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DOCTOR HAUSTUS knew that the Chevalier had again visited the Princess—although he had kept the visit a secret, and indeed was himself invisible for a day or two afterwards. At last the doctor's curiosity induced him to visit the Chevalier's apartment. Entering, he was surprised—even in that Land of Mystery—to find the room profoundly dark, smelling of Eastern drugs, and the Chevalier sitting before a large plate of glass which he was examining by the aid of a lurid ruby lamp—the only light in the weird gloom. His face was pale and distraught, his locks were dishevelled.

‘*Voilà,*’ he said. ‘*Mon Dieu !* It is my third attempt. Always the same—hideous, monstrous, unearthly ! It is she, and yet it is not she !’