

"Hello!" he said, trying to make the word a mere greeting. In reality it was a command to the stranger to speak, to banish the spectral impression.

The trembling man sprang into the room with the agility of a cat, slammed the door shut, and fell hard with his back against it. He looked like one who has run a great distance and makes one last effort to escape pursuit. His burning eyes glanced at Simpson and then at the few articles in the barely furnished room, but they took no knowledge of what they saw. The flame of them, brilliant and steady, went toward Sullivan.

"What can we do for you?" the old man asked brusquely, disliking the brilliant eyes.

The stranger, a grotesque flattened against the door, licked his lips twice and tried to speak. When he did so, it was in a rattling whisper, and he moved his neck curiously as if his throat hurt him.

"Help me," he said, and there was in the whisper something that sounded unpleasantly like a whine.

"All right!" Sullivan, having pulled himself together, assured him. "Come over here."

The visitor trembled as if invisible, irresistible hands had hold of him, and again his burning eyes surveyed the room blindly. He came away from the door with an infinity of caution, his breath audible in his nostrils. He came slowly, his knees half giving way beneath him. As he walked, half of the