

stified with the presence of a nameless horror. The little noises of despairing quietness—the ticking of a clock, the movement of a mouse behind a panel, the creaking of woodwork—seemed to be whispering.

At eight o'clock the servant came from the basement and along the dark passage, his feet shuffling as he walked. He lit the lamp in the hall, and then paused for a moment, hesitating. The strange, uneasy silence had gripped him. The man knocked softly on the dining-room door. There was no answer. He opened the door very quietly, and, looking in, found darkness, impenetrable, confronting him. With a shake in his voice he spoke to the threatening shadows. "Do you require anything, sir?" were the words formed by his wavering voice, the echo of which frightened him. There was no answer. From the hall he took a taper, and one by one lit the six candles in the silver support standing in the centre of the table. As they flamed up and sent their light slowly through the shadows, the butler noticed the bell-rope was no longer in its place, and, glancing fearfully about him, found it hanging taut from the top of a great sideboard. The crumpled bulk in the shadow of the heavy furniture was his master, Colonel Darleigh—dead, strangled by his own impulse. The nightmare of phantoms shouting through the corridors of his mind had become an unbroken silence—the silence which purges memory of the unforgivable, and mercifully permits us to forget.

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So we come to the parting of the ways, and little need now be added to complete the tale of these