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midnight. Hull, overcome by curiosity, was mad to learn what it was Miss Thornton had seen that she should show such terror at the mere mention. To this end he begged the honor of escorting her home, but she had come with Travis, of the Infantry, and with him she would return. So Hull tendered his arm to Mrs. Thornton, a chatty, cheery matron who kept him listening instead of asking questions. The wind was blowing hard from the northwest and thick masses of flying scud came sailing out from the bold Black Hills, obscuring at intervals the brilliant stars and threatening speedily their total occultation. Not until they reached the gate of No. 5 had Hull another word with Jessica. There she showed generalship. "As I live I've dropped gloves!" said she. "Oh, would you be so kind, Mr. Travis?" Already the youth was harking back across the road. She knew he would not come without them, and she knew, moreover, that he would have to go more than half-way back before he could find them. She knew her mother would

1. I had been over to the hospital quite late to take some jelly to Fallon, one of our old men. Coming back I heard the sentry gasp. (I looked where he pointed and there was this—thing, beckoning—beckoning at that back window. The face was ghastly and all luminous. The head was bandaged. No! It was no hallucination. The sentry saw it, too, and he's in hospital yet, sick from the shock. Don't let—Mr. Ramsay see it—alone!"

And then Travis came bounding with the missing gloves, and Hull said good-night and left. It was now 12.30 and the moon was hidden. Ramsay was still up, reading, wide awake. "Bring that lamp and come upstairs," said Hull; so together they clambered. The back dormer window opened on the eaves. There was barely foot-room. Dust had settled on the sill and bore trace of neither hand nor foot. Moreover, the catch above the lower half of the window was firmly set. No ghost could budge it. There was a closet set in on the south side of the room back



In an instant the other three had whirled about.

not linger long in the sharp, biting air. She stood with Hull alone at the doorway within a minute.

"Had you heard—did your father tell you—anything of our experience the other night?" he asked.

She bowed her head, her fingers interlacing. "That has happened to others—to several. That is why no one will occupy No. 1," she murmured, low and hurried, with anxious glances back over her shoulder lest her mother should come again. "But—you saw—you saw nothing?"

"Nothing," said Hull stoutly. "What was there to see—a spectre with the top of his head blown off?"

"Don't laugh! That is just what some have seen—what I saw with my own eyes," and the girl gripped the door-knob tight and stood there visibly trembling.

"Well—I'm blessed!" said Hull. "Where was he? Where were you?"

It was at the dormer window of No.

of the hallway. Some empty cracker-boxes, pickle-jars, and beer bottles were all that the lantern disclosed. Asking no questions, Ramsay followed Hull. Except for that dormer window the north side was solid. Hull swung his lantern along the wainscoting and the papered wall. Neither seam, break, nor crack was visible. The one thing peculiar was the breadth of the pine wainscoting. It was fully a foot and a half.

"Ramsay," said Hull, finally, "from what Miss Thornton and certain sentries say, that was an honest ghost we had the other night. They've seen him at this window."

"So have I," said Ramsay, unexpectedly, "and I'm laying for him now."

And then, all of a sudden, borne on the rising nightwind, there came from up the row, half muffled, yet piercing—startling—a most awful scream. Ramsay went down the stairs six at a clip; bounded out into the night and up the row to No. 5. Old Stannard, officer of

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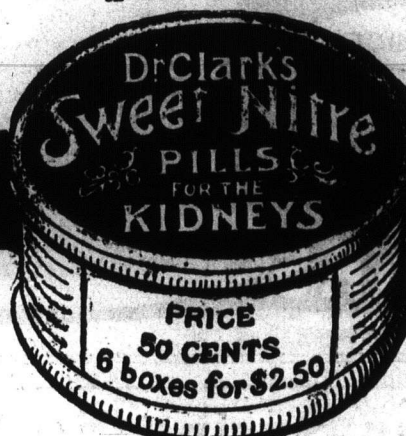
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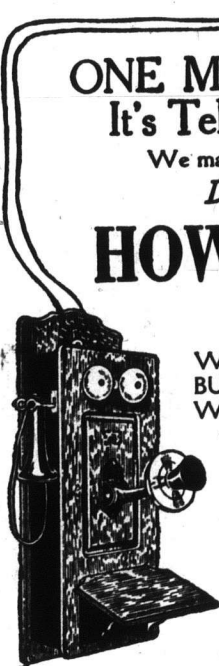
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