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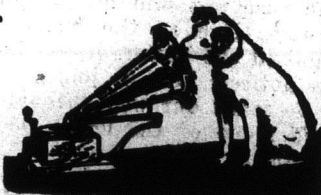
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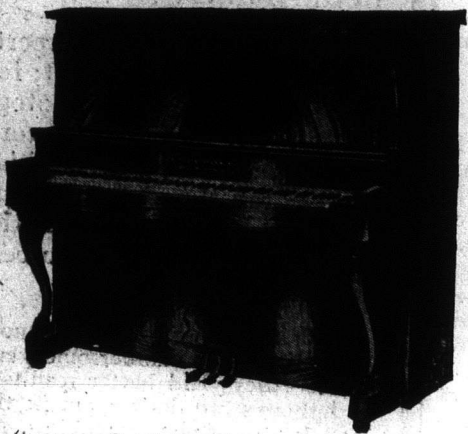
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hearth-rug in front of the huge log
fire. The dog eventually came, and,
laying his head against my chair, ut-
tered a most pitiable whine.

"What's wrong with Warrior?" said
my host, coming into the room. At the
moment the dog threw up his head in
the air, and uttered another heart-rend-
ing whine, then left the room. "That's
most peculiar behaviour. I never saw
Warrior do that before," said he, tak-
ing a chair by the fire.

I must have written for an hour at
least when a shriek, followed by a yelp,
was audibly borne to us from the di-
rection of the wood.

"Listen!" said my host, springing to
my side, and gazing intently through
the window. "It's Warrior," he said,
as whine after whine reached our ears,
and came nearer and nearer.

"Don't let yourself be seen, captain;
keep back, and let's see what breaks
from the covert."

"Look, man, look. See the under-
growth moving."

"Yes," said I; "but it's not time to
act yet."

The dog had ceased to cry, and the
movement of the bushes was less.

"Come now, Captain." We quickly
slipped out, and on creeping up to the
shrubs, we found the mastiff breathing
his last. His left side was torn open.

"This is the devil's work, Mr. Steel,
and I'll have this wood cut down."

Making a hasty examination of the
poor dog's wound, I saw at once that
no sharp instrument had caused it.
Leaving the master and dog, I tracked
the blood-stained route the latter had
taken, but owing to the light failing
I had to abandon it, and retrace my
footsteps to the Castle. My host seemed
quite out of sorts this evening,
hardly eating any dinner, and after-
wards throwing away a good cigar be-
fore he had half smoked it. At the
slightest sound he showed alarm. Al-
though I could not definitely say what
had caused the death of the gillie, or
the dog, still I had very strong sus-
picions, and I saw I must do something
to relieve my host's nerves.

"Captain," said I, "our friend does
not appear to be rolling about to-night,
perhaps he got sufficient from Warrior
to-day."

"Please goodness," replied he.

"There's one point you make your
mind easy on, and that is, whatever
is disturbing the peace of this place
it has nothing to do with spiritualism.
The ghost is a very substantial and
tangible one. Neither do I think any
human being is the culprit, although
there may be one at the back of af-
fairs."

"Then what do you suppose it can
be?"

"Some animal, but what sort is the
question. See these hairs I found ad-
hering to the bark of the tree I climbed.
They are not the hairs of any of the
climbing species of animals inhabiting
our country, neither have any the
strength of viciousness which this one
possessed."

"But," said the captain, "how do
you account for the hands which ap-
peared at my window, as if they were
on fire?"

"That I can't do at present but if
you will grant a request which I am
about to make I may be able to throw
some light on the subject."

"Consider it granted, then," said he.

"Well, what I propose is that you
and I change bedrooms tonight, un-
known to the servants, and to do so
we must retire to our own rooms, un-
dressed ready for bed, and then make
the exchange."

"I am perfectly agreeable," said he,
"but I hope you're not running any
unnecessary risks on my account."

Having played a game of billiards we
retired, and when ready changed our
rooms as arranged. There was nothing
of any consequence in my host's
bedroom to note, except that all the
bedroom furniture bore a coat of arms,
and the bedstead was much the same
as the one I slept in the night before.
The fireplace was an old fashioned,
very open one which burnt logs. Sat-
isfying myself with my surroundings I
pulled up the blind, and got into bed,

making sure my revolver was close at
hand. I endeavored to keep awake,
but failed to do so. Suddenly I was
startled from my sleep by feeling the
bed shaking. Looking towards the foot
I was horror-stricken to see two glow-
ing eyes fixed on me. I seized my re-
volver, but not before the owner of
the eyes had sprung at me, and torn
me to the floor. I struggled to get my
arms free from the powerful clutches
of the monster. Eventually I got my
right arm free and fired straight be-
tween its eyes. At the same moment
the brute gripped my left shoulder with
its teeth. Though in great agony, I
managed to fire again, its hold relaxed
and the monster dropped to the floor.
Although it was dark I had no doubt
that my enemy was a huge gorilla.

On my unlocking the door my host
rushed in the picture of absolute ter-
ror and anxiety, and seeing the sleeve
of my coat soaked in blood he said:
"What's happened? You're badly
hurt."

Pointing to where the beast lay I
closed and locked the door again. Then
lighting the candles, I started to bathe
my shoulder, which the Captain band-
aged for me.

"Well, Mr. Steel, there lies the cause
of all this mystery, I suppose."

"Yes, Captain, and very nearly the
cause of a tragedy as well. I am not
satisfied yet."

"What, not satisfied? Why, what
more can there be?"

"Just this. I fancy your butler has
been this animal's keeper, and either
he lets it out, or it breaks loose at
times, and suspecting as I do myself,
that it caused the death of the gillie
he is afraid to make known the fact
that it is at large. Now, Captain, as
no doubt you are aware these animals
cannot live in the cold, this one seems
to have thriven fairly well, therefore
he must have had a warm den, or
cage somewhere and that somewhere
has to be found. The easiest way to
do this is for us to hide the beast, say
nothing of tonight's occurrence to any
one, but watch the butler's movements
tomorrow. He is sure to go some time
to feed it. So help me to place it in
one of these cupboards and tidy up
the room so as to leave no cause for
suspicion in the morning."

"How do you suppose the brute made
its entrance?"

"Evidently by the chimney," I an-
swered, "but that we shall also, I hope,
be able to find out to-morrow. Now
let's get to bed again."

Next morning I was anxious to ex-
plore the turret where I had seen the
butler appear the previous day. Ac-
companied by my host we made our
way thither. Entering this disused part
of the Castle I was struck by the
warmth that one side of the building
threw out. This heat could be traced
up one wall of the two-storied turret,
but showed no way of exit for smoke,
there being no chimney.

Having examined the top room, which
was quite empty, we descended to the
ground floor. Here I expected to dis-
cover a way down to the origin of the
heat, but failed to do so.

I could not bring myself to leave the
place without finding the object I had
set my mind on, when the worn ap-
pearance on the face of the first step
attracted my notice. Kicking it, it
retreated under the next step, and along
with it a part of the wall moved back,
leaving an entrance about four feet
broad by seven high.

"Hullo, what have you got there,
Mr. Steel?"

"Give me a match, and I'll soon tell
you." Entering with a light we could
see the ground descended in a gradual
slope into a large chamber which was
well heated by a furnace. One part
of this cavern was raised off into a
cage, the back of which was boarded
up or meant to be, I should say, for a
part of it was torn down as was also
the wall, leaving an aperture. The
front of the cage could be raised form-
ing an entrance, but this proved, on
examination, to be securely padlocked.
Two chairs stood in front of the fur-
nace, over which was a shelf contain-
ing books on Zoology, and a good lamp