

"It's me, Susan; open the door."

"What do you want?"

"Open the door and I will tell you."

After some further conversation I could hear the door opened, and my bedroom being above the kitchen, although one flat intervened, I could hear pretty distinctly what was said by the conspirators. The servants had left their bedroom, and were sitting in the kitchen.

"In the first place," began one of the men, "we want some supper."

This was procured, and the rattle of knives and forks alone disturbed the silence until Susan asked,

"Now that you are in, what do you want?"

"You will not wait long to see that. Bill, have you got your knife ready?"

"My God!" cried out Susan, "are you going to commit murder?"

"You keep quiet or I'll soon make you," said one of the villains.

But Susan was now really terrified and attempted to reach the door. The men were too quick and the two servants were soon gagged and bound. They, however, continued to struggle, till the one who was called Bill, put a stop to that by drawing his knife across her throat, and afterwards treating the other unfortunate girl in the same manner. I distinctly heard the dripping of the blood on the kitchen floor. The ruffians had evidently made sure work, for in a short time not the slightest movement was discernible.

The reader may imagine the agony which I was then enduring, but this agony was

intensified to an almost inconceivable height when I found myself incapable of motion; although not tied or bound, I was incapable of moving a single limb or of uttering a word. If I had been reduced to almost a state of syncope my hearing powers were greatly increased. Not a movement or a breathing of the two men down stairs escaped me, and I soon became aware of their creeping slowly up stairs. They passed my room door, one remarking that I was a stranger. The murderers entered the bedroom where Mr. — and his wife were sleeping; they took handkerchiefs steeped in chloroform and soon their victims were in a state of insensibility. An artery was opened in each, and death by bleeding slowly but surely ensued. A son and a daughter were then visited and met with the same fate, and the murderers then took their departure; long after which I could hear the dripping of blood from the four corpses in the different bedrooms. The dawn of day began now to break the sky, and I could distinguish articles in the room. I found that I had regained the use of my limbs, but I was still suffering from the agony of mind; the dripping of blood continued, and as I listened to it more intently, methought it came from the window. I looked around me,—I was lying on my bed, my lamp still burning at my side, and my book fallen from my hand. It was but a dream of terror, whose illusion of the whispering had been caused by the wind in the trees, and of the dropping of the blood by the pattering of the rain against the window panes.