

room (he pointed back) from an attack of heart failure caused by excitement—and fear!

"Fear! I could well believe it. In the beautiful dilated eyes and frozen on the delicate perfect features was an expression that it broke my heart to see—the unmistakable stamp of dread, intense, hopeless fear! What was it that she saw with her clearer spiritual vision which could thus paralyze and stop that dauntless heart! Heaven only knows!

"'Rostoffchin! Where's Rostoffchin? Call him! Where is he? Heavens, he's nowhere here! He must be still in that room!' Thus calling, we rushed back down the corridor, ready (to do us all justice) to face the horror of that dark chamber without hesitation, now that we realized that he was there. As we approached the door, there was not a sound. Instead of the trampling, smashing and roaring that had rung in our ears a few moments ago, there was a silence in that room 'which might have been felt.'

"'The power' has passed away. The influence—whatever it was—that brought about these things, has ended,' whispered Dr. Cresswell. 'We will find nothing of the thing he materialized in here.'

"We opened the door of the room, and went in, holding our lamps above our heads.

"He was sitting in a strange contorted attitude in the great arm chair at the top of the table, his head fallen singularly and limply on one shoulder. The hands were clinched, and the whole attitude of the limbs betokened that the man had been thrust back into the position in which we found him by some gigantic force. But