

quaked in the presence of this weird mystery, the laugh rose again in a volume of evil sound and was mingled with a woman's cry of deadly terror.

"It is a summons to me!" cried the Scoutmaster, his eyes starting outward and a sweat as of death bursting from his face. "I saw my wife and son in a dream last night. I will follow this thing. Farewell, my Captain!"

"No, David!" I cried. "You shall not stir!"

But he had already leaped over the bodies of the dead warriors, and, with sword in hand, vanished into the darkness beyond.

In a moment I heard the laugh again, and then the scream. Then there was a period of silence that seemed an eternity. Then an agonised cry from the Scoutmaster, a fiend's laugh, and yet again a woman's scream. And then the stillness of the grave.

I stood there not knowing whether honour bade me go within and face a score of devils at my friend's side, or whether a man's duty absolved him from contact with evil spirits. For a long moment I paused on the threshold like a haunted man, staring within at the blackness. Then I saw two eyes starting out at me, a woman's arm raised holding a bloody sword, a woman's form in white apparel. More bold the outline of the figure grew until it had stepped, fainting, over the dead bodies, and then, throwing away the dripping sword, it gave me one appealing, horror-laden, soul-stricken look, and fell unconscious at my feet.

It was my wife.