

CHAPTER TWENTY

CONCLUSION

OF all the group, Rice alone maintained any degree of composure. He was by no means calm, but he did not entirely collapse. He looked at the figure in the window. It was Hopkins. There was no question about that. And it was not a ghost. Rice did not believe in ghosts. He did not wait to ask the detective's permission to do what he did next. Sullivan was in no condition to give it. Rice sprang across the courtyard, into the building and up the stairs. In the next instant, he was in the laboratory.

"Hopkins!" he shouted. "Hopkins!"

The figure turned. A sight of it, its clothes stained with contact with the earth to which they had been subjected, the features drawn and gaunt and dirt-covered, almost froze Rice's marrow. But it was alive, for it spoke. It said: