

I released him. I decided to investigate the matter secretly. Without arousing suspicion I examined every room in the castle. I found nothing of what I was in search. Then I remembered the blind room whose only opening was on the outside. How should I find it. I thought of a scheme. I caused it to be announced that a ball would be held in the castle in two weeks. My idea was to have a light at every window available from within. Then I should go out and discover the window from which came no light. That should be the blind chamber. The excuse for the ball was the desire I had to make myself known to my relatives and our family's friends. The time passed slowly, but at length I found myself in the midst of a gay throng, and the ball was at its best. Everything had been arranged as I desired. Just at the close of a dance the butler announced that a gentleman awaited me below. I had arranged it thus. I excused myself and went down. I seized a cap and went out into the court.

The castle presented a beautiful spectacle. "It is all mine" I said. No wonder I was eager to clear up the mystery that marred it.

The speaker paused and began to tremble. Then controlling himself he continued: "I examined the windows. They were all ablaze. Now my heart stood still. Along by the corner of the left wing I saw a window that had the appearance of an empty eye socket. There was in it no light."

Again he stopped and looked about in terror; his hands trembling.

"I had anticipated the necessity of a ladder and had placed one at a convenient distance. I placed this to the dark window and ascended. At the first step I felt a chill shudder shake my frame. Would to heaven I had then turned and fled. I ascended I was trembling with fear, yet I was resolved to see this affair through to the bitter end. Having reached the window I drew a stout cord from my pocket and made it fast to the sill. Then I lit a little dark lantern that I had brought, and quaking with an indescribable fear, yet inspired with an unusual determination, I seized the rope and descended into that awful darkness.

"O heavens!"

He sprang to his feet and shrank backwards from some imaginary horror before him. He placed his hands to his head, and with eyes protruding with terror, "O father," he cried, "I am lost! I am lost!" and he fell backward a corpse.

It was a dreadful shock to us, and we stood petrified with fear.

"Well," said Bolton at last, pale as the corpse at his feet.

"We cannot tell this story to the authorities." I said: "They will not believe it."

"No," said Bolton, "let us return to camp."

"But the body."

So we brought down a camp-bed and lifted the body upon it, and we sat up all night smoking. In the morning we wired the authorities. The only information they found on the dead man's clothing was a letterhead of the Steamship Pomeranian, showing that he had just arrived from Glasgow.