

CHAPTER III.

I SANK back into my chair and tried in vain to shut out from my mental vision that yellow light ; but it haunted me like a ghostly eye. I could see it, though I had turned my back upon the window. I felt that it was staring at me—staring steadily and mockingly at me—a demon's eye searching out my secrets, laughing at my oddities and my fears, confident in its own diabolical power to lure me towards evil, madness.

Again I must confess that to the well-balanced mind it must seem puerile on my part to have been so strangely disturbed by so simple a novelty as a light in a deserted house ; but it must be remembered—none can be more alive to the fact than I am—that my mind was not a well-balanced one, that I had allowed my morbid imagination to run riot with me until I had completely lost control over it.

After a long and futile endeavour to shake off the uneasy feeling which possessed me I rose to draw down the blind and light my study lamp. As I stood at the window again