

concerning the place. Perhaps it was that I did not wish to let the world laugh at me for considering an ordinary red-brick mansion uncanny.

The suburb in which I dwelt was a comparatively new addition to Greater London. Twenty years before my advent open fields stood where now were roads and streets, houses and shops. London, in the guise of the speculative builder, had extended its octopus feelers and had quickly seized upon my suburb. For this reason few of those who now dwelt in it had any knowledge of the history—if such it may be called—of the suburb. Those who had lived in cottages had gone farther out, or had vanished into the maw of the great city to the east: those who dwelt in the once sparsely-scattered red-brick mansions had, at the approach of the building fiend, fled disconsolately, unconsciously emulating the example of their more humble neighbours, for some of them sought a haven in the great city to the west, and some had travelled further afield. Therefore was it that of the original dwellers in my suburb few had been left when I arrived there. If legends of Redpost House existed they did not reach my ears as I went my somewhat restricted rounds.

When I had been about five years in Dr. Stoker's house I sat one Sunday evening in March at my study window, gazing at the dim and dreary landscape, watching the shadowy night slowly swallowing up the great trees in the park. It was dusk when I took my seat in the embrasure