

"I remember raising the insensible form of Vera Rostoffchin and endeavoring to carry her off from the dreadful room by the great door at the end of it which led by a corridor to Mrs. Cresswell's apartments.

"As I endeavored to open the door, there was a horrible choking cry in the dark behind and a sound like the snapping of dry sticks. Then something black and huge rushed out of the blackness and an immense hand attached to a tremendously muscular arm of abnormal length, covered with coarse matted hair, gripped me like a vice. Such strength I had never felt.

"I struggled a moment in fierce despair, then a heavy Indian club, snatched by Robert Hastings from one of the trophies that adorned the walls, fell crushingly on that clutching hand; and the thing with a bellow, released me, and started back. I carried Vera through the door, followed swiftly by Hastings and Dr. Cresswell, and we hurriedly barred the door behind us, thinking in our confusion that Rostoffchin was with us. We bore the girl up the dimly lighted corridor to the rooms where Mrs. Cresswell, my wife and some of the affrighted servants rushed to meet us.

"We laid her gently down on a lounge, and Dr. Cresswell bent over her. 'Good Heavens, she is dead!' he gasped instantly.

"'Impossible!' 'Are you sure?' 'Nonsense! Do something, man!' came from all sides.

"'Nothing can be done,' he said, looking up from where he knelt beside her. 'She is quite dead. Dead from heart failure. She died in that