

Ghost STORIES

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Contents

- My Phantom Pal** NICK SANFORD, *Movie Stunt-Flyer* 6
This Daredevil Aviator Faced Death—and a Ghost—6,000 Feet in the Air!
- The Woman at Seven Brothers** WILBUR DANIEL STEELE 12
Out of the Stormy Sea Her Phantom Came—to Claim the Lad She Loved
- Kidnapped by a Wraith** GILBERT DRAPER 16
Some Unseen Monster Lurked in the Old French-Canadian Inn—but How Could IT Abduct a Living Woman?
- The Specter in the New Hotel** A True Story by STUART PALMER 20
What Uncanny Thing Haunted the Sixteenth Floor of This Broadway Skyscraper?
- Vengeance of the Dead** HUGH WALLACE 24
Was Dan Murdered by a Crooked Political Ring? It Took a Ghost to Reveal the Truth
- My Strange Adventure with a Vampire** W. ADOLPHE ROBERTS 30
The Girl from Prague Cast an Unholy Spell Over Men. Here is the Weird Story of One of Her Victims
- The Inexperienced Ghost** H. G. WELLS, *Famous English Author* 36
Clayton "Caught" a Ghost—"a Poor, Weak Thing," He Said. Read of the Horror that Followed!
- A Cloud of Witnesses** FRANCIS GILBERT 42
Annie Crehan Was a Murderess—but the Other World Befriended Her. Why?
- Haunted Hollywood** WILBERT WADLEIGH 48
The "Scorpion" Strikes Again! Its Tentacles Reach Out to Seize a Beautiful Actress and a Great Director
- David Keeps His Word** THELMA JOHNSON 58
This Wise Little Girl "Faked" a Miracle—Only to Discover the Awful Power of the Unseen!
- Spirit Tales** COUNT CAGLIOSTRO 65
Can Mortal Eyes Look into the Future? Read the Facts
- The Mystery of the Dancing Coffins** ROBERT W. SNEDDON 66
What Mysterious Force Could Animate a Row of Coffins—in a Sealed Vault?
- Bewitched Love Letters** GUY DE MAUPASSANT 70
A French Marquis Performs a Ghastly Service for a Phantom Woman
- The Meeting Place** ROBERT NAPIER 73
How Science Tested Margery, the Famous Medium—and Other True Stories by Our Readers
- The Man with the Sabre Cut** ALAN SCHULTZ 76
A Boy Battles Against Occult Forces—to Save a Night-Club Dancer!
- Were You Born in August?** STELLA KING 83
What the Stars Foretell for Every Day This Month

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Because a beautiful woman had died in that Marquis de la Tour-Samuel went

By

GUY de MAUPASSANT,

Famous French
Writer

WE were speaking of sequestration, alluding to a recent lawsuit. It was at the close of a friendly evening in a very old mansion in the Rue de Grenelle, and each of the guests had a story to tell, which he assured us was true.

Then the old Marquis de la Tour-Samuel, eighty-two years of age, rose and came forward to lean on the mantelpiece. He told the following story in his slightly quavering voice:

I, also, have witnessed a strange thing—so strange that it has been the nightmare of my life. It happened fifty-six years ago, and yet there is not a month when I do not see it again in my dreams. From that day I have borne a mark, a stamp of fear—do you understand?

Yes, for ten minutes I was a prey to terror, in such a way, that ever since a constant dread has remained in my soul. Unexpected sounds chill me to the heart; objects which I can ill distinguish in the evening shadows make me long to flee. I am afraid at night.

No! I would not have owned to such a thing before reaching my present age. But now I may tell everything. One may fear imaginary dangers at eighty-two. But before actual danger I have never turned back, *mesdames*.

That affair so upset my mind, filled me with such a deep, mysterious unrest that I never could tell it. I kept it in that inmost part, that corner where we conceal our sad, our shameful secrets, all the weaknesses of our life which cannot be confessed.

I will tell you that strange happening just as it took place, with no attempt to explain it. Unless I went mad for one short hour it must be explainable, though. Yet I was not mad, and I will prove it to you. Imagine what you will. Here are the simple facts:

It was in 1827, in July. I was quartered with my regiment in Rouen.

One day, as I was strolling on the quay, I came across a man I believed I recognized, though I could not place him with certainty. I instinctively went more slowly, ready to pause. The stranger saw my impulse, looked at me, and fell into my arms.

It was a friend of my younger days, of whom I had been very fond. He seemed to have become half a century older in the five years since I had seen him. His hair was white, and he stooped in his walk, as if he were exhausted. He understood my amazement and told me the story of his life.

A terrible event had broken him down. He had fallen



*I do not believe in ghosts—and
yet I broke down before the hideous
fear of the dead*

madly in love with a young girl and married her in a kind of dreamlike ecstasy. After a year of unalloyed bliss and unexhausted passion, she had died suddenly of heart disease, no doubt killed by love itself.

He had left the country on the very day of her funeral, and had come to live in his hotel at Rouen. He remained there, solitary and desperate, grief slowly undermining him, so wretched that he constantly thought of suicide.

room, no man dared enter it. But the young
there to recover a packet of

BEWITCHED Love Letters

—he paid for them with fifty years of horror!



I shall also give you a note for the gardener, who will let you in.

"Come to breakfast with me to-morrow, and we'll talk the matter over."

I promised to render him that slight service. It would mean but a pleasant excursion for me, his home being not more than twenty-five miles from Rouen. I could go there in an hour on horseback.

At ten o'clock the next day I was with him. We breakfasted alone together, yet he did not utter more than twenty words. He asked me to excuse him. The thought that I was going to visit the room where his happiness lay shattered upset him, he said. Indeed, he seemed perturbed, worried, as if some mysterious struggle were taking place in his soul.

At last he explained exactly what I was to do. It was very simple. I was to take two packages of letters and some papers, locked in the first drawer at the right of the desk of which I had the key. He added:

"I need not ask you not to glance at them. They're of a most personal nature."

I was almost hurt by his words, and told him so, rather sharply. He stammered:

"Forgive me. I suffer so much!" and tears came to his eyes.

I left about one o'clock to accomplish my errand.

The day was radiant, and I rushed through the meadows,

listening to the song of the larks, and the rhythmical beat of my sword on my riding-boots.

Then I entered the forest, and I set my horse to walking. Branches of the trees softly caressed my face, and now and then I would catch a leaf between

She said, "Oh, you can be of great help to me, monsieur! . . . I suffer terribly."

my teeth and bite it with avidity, full of the joy of life, such as fills you without reason, with a tumultuous happiness almost indefinable, a kind of magical strength.

As I neared the house I took out the letter for the gardener, and noted with surprise that it was sealed. I was so amazed and so annoyed that I almost turned back without fulfilling my mission. Then I thought that I should thus display oversensitiveness and bad taste. My friend might have sealed it

"As I thus came across you again," he said, "I shall ask a great favor of you. I want you to go to my château and get some papers I urgently need. They are in the writing-desk of my room—of *our* room. I cannot send a servant or a lawyer, as the errand must be kept private. I want absolute silence.

"I shall give you the key of the room, which I locked carefully myself before leaving, and the key to the writing-desk.

unconsciously, worried and desperately unhappy as he was.

The manor looked as though it had been deserted for the last twenty years. The gate, wide-open and rotten, held, one wondered how. Grass filled the paths; you could not tell the flower-beds from the lawn.

At the noise I made kicking a shutter, an old man came out from a side-door and was apparently amazed to see me there. I dismounted from my horse and gave him the letter. He read it once or twice, turned it over, looked at me with suspicion, and asked:

"Well, what do you want?"

I answered sharply:

"You must know it, as you have read your master's orders. I want to get into the house."

He appeared overwhelmed. He said:

"So—you are going in—in his room?"

I was getting impatient.

"*Parbleu!* Do you intend to question me, by chance?"

He stammered:

"No—monsieur—only—it has not been opened since—since the death. If you will wait five minutes, I will go in to see whether—"

I interrupted angrily:

"See here, are you joking? You can't go in that room, as I have the key!"

He no longer knew what to say.

"Then, monsieur, I will show you the way."

"Show me the stairs and leave me alone. I can find it without your help."

"But—still—monsieur—"

Then I lost my temper.

"Now be quiet! Else you'll be sorry!"

I roughly pushed him aside and went into the house.

I first went through the kitchen, then crossed two small rooms occupied by the man and his wife. From there I stepped into a large hall. I went up the stairs, and I recognized the door my friend had described to me.

I opened it with ease and went in.

The room was so dark that at first I could not distinguish anything. I paused, arrested by that moldy and stale odor peculiar to deserted and condemned rooms, of dead rooms. Then gradually my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, and I saw rather clearly a great room in disorder, a bed without sheets having still its mattresses and pillows, one of which bore the deep print of an elbow or a head, as if someone had just been resting on it.

The chairs seemed all in confusion. I noticed that a door, probably that of a closet, had remained ajar.

I first went to the window and opened it to get some light, but the hinges of the outside shutters were so rusted that I could not loosen them.

I even tried to break them with my sword, but did not succeed. As those fruitless attempts irritated me, and as my eyes were by now adjusted to the dimness, I gave up hope of getting more light and went toward the writing-desk.

I SAT down in an arm-chair, folded back the top, and opened the drawer. It was full to the edge. I needed but three packages, which I knew how to distinguish, and I started looking for them.

I was straining my eyes to decipher the inscriptions, when I thought I heard, or rather felt a rustle behind me. I took no notice, thinking a draft had lifted some curtain. But a minute later, another movement, almost indistinct, sent a disagreeable little shiver over my skin. It was so ridiculous to be moved thus, even so slightly, that I would not turn round, being ashamed. I had just discovered the second

package I needed, and was on the point of reaching for the third, when a great and sorrowful sigh, close to my shoulder, made me give a mad leap two yards away. In my spring I had turned round, my hand on the hilt of my sword, and surely had I not felt that, I should have fled like a coward.

A tall woman, dressed in white, was facing me, standing behind the chair in which I had sat a second before.

Such a shudder ran through me that I almost fell back! Oh, no one who has not felt them can understand those gruesome and ridiculous terrors! The soul melts; your heart seems to stop; your whole body becomes limp as a sponge, and your innermost parts seem collapsing.

I do not believe in ghosts; and yet I broke down before the hideous fear of the dead; and I suffered, oh, I suffered more in a few minutes, in the irresistible anguish of supernatural dread, than I have suffered in all the rest of my life!

If she had not spoken, I might have died. But she did speak; she spoke in a soft and plaintive voice which set my nerves vibrating. I could not say that I regained my self-control. No, I was past knowing what I did; but the kind of pride I have in me, as well as a military pride, helped me to maintain almost in spite of myself an honorable countenance. I was making a pose—a pose for myself, and for her—for her, whatever she was, woman, or phantom. I realized this later, for at the time of the apparition, I could think of nothing. I was afraid.

She said:

"Oh, you can be of great help to me, monsieur!"

I TRIED to answer, but I was unable to utter one word. A vague sound came from my throat.

She continued:

"Will you? You can save me, I suffer terribly. I always suffer. I suffer, oh, I suffer!"

And she sat down gently in my chair. She looked at me.

"Will you?"

I nodded my head, being still paralyzed.

Then she handed me a woman's comb of tortoise-shell, and murmured:

"Comb my hair! Oh, comb my hair! That will cure me. Look at my head—how I suffer! And my hair—how it hurts!"

Her loose hair, very long, very black, it seemed to me, hung over the back of the chair, touching the floor.

Why did I do it? Why did I, shivering, accept that comb, and why did I take between my hands her long hair, which left on my skin a ghastly impression of cold, as if I had handled serpents? I do not know.

That feeling still clings about my fingers, and I shiver when I recall it.

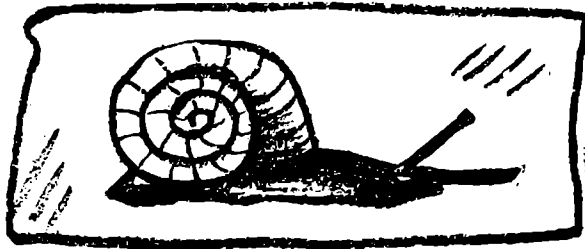
I combed her; I handled, I know not how, that hair of ice. I bound and unbound it; I plaited it as one plaits a horse's mane. She sighed, bent her head, seemed happy.

Suddenly she said, "Thank you," tore the comb from my hands, and fled through the door which I had noticed was half opened.

Left alone, I had for a few seconds the hazy feeling one feels in waking up from a nightmare. Then I recovered myself. I ran to the window and broke the shutters by my furious assault.

A stream of light poured in. I rushed to the door through which that being had gone. I found it locked and immovable.

Then a fever of flight seized me, a panic, the true panic of battle. I quickly grasped the three packages of letters from the open desk; I crossed the room running, I took the steps of the stairway four at a time. I found myself outside, I don't know how, and seeing my horse close by, I mounted in one leap and left (Continued on page 94)



Bewitched Love Letters

(Continued from page 72)

at a full gallop. I didn't stop till I reached Rouen and drew up in front of my house. Having thrown the reins to my orderly, I flew to my room and locked myself in to think.

Then for an hour I asked myself whether I had not been the victim of an hallucination. Certainly I must have had one of those nervous shocks, one of those brain disorders such as give rise to miracles, to which the supernatural owes its strength.

And I had almost concluded that it was a vision, an illusion of my senses, when I came near to the window. My eyes by chance looked down. My tunic was covered with hairs, long woman's hairs which had entangled themselves around the buttons!

I took them off one by one and threw them out of the window with trembling fingers.

I then called my orderly. I felt too perturbed, too moved, to go and see my friend that day.

I had his letters delivered to him. He gave a receipt to the soldier. He inquired after me and was told that I was not well. I had had a sunstroke, or something. He seemed distressed.

I went to see him the next day, early in the morning, bent on telling him the truth. He had gone out the evening before and had not come back.

I returned the same day, but he had not been seen. I waited a week. He did not come back. I notified the police. They searched for him everywhere, but no one could find any trace of him.

A careful search was made in the deserted manor. No suspicious clue was discovered.

There was no sign that a woman had been concealed there. The inquest gave no result, and so the search ended.

And in fifty-six years I have learned nothing more. I never found out the truth.

(Translated by Charles Sommer. Copyright by G. P. Putnam's Sons.)