."

Before they left, the two men lifted poor Tantenberg to the couch in Arnold's study. At the door Dr. Campbell turned. The corner was already lumbering down our winding stairs.

"Now that he is gone, I can ask ye, lad. Won't ye permit me to share your vigil?"

For the space of a breath, my friend seemed to hesitate. Then he shook his head.

"Thank you, Dr. Campbell. You are very kind, sir. But Hollister and I can manage well enough. No need for you to lose your rest. I think, too, I'd rather——"

The old man nodded, understandingly.

"Yes. Yes. After all, he was *your* friend. If ye change your mind, don't fear to rouse me. Good night, lads."

Dr. Campbell had scarcely started down before Arnold turned to me. We were still standing in his study. Tantenberg, the lamp directed away from him by the coroner, lay in shadow on the sofa.

"You're willing to stay, Hollister? You're not afraid?"

"You think we should watch by him till morning?" I returned.

"I *know* we should."

"Then of course I'll stay."

"I don't like to ask it," he went on, soberly. "But you'll be safer than the Dean. He's an old man. He might have a weak heart. I'm not quite up to watching by myself. Consider me a coward, if you want to."

Before I could reply, he whirled about with a sharp, abrupt motion and stepped

quickly around the table to the side of the couch where the body lay. A glance seemed to reassure him—if reassurance of some sort was what he desired. He turned away, and looked at me with stern eyes and dilated nostrils.

"We'd better sit where we can see his face. Okay, Hollister?"

I nodded. He placed a chair near the foot of the couch, and motioned me to it. There already was one by the head. He strode to the open window, peered into the darkness, then took that chair.

"Whatever we do, we must not go to sleep. If we sleep to-night, we may not wake again. And we must be sure the lamp stays lighted. Thank goodness, there's plenty of oil!"

"Perhaps we should shut the window," I suggested.

"No." He shook his head. "I want both window and door open. We are safer in a current of air. A confined space gives the power too much opportunity to concentrate. Too bad they never wired this old ruin!" He grinned, suddenly. "Don't know what I'm talking about, do you, Hollister?"

Well, I'll tell you. Poor old Tantenberg, here, has been done to death by a spirit. That's the plain English of it. I've sensed something sinister around all evening.

"When I called you to the window the first time, I believe I actually saw it. Tantenberg was in the neighborhood, I'm sure—though I didn't know that then. He was trying to get away from *It*; trying to find me, so that I could help him. But he was too late. I couldn't save the poor old chap from death. Not from death, Hollister." His mouth tightened. "But, God helping me, that devil shan't get his body!"

"What good would his body be to *It*?" My brain was reeling. The whole thing was monstrous, incredible. Yet I found myself asking the question soberly, though with throat so dry that the words would hardly come.

"**A**SK me that afterward. You'll be stronger if you don't know just yet. We have a fight on our hands. Remember what St. Paul said?" His voice sank, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against Principalities, against Powers; against the Rulers of the Darkness of this



World.' That's our situation, Hollister. All I want you to do is to sit there—sit there and be your wholesome, matter-of-fact self. That's how you can help. Sit there—and try to keep yourself sane!"

I leaned forward in my chair—toward him and toward the corpse on the sofa. A sudden horrible suspicion of his meaning came to me.

"You mean it will attack our——"

"Our minds," he finished for me, grimly. "Now you know. Try not to think of it. Think of something else—something far away from here."

I felt my teeth bite into my lips with the effort I made to take his advice and think of something not connected with that room—with the silent occupant of its sofa, its little pool of sickly yellow light on the rug, its dark window with a still, breathless, ghost of a breeze blowing in.

The best I could do was to bring back the memory of the old house with the draughty passages; of myself, puny and shivering, sitting by that black window—the window out of the past—not daring to look into the darkness beyond for fear of the expectant wolf. I tried to force my thoughts into brighter lanes. For a moment, pleasanter memories danced across the screen. But they would not remain. When I needed them—a furtive glance at Arnold's somber eyes told me how badly I needed them—they flitted rapidly past, and the wolf was still there.

I was trying to keep my eyes away from Tantenberg's placid face. But a sharply drawn, hissing intake of breath by Arnold caught me unaware. I followed his gaze to the head of the sofa. One of the dead man's locks had been lifted by a sudden gust of air. It rose for a moment and dropped back to his forehead. The next instant, there was a long-drawn, thin titter of laughter—I can give it no other name—from outside. It seemed to come from somewhere high in the air.

Arnold sprang up.

"Hear that, Hollister?"

I HAD no time to reply. A swirling, shrieking wind was in the room. It had entered as the last thin laughter died away. Arnold threw himself toward the lamp. I jumped with outstretched hand at the casement, but a peremptory command from him halted me in my tracks.

"Don't shut the window! On your life,

don't dare to shut the window! Beware!"

He was shielding the lamp with his body. The broad flame, bent far over and almost extinguished with the force of the first blast, recovered itself.

"Guard it, Hollister. I must get back to Tantenberg. They will try to put it out—don't let them. Here they are again!"

I did not notice his sudden lapse into the plural. It seemed accurate. A gust from a single source could hardly have attacked in as many directions as did the wind which entered at that moment. I leaned across the table, literally trying to curve myself between the lamp and the menacing window. There was no cloth on the table to use as a screen.

THAT attack seemed longer. "They" almost beat me. Just as the flame blew so far over that the least additional strain would have ended it, I clapped my hand over the chimney. The yellow semi-circle of flame blazed up bright and strong.

"Good old Hollister!" Arnold was standing in front of the body on the sofa. It was an attitude of defence. His blazing eyes were fixed on the open window.

"Watch them, Hollister!"

The wind had stopped. I extended my burned hand toward the lamp again, then paused to look inquiringly at him. I heard a tiny puff, such as a child makes in blowing out a birthday candle. The lamp flickered. Before my hand touched the hot chimney, we were in darkness.

"It's here, Hollister! Help! Help!"

The table, with the dead lamp upon it, crashed over against me. I tried to wrest it aside. Failing in that, I found a passage between it and the wall. Somewhere in the thick darkness just ahead of me a bitter struggle was on. Arnold called my name again, but his voice was choked off. I leaped wildly toward the sound.

I found myself sprawled on the sofa. The body was gone. Without pausing to consider what that might mean, I blundered to my knees. Two struggling figures were between me and the window.

"Hold it, Arnold! I'm coming!"

The voice was mine, but I was hardly conscious of speaking the words. I threw myself toward them in a desperate semblance of a football tackle. It fell short. Just before I reached the wrestlers, one of them toppled backward out of the window. There was a hoarse scream.

The remaining one turned and came savagely at me. He was still silhouetted against the window. I could see that he was a little man. Perhaps that gave me courage. Or it may have been the fact that this seemed to have turned into a physical struggle. Despite my own small size, I was something of an athlete—far more so than Arnold. I was not afraid to try conclusions in this sort of fight.

My antagonist closed. He made no attempt to protect himself. Indeed, as my fingers reached for his throat, he laughed. Then I had him by the throat. My hands started to compress his windpipe.

Just as quickly, my grip relaxed again. His beard had brushed the backs of my fingers. At the same moment I had become aware that his skin was clammy

life. And I got back up here in time to relax *his* fingers from your throat, and that saved yours. Of course daylight enters into it, too. If ever dawn came just in time, it did last night."

My blurred brain picked out the one faint note of emphasis in his words.

"Whose fingers?" I whispered.

"Take it calmly, old man! I said I'd tell you everything—I will. You remember what I told you—that It might try to get possession of poor old Tantenberg's body? I was fighting *It* with will power and with light. But the lamp went out, and, well, in a word, It was successful."

I sat up. Horror was conquering my weakness.

"He's gone?"

Arnold shook his head slowly and smiled.

**"We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against
Principalities, against Powers; against the
Rulers of the Darkness of this World"**

and quite cold. And there was no pulse in the throat. Utter horror enveloped me.

THE laugh came once more. Cold fingers closed on my own throat. A stiff, rigid body leaned against me and slowly forced me backward. I went down into a great darkness, in which my senses throbbed like drums, and black clouds opened to receive me.

"Hollister! Little Hollister!"

I came up slowly from deeps within deeps, and at last opened my eyes in response to the repeated call. Arnold, one side of his face so bruised as to be almost unrecognizable, was bending over me. I was on his bed, and the blessed light of day filled the room.

Those were my first sensations. My next was that my throat was very sore. I put my hand to it gingerly, and found it bandaged. Arnold nodded, with a smile.

"Don't try to talk just yet, Hollister. I'll tell you everything. I don't know which of us is luckier to be here. I fell two stories and landed first in some bushes, then in a flower bed, and that saved my

"His poor, worn-out shell is on the couch in our room, just where it was placed last night. The undertaker should be here soon—I hope he will find nothing wrong. No, Hollister, old man—we can score up a victory; a defeat which ended in victory. It attained Its first objective—his body. It nearly attained its second—your death and mine. But It utterly failed in Its third—the indefinite possession of a mortal body in which to work its evil schemes. You and I and daylight thwarted It. There will be no second attempt. I don't know why, but there never is."

A VAGRANT thought crossed my mind. It had no place in the incredible tragedy we had passed through, yet there it was.

"Arnold," I said, "if this is to be your life work, will you have to be thrown out of a two-story window in the course of every business engagement?"

He did not reply in words; he grinned. A little distorted, a little forced by the fact that half of his face was like a beefsteak, it nevertheless was the wholesome grin I knew so well.