



JULES VERNE'S TOMBSTONE AT AMIENS  
PORTRAYING HIS "SERIALS"

# AMAZING STORIES

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## In Our Next Issue:

**PIRACY PREFERRED**, by John W. Campbell, Jr. In this story, as in his previous ones, our young author offers us a rare combination of accurate science with excellently written fiction—which makes a perfect **AMAZING STORY**. This time, Mr. Campbell looks into the future of aviation—a subject which at the present time compels a universal interest.

**THE NON-GRAVITATIONAL VORTEX**, by A. Hyatt Verrill. When we discover what gravitation is, scientists will perhaps find it less impossible to annihilate gravity. This is an extraordinary tale, dealing with vortices that develop a strange phenomenon—the local annihilation of gravitation.

**ELEMENT No. 87**, by Ralph Linn. Chemists have determined from various considerations that there can be only 92 original elements in the chemical scale. Only comparatively recently have a goodly number of these been discovered. But there still remain a few about which chemists know little or nothing, and there is no telling what possibilities an undiscovered element might hold. Our author uses this idea in an exceedingly clever bit of scientific fiction.

**THE UNIVERSE WRECKERS**, by Edmond Hamilton. (A Serial in 3 parts) Part II. In this instalment our four travelers experience many dangers with the extraordinary beings of Neptune, which is nearly 3 thousand million miles from the sun, but they learn the source of the power that has caused the increased rotation of the sun, which threatens the life of all the nearer planets in the solar system.

**FLAMINGO**, by Clarence Edward Heller. Much has been said in the daily journals of wonderful robots, the direct successors of the almost historical "steam man" of two generations ago. But think what would happen if not only the servant and the manual worker were replaced by robots—if even our great singers and famous actors were likewise replaced in such manner. Our new author has woven a charming extravaganza of the amusements of the future—not so very far in the future, at that.

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## Our Cover

This month illustrates a scene from Part I of the story entitled, "The Universe Wreckers," by Edmond Hamilton, in which the four travelers, fitted out in their space-walker suits, are making the necessary repairs to their space-flier, which sustained some damages while going through the asteroid zone on their way to Neptune.

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# Through *the* Veil

By Leslie F. Stone

*Author of "Out of the Void" and "A Letter  
of the Twenty-fourth Century"*



*Why, out there was a world of tiny  
flying things, no larger than a half a  
dozen inches high and flying about like  
butterflies and bees!*

*MUCH study has of recent times been given to the various branches of legendary science, among which is included the study of Irish folklore. Unquestionably there is here a fertile field for writers of scientific fiction, for it lends itself to much investigation of the history and traditions of a race. Miss Stone gives us the true Celtic atmosphere in this charming short story of the fourth dimension and Irish folklore.*

Illustrated by DE PAUW

**T**RUE, Jack Warren had not seen his one-time friend, Charlie Keller, for a number of years, but then, he had not been in New York but once during that time, and that had been a matter of business with no time for social visits. If Keller had come to Rochester, Jack did not know, but the fact remained that it had been years since the two had seen each other. And now Jack did not know why he had come to one of the old brownstone fronts, where Keller continued to live, even though downtown New York was encroaching upon the old street where Grandfather Keller had built his home.

At college Charlie and he had been good friends. They might even have been called chums in those good old days of camaraderie, but with the graduation each had gone his own way, each to his own home-town, each to his own interests. And now Jack knew that Charlie was dabbling in science. At school he had been a shark for chemistry and physics, so it was not unnatural, since Charlie's old man had left him plenty of wherewithal, with which he could devote himself to his old love. Once or twice Jack had seen his name in the papers, referring to his work in the field of X-rays. There was even a certain little doo-dad on the medical X-ray machine which bore Keller's name.

And here he was waiting in the old antiquated drawing room of the Keller brownstone, while an almost as antiquated butler went to inform his master of the advent of a guest. In a few minutes Warren heard footsteps running down the stairs and Charlie of old stood before him. The one-time chums shook hands warmly, voiced equally as warm greetings, and surreptitiously eyed each other for the changes the years must have brought. There followed a few minutes of reminiscences of college days. However, through it all Keller appeared restlessly nervous, and after the first wave of greeting had passed he spoke in jerky sentences. "Pardon my rush, Jack, old man, but I've just left some work of mine up-stairs that can't stand waiting. Wait until I finish—or would you prefer to come to the lab. and wait? Just a half hour or so and I'll be ready to show you the town, or what have you?"

"Oh, sorry, if I interrupted you, Charlie. I'll go along with you. I understand you've done some big work in your time."

Keller was modest about what he called his success as he led the way up the carpeted stairs and into the large room upon the third floor that he called his lab. Jack was surprised to discover the wealth of equipment that filled the room. He himself had not been in a scientific laboratory since he had left the university. Keller left him alone while he went into a box-like affair

in one corner of the room that Jack recognized as a dark room. Left alone, Warren strolled about the room gingerly peering at the various apparatus, retorts, arrays of glass tubes and other paraphernalia. He came to stop before what looked to him like an ordinary camera, but it had several strange looking attachments, which he did not try to understand. Then Keller appeared from the dark room carrying several small sheets of developed photographs that he was handling carefully. On seeing his guest looking at the camera he observed, "Ah my Z-ray camera interests you, eh?"

Warren turned to him. "Z-ray? Isn't that something new? I thought you were devoted to the X-ray."

Keller grinned. "I had to study the X-ray to be able to discover the Z-ray. They work in conjunction."

"Oh, do they?"

Keller seemed hesitant. Then he thrust forward the photographs that were still damp from the developing solution. He watched his friend's face as he studied the pictures. Warren looked at them a minute, then he was grinning. "Oh, you and Conan Doyle, eh? Since when have you been interested in fairies, Charlie?"

Keller smiled back. "Ever since I was knee-high to a duck, Jack."

Warren whistled. "But really you are not going into this thing seriously, old man! Why, you'll be a laughing stock, if that gets out. Is that what all this means?" and he waved an arm to take in the camera and the laboratory.

Keller nodded. "It's a long story. Charlie, and I've not told a soul yet, but since you dropped in on me on the very day that I found it, you are welcome to hear all about it!"

"You mean, Charlie, that you have actually photographed those things—that . . ."

Keller nodded again. "It is true, and if you don't believe me I'll take you out in the garden and let you photograph them yourself! It was lucky for me that I found one of the 'holes' right in my own garden!"

**W**HAT in the world are you talking about? Tell me, you haven't lost your mind . . . like so many of these inventor fellows do?"

The other laughed at that, and without another word he picked up the camera and led Warren downstairs and through a side door that led into a pretty garden in the rear of the house. One does not expect to find such a beauty spot in the heart of the fifties, and that had added to its charm in the days of Grandfather Keller. He had built up the entire square block of houses in his day, but in their center he had preserved enough ground to make the garden what it was. And it had been the

scene of many a fête in the old days. There was a frog-pond, and tall cedar trees on its rim, a rose garden that bore every species of rose known to man, a gravel walk that drifted in and about the hedgerows and a little bit of a sunken garden. At one end, against a tall stone mossy wall, was a loggia where were set a half dozen garden chairs, and here and there in the garden were arranged little bowers that invited a twosome. Keller père had been somewhat of a poet. Here as a boy Charlie Keller had spent almost all of his boyhood, and here had been many a love-quarrel forgotten. People had visited the Kellers just to stroll in the old-fashioned garden. And now Charlie had found another use for it.

He took Warren along the gravel walk to a corner where was placed a stone bench and near it on a pedestal stood a "round tumbled" Cupid, ready to shoot one of his arrows. Keller squinted up at the sun. It was four o'clock of a mid-summer day so that the sun was still high enough for taking pictures. Carefully he set his camera on the bench and kneeling upon the grass he placed his eye against the peephole, and spent a half a dozen minutes in focusing it properly. He motioned to Warren to come close, and put the bulb of the camera in his hand. "Push," he told his friend, and Jack, as though to humor a maniac, did so.

"Well, now," observed Keller, "you've done it! You've photographed two fairies!"

Warren was now certain that the other was out of his mind, but he managed a grin, though he wanted to turn his back and leave Charlie and his toys forever. But Charlie Keller understood what was passing through Jack's mind and sympathetically he smiled. "Here, Jack, look in for yourself and ask yourself if you are dreaming or not," he suggested. "You think I'm crazy, but after you see what I have seen, decide then whether or not you call me or yourself insane."

Reluctantly Warren knelt and placed his eye to the sighting hole of the camera, expecting to see nothing more than the leaves of the rose bush that faced the camera's eye. And for a moment he did not see anything, but Keller urged him to continue to look through. What was that beautiful shade of light that had crept into everything? The very light itself was entrancing. Then he saw something that so startled him that he lost his balance and sat on the ground with a plop. But he was back again at the camera staring with the greatest of wonder and disbelief at what he had seen.

They were a dozen feet away, or so it appeared in the camera. They were fairies, those little bits of ephemeral things with their gauzy wings and dresses of flower petals. And there was—by gosh!—there was an elf—just as one sees them in children's picture books. Why, out there was a world of tiny flying things, no larger than a half a dozen inches high and flying about like butterflies and bees! It was incredible, but they moved and they were alive. There was one tiny creature sticking its head into the heart of a flower, a violet, and when it looked up again, it appeared as though it had just relished a tidbit!

Warren could not tear his eyes from the camera. It was the strangest and most beautiful sight he had ever seen. Then he looked on beyond the fairies, to a pretty piece of flower covered ground with clouds and blue skies overhead where before had been only a rose bush and the garden wall beyond! Realizing this, Warren took his eyes away and glared almost angrily at Keller

who was standing a foot away and smiling broadly.

"Say, what's this? Are you trying to play with me, Charlie Keller? Why this thing's no more than one of those penny-shows you see in a machine in Coney Island!" He was blustering now over the hoax which he thought his friend had pulled upon him.

"Don't be a fool, Jack. Do you think I'd bother to bring you into the garden for that? And where could one photograph those things? No, my friend, you have simply been looking into the Fourth Dimension! And those creatures you saw there are really living and enjoying life as you see them. I could not have 'faked' such a scene. Now, could I?"

"But Charlie, it's impossible," muttered Warren, his blustering gone.

"No, no, Jack, it is the truth. Come into the house. I had better tell you more about it."

HE picked up the camera almost lovingly, and preceded Warren through the garden. About to enter the house, he paused. "No, on second thought, let's sit here in the garden. It's more pleasant, and besides, the story will sound better out here where it belongs." He led the way to the company of wicker chairs under the loggia. He pressed a buzzer and in a minute or so the antiquated butler came forth beaming, bearing a tray with its decanter of rare brandy and the glasses. Thus refreshed Charlie began to talk.

"As a child, Jack, I believed in fairies. Of course lots of children do—or used to. I don't know if they have lost the capacity of believing in this day of machines and traffic regulations—I hope not—for I can remember the joy with which I used to listen to all stories about fairies and their ilk. Not the stories of Fairy Princes and of Witches that one finds so prevalent in a certain type of so-called Fairy Tales, but the stories of the doings of the Little Folk. I think that of all writers Lord Dunsany had come closer to the real heart of the fairies.

"In those days I had an old nurse, Irish Nora. Perhaps that accounts for my deep love and understanding of the Wee People. Her mind was filled with tales of them as well of the banshees and witches, and the stories she told me of them were true—she averred that she had seen a number of fairies back home as a child—and I believed her—I still do!

"Now, this all sounds irrelevant to what I have to tell you, but it is all part of it, for had I not believed in the fairies, I would never have gone 'through' as I did. Even as a young man I was still interested in fairies and many a surreptitious hour I stole in the Children's Libraries reading about them—for though the stories have been written by three dimensional beings, they sometimes have caught the truth about the Little People, and I don't doubt but that some of them had a first hand acquaintance with the Fairy Folk, preposterous as that sounds.

"Sir Conan Doyle's alleged photographs of fairies are the real thing! You yourself have just seen creatures identical to the pictured fairies he has been so ridiculed for, but whereas his photographs are true replicas of the Folk, they came to him through accident, while mine have come after years of study and science.

"You may recall the summer I went to Ireland on a walking tour all by myself? I think it was when I was a sophomore, and I recall how everyone joshed me

when I returned the next fall and had to admit that I had spent my summer larking through Ireland. But the trip was of more import than I let be known, for I had gone there purposely to learn more about the fairies and to see them if it was possible.

"For some reason the Irish seem closer to the Wee Folk than other peoples. People like to attribute that to their child-like minds, their love of make-believe. But I thought differently and reasoned that they knew more of them because there were fairies in that country whereas other countries had more or less been neglected by the tiny winged people. In England and Scotland you will hear talk of them among the country-folk, but not as you hear it in Ireland.

"So to Ireland I traveled.

"I left the cities behind and plunged into the country away from the beaten paths and into a rural section that had not changed since the days of Blind Rafferty." It took a while for me to insinuate myself into the regard of the old folk, but I set about to make myself as likable as I could. Also I knew a few words of Irish Gaelic learned from that old nurse of mine. So I began to make friends and always I managed to lead the conversation around to the Wee People. I knew that the Irish are somewhat frightened to speak of them, for they will still talk of changelings and the little brownies who come and turn the milk sour overnight. And I heard a great many tales of that description. Also tales of folk who had been given wishes by the fairies in reward for some good deed performed in their behalf, or of the old woman who had been starving and awoke one morning to find the cat she had fed, despite her adversities, playing with a piece of silver, and that thereafter every morning she found another piece of money under the cat's paw.

"Only I was not content to listen to these tales. I wished to find the fairies—so it was that I learned that not many miles away in a wild part of the country was what the good people called the Fairy Ring! That was a ring in the grass that was unmistakable and which it was told was danced upon by the fairies at night! But woe unto him who ever fell asleep in that circle, for then he would surely awaken and come back with strange tales to tell and would lose his mind in the bargain. For the wee folk did not like for mortals to sleep in that circle!

"You may be sure that the next morning I was off toward that ring at dawn. I had to ask a number of countrymen I met on the way, for the direction, and was stared at a glance for my daring. Three, of those I met with, denied that they knew of such a place, but I thought all were lying. Then I met the crone. She was more like a witch, with her toothless gums and her thin straggling hair falling over her pointed face. She eyed me peculiarly for a moment.

"'Ay, lad, you're a brave un,' she averred. 'But don't ye pay eny 'tention to what the wisecracks be telling ye. And shure they be such a ring, and ef ye sleep within its circle ye'll have pretty dreams to remember all yer life. And the Wee Folk'll be mannerly-like. Only don't ye be taking anything from 'em, not the weest flower, for they'll resent that. You see, me good lad, Oi've been there—oi've seen 'em. Worra, worra—but for me stiff joints oi'd be goin' back meself, and be content to end me days wid 'em.'

"THAT was all very heartening, so I gave her a piece of silver and was given explicit directions. And two hours later I was crawling through the copse which the old one had described in about the wildest piece of country I had seen as yet. Giant gnarled old trees groaned and moaned in the wind, and the grass underfoot was long and gone to seed. And there was the ring as plain as day, a brown ring on the sward as though the grass had been worn away by dancing feet! Only it was not a perfect circle as I had been led to believe, but an uneven, ragged line, circular, though roughly drawn. Surely fairies would not have danced that way. With beating heart I approached it, examined it, and tried to collect my thoughts, for with its finding had come a dazed sort of mind. It was all too good to be true.

"Then as I was tired from the long walk and the sun beating down upon my head had made me drowsy, I dropped to the grass. I recalled then that if one went to sleep, the fairies would come. So without hesitation I made sure that all of me was within the circle which was large enough to accommodate three or more. Before I went to sleep, though, I noticed something that appeared strange, but I was too sleepy to fathom, and that was the strange beautiful light that seemed ethereal. It hung all about me, a color that was mauve, old-rose and orchid. But in a twinkling of an eye I was asleep.

"I have no way of telling how long I slumbered there, but I was awakened suddenly by strange shrill little voices and was puzzled at first to find myself not abed. However, it did not take long for me to recollect everything. I looked about and I saw the fairies!

"There were about a half a dozen little creatures, hardly different than those you saw in the camera, Jack. Two were elves, little greenish fellows with pointed noses, little transparent wings like those the flies have, and two pointed antennas coming out of their eyebrows. Another was a gnome, a little hunchbacked creature with round beady eyes and a neat suit of brown cloth. The other three were fairies scarcely different than the conventional type you see in story-books, with dainty, beautifully formed bodies and big butterfly wings. They were sitting about either on the grass or upon the leaves of a bush close by. The gnome squatted on the projecting root of the plant. Not three feet away sat a brown rabbit with ears cocked surveying us all. The fairy people were taking me all in and appeared to have been waiting patiently for some time for me to awake. One of the elves stretched his tiny arms and yawned. Then I noticed the light about us, the same lovely coloring I had seen when I dropped off to sleep.

"I guess I would have sat there indefinitely if one of the fairies had not spoken. She was a lovely little thing of pink and cream with a mass of golden hair and the bluest of blue eyes. I have yet to see a prettier fairy.

"'Good day to you,' she said and she had spoken to me in Gaelic! '*La Maith agad*,' she said, giving it the sweetest known pronunciation. '*Lau nua agath*.'

"I returned her greeting, but I was a little disappointed for I knew that I could not carry on a very long conversation in that tongue and there was much I wished to learn. She must have read my thoughts, for the next time she spoke it was in English!

"'Why,' she asked me, 'do all you people fall asleep before you come "through"?'

"I stared at her. 'I suppose,' I said, 'it is because we are

\*There is a charming novel with this title by Don Byrne. Blind Rafferty is understood to have been a real personage, an Irish fiddler.

told that is the way we enter Fairyland! But I must admit that in my own case I was too tired from my walk here to do otherwise."

"It's been a long time since one of your kind have come 'through at all,'" she observed.

"Oh," said I for something better to say, "you do not have many visitors, then?"

"Well, the truth of it is, that we do not encourage them to come. They like it so well here that they would all wish to stay—and then where would we be? They would overrun everything and put factories everywhere and make a pretty mess of it all. No, we discourage it, you see, and they believe the tales we tell about putting a madness on them. As though we could do that!"

"TO be sure that speech startled me. 'I see,' said I, 'but aren't you afraid I might do the same thing, now that you've told me that you can't put a madness on me?'"

"She smiled broadly at that. 'You're different. They are but simple folk and you are a man with understanding. It would do not good for us to try tricks on you, for you would see through it all. Besides, did you not come from your distant country to find us?'"

"I nodded, surprised at her discernment. It was as though she had read my mind.

"I am reading your mind," said she in answer to my thought, "and I learn by it that you are a man who has always had love for us and a belief in us. You are welcome for as long as you wish to stay in our country. You may ask what questions you have in mind, although it is just as well that I tell you everything right now before we go any further!"

"In the first place you will perhaps be much surprised to know that this country—or rather this world of ours is much the same as your own, that we have the same continents, the same oceans and rivers, et cetera, for in truth this is the same as the world you know, except in its aspect. It occupies exactly the same place as does your world, lies on top of it in fact, and only the Veil separates it. Look about you and see if you recognize anything familiar in the landscape?"

"Half understanding what she had been saying, I looked about. I could have sworn I was looking at the same country through which I had come. The topography was the same. Standing up I could see the same hillock I had come over, and the indentation where had lain the path by which I had come. To my left lay the low sweep of what had been bog land. Only now I could see nothing of the road and what had been bog was a pretty grass land, and the country about was different. Before it had been a wild ragged stretch, rough and unkempt. Now it was glade-like and appeared to have been turned into a parkland. Also there was a profusion of flowers that had been noticeable because of their absence this morning. I turned now to my interlocutor for an explanation.

"It is the same country, you see, but you see it from the 'other side' of the Veil. We cannot understand it ourselves or explain it scientifically as to where this difference lies, or what the Veil is composed of, nor anything about it. Perhaps you will be able to explain that for us, for you have great learning.

"Nevertheless, whatever the explanation is, the fact remains that our country does occupy the same space as does yours. You build your cities, your houses and your

factories, farm your land, turn your swamps into dry land and cut down your mountains, but nothing you do causes change in our world. We can sit exactly in the spot where you erect a palace and yet to us it is nothing but an open glade!"

"In the Veil are about a half a dozen openings, however, such as the one you have come 'through' and by its means we are often able to go into your country just as you come into ours. Then there are places where the Veil is thin but not worn through. Through them we can see what goes on in your world or hear what you are about. It is because we do come 'through' that your folk have learned about us and have seen us so that your literature is filled with tales about us, and you have pictures of us. However most of your stories about us are untrue, just as sometimes your artists caricature us. But of late years we have not gone 'through' very often, for we quickly tire of your manner of living. You seem so futile with your wars, your everlasting digging and hoeing, your terrible noises and machinery and your entertainments. One must live with Nature to enjoy life, to eat the fruits that her bounty gives us, to live in the sun, to listen to the songs of the wind and to watch nature's drama. Why do you clutter up your world with ugly buildings and belch smoke into the God-given air, rush madly from one part of your world to the other without rest; kill the poor animals just for the pleasure of it and—oh, I could go on forever about your manners, but what's the use? You could not change it if you wanted to, for you are born of them and would not be happy differently, I suppose."

"I stood there listening to the tirade of the little being, enthralled by her voice and her words, and wondering if she wasn't right. She scarcely paused for breath but went on speaking.

"Perhaps all that is because you evolved from your ape-thing, a creature whom many ages ago we saw grubbing as you grub, planting, hoeing and reaping as you plant, hoe and reap, though you have improved on his methods. You kill animals for meat as he killed them, only you no longer need to stalk them in the jungles, but raise them on the plains and murder them scientifically! You build boats as he built boats to venture out upon the waters, for you have inherited your inquiring mind from him and you are not satisfied yet. And you have merely become more 'civilized.'" You even climb into the skies now, and you do many tremendous things. But what does it bring you at all, but the desire to do more? You can't eat more than your first man did—but you can eat it better. You can't wear any more clothing than he did—oh, pardon me—you do, of course, but you are more uncomfortable for it—though your women are getting a little sensible in these days. You can't think of but one thing at a time—you can't do more than one thing at a time—yet you fill your brain and your world with strange thoughts and then try to prove them! I wish I could understand where you expect to get with it all!"

"I WANTED to say things in answer, but she gave me no chance, as though she knew all that came into my mind even as she herself spoke.

"Now on the other hand," she went on, "we of our world evolved, not from ape-things, but from the little flying creatures. My forebears were butterflies! The elves are come from the bees, while the gnomes, little

industrious people, are of the ant-folk! There are still butterflies, bees and ants in our world just as there are apes and monkeys in your world, but somehow our ancestors managed to change that for us, though they did not change our love for flowers, for the sun, for everything that is clean and wholesome!

"She paused at last and smiled. 'I see now that your mind is working over the problem of all this. You are beginning to see the light of something we have never been able to discover. Come, we shall go to headquarters and you can tell them of your opinions, if you will be so kind, although that will scarcely be necessary, since we are able to see all that goes on in your—three dimensional brain—ah that's the word for it isn't it?'"

"I was astounded that she had read my thoughts so clearly, for I had been thinking that in truth I was in the Fourth Dimension! Scientists have for many years been trying to discover something of what they are wont to term dimensional science, although there are many other names for it, too. They claim that Nature did not come to a halt when she created the first three dimensions of length, height and breadth, but has gone on into the fourth, fifth, sixth and so on endlessly. Many would have it that the fourth dimension is one thing, and some another, that it is Time, that it is Space or Place. And here it had been for all time waiting to be discovered. The Irish had discovered it, to be sure, but they did not understand what it is all about, so that doesn't count. The fact remains that the fourth dimension is simply that of place, or the fact that two things occupy the same space at the same time! And here was a world that was occupying the same place as our own world, separated simply by what its people called the Veil.

"Now I was following my guide over the smooth grass of what appeared to be a great garden with the flowers allowed to grow wherever a seed had taken root. I was very careful to pick my way over these flowers, for what I had already learned taught me that the little people did not appreciate having their flowers crushed. The three little fairies were flying ahead of me gayly, just about the height of my eyes. The two elves came up behind and the gnome did not come along at all, but stayed sitting upon his root, and I had to admit that he did not much resemble his ancestor, the ant.

"After flying ahead of me for a minute or so, my pretty fairy changed her mind and came and perched herself upon my shoulder. I was left to understand that her companions would lead the way.

"'Once,' the fairy went on in that funny little way she had of running on as if she could never completely close her lips, 'one of the folk of the outside unwittingly stepped "through" the hole. He had a gun, and I think you'd call him a poacher. He did not appear to realize that he was in a different world than his own, and in a half a dozen minutes he had killed half a dozen rabbits, for our rabbits are not used to being killed and they do not run. And he walked on the flowers without a thought of them.

"'You may be sure we were angered, for usually when they come "through" they have fear in their hearts for us, and we like to keep them that way. Well, grabbing up stones we chased him back to the hole, and believe me he was frightened when he recognized us for what we were. As he went "through" he stumbled and fell on his head, so that he went to sleep for a while. So

we rushed upon him and emptied his sack of the rabbits and found that three were not quite dead. These we nursed back to health. The others we had to bury. Then we thought of a way to frighten him forever so that he would not come back or tell his people of what he had found. Well, we did all we could to disfigure him so he would always remember, and then we put a hornet's nest upon his head, so that when he awakened again he was a sight to behold. And how they hurt him! After that he never returned and he noised the story about so that less people than ever came seeking the Fairy Ring.

"'Oh, which reminds me. You see, that ring is not worn by the dancing of our feet, if you must know the truth, but merely a "burn" from the edge of the "hole." You must have noticed the beautiful light at the opening as you came "through"?'"

"I NODDED and looking about saw that now the air was as clear as any summer day.

"'That strange color,' went on my informant, 'is caused by the "tear" of the Veil and always marks any such "hole" or place where the Veil has become thin. And the edge of it burns the grass beneath. Perhaps you can explain that, too?'"

"But I was not able to explain that until this week. "Now we were nearing the first edifice I had seen in this Fairyland. It seemed to have been built of white stone, alabaster, no doubt. It rose about six feet and was about thirty in length, and was a beautiful thing of carving and jewels. Lovely flowers of stately mien clustered all about the foot of the walls. A pathway of stones set in the sod led to the graceful arched doorway which was about three feet in height.

"'We are not in the habit of building houses,' said the Fairy, 'but occasionally we do it to impress the Lesser Things, the gnomes and brownies and elves and such, for they need impressing upon. We usually live in the open entirely, just as nature intended us to. Only when a visiting dignitary comes do we use these buildings. You are fortunate that you need go no farther in search of Headquarters. Oh, yes, we fly to the tropics as the birds do in the cold seasons.' The last was in answer to the query that had come into my mind.

"'What sort of dignitaries do you have? Queens and the like!'"

"'Oh, yes, Queens and Princesses. However, our rulers act merely as arbitrators in questions that arise among us. At present a gnome is being tried for having murdered a rat! It was a matter of jealousy, I believe.'

"'Is such a murder considered a bad crime?'"

"'Why not? Why should anyone take a life that doesn't belong to him? It was not until your countrymen taught us the meaning of murder, that anything like this ever happened. But that is the way of you—to have commandments forbidding the doing of this and that, and it makes your people misbehave. It puts the thought into the mind!'"

"'How is it that you know so much about our world and our history? One would think what you have lived there always yourself.' I demanded.

"'It is that you interest us, even as you are interested in us now. And then we have come into your world very often. But, the reason I know so much about your world is—because as I talk to you, I see it all pass through your brain, you see! Perhaps it is because I

am a Fourth Dimensional creature that I can see into your Third Dimensional brain, since I can occupy the same place as you do without your being the wiser!"

"I was struck by her clear reasoning, and I was to find all the people of Fairyland with such clear thinking brains. Nothing seemed impossible for them to comprehend. It was only a pity that I was not able to see into their brain-cases as they saw into mine, for I might have learned a great deal.

"For a month I stayed with them, living as they did out in the sun, eating fruits and sucking honey from flowers, only it was difficult for me to do the latter without killing the flower itself. They were sorry to see me go, and before I left they told me that in my own city back home I would find one of the 'holes' through the Veil by which I could enter their world whenever I pleased. It luckily was in a garden, they said. I believe they even knew it was here in this garden, but they are mischievous people and wanted me to go in search of it myself!

"I have been 'through' here in the garden and these fairies across the sea were as nice as those in Ireland, though as I have said before, I haven't seen one that is half as pretty as Nella, my little guide. I've had a few of them here in the house and grounds, but they are very shy and will not allow themselves to be seen by a stranger. However, they will always come about when I wish to photograph them, for they like to have their pictures taken!"

So Keller ended his story and poured some brandy for himself.

Warren did not speak immediately, but his eyes were troubled.

"You do not believe me, Jack?" queried Keller.

"It sounds like a very good Fairy Story, Charlie. The best I have ever heard."

"But, Jack, you have seen the fairies yourself? Come we will develop the picture that you yourself snapped!"

"How is it that you take those pictures? You did not tell me that."

"It has taken me all these years to do that. During my visit 'through the Veil' I began to realize that that Veil was nothing more than a certain 'ray' from the sun, which formed the barrier, that the molecules of our atmosphere took up and created, hiding what lay over that boundary from our three dimensional eyes. I began to study the various known rays, the X-ray, the Violet-Ray, the Infra Red-Rays and down through the line. And only last week I discovered the Z or Mauve-Ray that forms that curtain. My camera simply enables me to photograph what lies beyond. I think that in time I shall be able to take a photograph directly through the Veil without the need of seeking the 'Hole!'"

Warren had nothing very much to say and in an hour or so he was back at his hotel. In his possession he had the "photo" he had snapped himself, but he never showed it to anyone. In later years he was to show it to his wife and a few select friends, and tell something about what Keller had told him. They would listen politely and say that they had heard of Charles Keller, who had tried to follow in the footsteps of Sir Conan Doyle, and remark that his strange disappearance was one of the mysteries of New York. Warren secretly believed that Keller was still alive—not in the world of Three Dimensions, but in that strange Fairyland they had both peered into. The old Keller house is no more, and the garden is covered over by a skyscraper, but Warren believes that the "Hole" exists there still.

THE END