

still on the knob. He trembled visibly, and, without removing his shoulder from the wood against which he leaned, passed his right hand wearily across his forehead, the long, pale fingers moving loosely against his coal-black, tangled hair. He wore no hat. His beard, a week old, completed the dark, circular frame for his dead-white face, made all the ghastlier by the big, fever-lit eyes.

The eyes were terrific. They had in them the flame of terror. It was as if the fierceness of it lighted up all the badges of misery that he wore. His collar was gone, showing the neckband of his shirt fastened with a bone collar-button. The rusty coat hung open, exposing a tear in his shirt just over his heart, and from the right cuff of his coat sleeve, as he moved his hand with that peculiar, crawling motion, dangled a long piece of cloth. His trousers, baggy and shapeless, flapped slightly as his knees knocked together. His clothes, too big for him, made him look like a draped skeleton. His torn shoes spread out as if they had been filled with mush.

The terror that was in his eyes was also in his heart. It was more apparent, more real, than any terror that had ever faced Simpson the bum, or old Sullivan. It was something supernatural—something ghostly.

Simpson shivered.

Sullivan, who had let his paper slide noisily to the floor, got to his feet.