He began to pull off his clothes, and to lay them across the one chair that was in the room. As he took off his waistcoat, he felt in a pocket of it, and took out a tiny glass phial; weighed it in his hand for a moment, and stoo : looking at it, with a grim smile upon his lips. He put it down on the table beside the candlestick.

" If the worst comes to the worst——"

He lay down upon the bed, half dressed as he was, and slept. There was a skylight above his head, leading out to the roof; and a slant of moonlight came in through that, and fell upon the man as he lay stretched out on the bed. Once, as it seemed, some shadow crossed that skylight, and hung there for a moment, and then was gone again; but the sleeper did not wake.

His sleep was uneasy, and more than once he turned and twisted, as though striving to get himself into an easier posture. Once he came fully awake, and raised himself on his elbow, and looked about at the strange room, not realising where he was; then dropped back on to his pillow, and slept again.

The house was curiously still when presently he found himself awake again, and sitting up on the bed. Somewhere down below him he could hear the soft lapping of the tide against the old piles which supported the house. The candle, which he had left alight, had burned itself out; but a full bright moon shone in through the skylight over his head. He sat there, peering into the shadows, and licking his dry lips. It had seemed to him, in that first moment of waking, that something had moved in the room.

" Who's there ? " he asked.

There was no sound, and after a moment or two