

THE THRESHOLD

2^d version

Ingle

CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE BRIDE WITH THE DAZZLED EYES

(Provisional title)

THE BRIDE WITH THE DAZZLED EYES, was brought to the screen by the screenwriters.

ALICE PLUMMER, a doctor.

JIM HARRISON, a doctor. Original screen story

WILLIAM CARPENTIER, a doctor. by

L. Brunell and A. Aragon

FRANK, an old servant.

JOHN, an old servant.

Action takes place in Brittany (could be located equally well in America)

5642 Fountain Avenue
Tlfs. HI 0668 & HE 8913

THE NEW YORK TIMES

On a November day in 1930, the eight o'clock morning express arrived punctually at the station of Marnix, a small town on the coast of Brittany.

The day was cold and disagreeable. The sky was grey, and a fine, penetrating rain was falling from the lowering clouds.

The station porter awaited for a moment. A few passengers, hurried with luggage, all of whom were men, hurried toward the exit. Only two of them seemed to be in an hurry. They placed their luggage on their feet and stood waiting for a few moments.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JENNICA CARRINGTON, a mother, twice widowed.

DEIRDRE CARRINGTON, her daughter by her second marriage.

ADRIEN PLOUET, a doctor.

JIM MARSHALL, a mining engineer.

WAMBLY CARRINGTON, a banker, brother of Jennica's second husband.

PIERRE, an old servant.

LOTTA, an old servant.

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Carrington."

They shook hands and Carrington walked toward the exit to follow him. He did so, taking his bag in one hand and leading his wife behind him.

Action takes place in Brittany (Could be located equally well in Scotland)

Only in the rain. The two characters approached the hill and at the top which did not bear the name of a hotel and Carrington addressed the porter.

"We are going to the home of Mrs. Jennica Carrington. Is it very far?"

THE BRIDE WITH THE DAZZLED EYES

On a November day in 1890, the eight o'clock morning express arrived punctually at the station of Roscoff, a small town on the coast of Brittany.

The day was cold and disagreeable. The sky was gray, and a fine, penetrating rain was falling from the low-hung clouds.

The station became animated for a moment. A few passengers, burdened with luggage, alighted from the train and hastened toward the exit. Only two of them seemed to be in no hurry. They placed their luggage at their feet and stood watching their fellow passengers disappear.

The older of the two was an irascible looking man of about fifty-five. His face was pasty, unwholesome in appearance. He looked about him irritably and finally noticed the other traveler who was standing near the exit. This was a bright, alert looking young man in his twenties. Walking over to him, the older man asked:

"Are you Marshall, the engineer?"

"I am. Glad to know you, Mr. Carrington."

They shook hands and Carrington tersely told the other to follow him. He did so, taking his bag in one hand and leading his Skye terrier with the other.

Outside the station three or four carriages were waiting resignedly in the rain. The two travelers approached the only one of them which did not bear the name of a hotel and Carrington addressed the driver:

"We are going to the home of Mrs. Jennie Carrington. Is it very far?"

On a November day in 1890, the night of a stormy evening, a small train of cars arrived at the station of Hovell, a small town on the coast of Brittany.

The day was cold and disagreeable. The sky was grey, and a fine, penetrating rain was falling from the low-hung clouds. The station became animated for a moment. A few passengers, burdened with luggage, alighted from the train and hastened toward the exit. Only two of them seemed to be in a hurry. They placed their luggage at their feet and stood watching their fellow passengers disappear.

The elder of the two was an Irishman looking man of about fifty-five. His face was pale, his hair was thinning, and his eyes were deep-set. He looked about him restlessly and finally noticed the other traveler who was standing near the exit. This was a bright, alert-looking young man in his twenties. Waiting over to him, the older man

"Are you Marshall, the engineer?"

"I am. Glad to meet you, Mr. Carrington."

They shook hands and Carrington turned to the other to follow him. He did so, taking his bag in one hand and leading his wife behind him.

Outside the station three or four carriages were waiting. Carrington and his wife approached the only one of them which did not bear the name of a hotel and Carrington addressed the

driver:

"We are going to the home of Mrs. Jennie Carrington. Is it

very far?"

"Are you going to stop there?"

"Yes we are. What's so peculiar about that?"

The driver hesitated a moment, then shrugged his shoulders.

"Not a thing. It's about three miles from town."

A little later the carriage was bouncing over the water-filled holes in the country road. There was something melancholy about the beauty of the scenery. In the distance the ocean could be seen dashing against the rocks.

Jim Marshall looked at his companion doubtfully. Lost in thought he was staring absently at the landscape and obviously not in a talkative mood. At last Jim broke the silence:

"There are several questions that I would like to ask you, Mr. Carrington. Of course you know that I am with the Anglo-Saxon Mining Company. They told me to come and estimate the fuller's earth content of the property you own here. They didn't give me any details."

"Well, I can tell you this; if your report to your company is favorable, my property will be worth ten times as much as it is now."

As though the conversation was over, Wambly Carrington returned to his contemplation of the landscape.

Jim Marshall saw that he was dealing with a man of few words. He wondered if it was advisable to force more questions on his taciturn companion. However he had passed several silent hours on the train and he wanted to talk. From the sketchy dialogue that ensued he was able to find out: that this Mrs. Jennie Carrington, to whose home they were going, was Wambly Carrington's sister-in-law; that after the death of her first husband, a man named Montebello,

"Are you going to stop there?"

"Yes we are. What's so peculiar about that?"

The driver indicated a mansion, then shrugged his shoulders.

"Not a thing. It's about three miles from town."

A little later the carriage was bounding over the water-filled holes in the country road. There was something mysteriously about the beauty of the scenery. In the distance the ocean could be seen crashing against the rocks.

Jim Marshall looked at his companion doubtfully. Last night he was staring absently at the landscape and obviously not in a receptive mood. At last Jim broke the silence:

"There are several questions that I would like to ask you, Mr. Carrington. It seems you know that I am with the Anglo-American Mining Company. They told me to come and estimate the mine's worth, but I don't know the property you own here. They didn't give me any details."

"Well, I can tell you that; if you report to your company in favorable, my property will be worth ten times as much as it is now."

As though the conversation was over, Wendell Carrington returned to his contemplation of the landscape.

Jim Marshall knew that he was dealing with a man of few words. He wondered if it was advisable to force more questions on his taciturn companion. However he had passed several silent hours on the train and he wanted to talk. From the stately dialogue that ensued he was able to find out: that this Mrs. James Carrington, to whom they were going, was Wendell Carrington's sister-in-law; that after the death of her first husband, a man named Marshall,

she had married Wendell Carrington's brother; that there was a daughter by this second marriage; that Carrington had never met his niece and scarcely knew his sister-in-law, not having seen her for more than twenty years.

Exhausted from the effort it had cost to extract all this information, Jim in turn lapsed into silence. But not so his Skye terrier Prince, who suddenly became very playful. He frisked about and tried to investigate the contents of Carrington's pockets. The irritable old man repulsed him brusquely. He hated dogs, the humid weather annoyed him and his heart was not behaving any too well.

"How many days do you think we shall be here, Mr. Carrington?"

"As few as possible," snapped the other.

The carriage was now penetrating an avenue bordered by huge trees which had been stripped of their leaves by the autumn weather. At the end of this avenue the house, which was the destination of the trip, came into view.

It was not a very old house, fifty years at the most. It was large and had narrow windows set far apart, which indicated that the interior might be gloomy. The facade, darkened by the rains, was covered at intervals by old ivy which crept up to the very eaves. The house was composed of a main floor and a second story. Three stone steps led to the portico which protected the main entrance.

There was nothing unusual about the house at first view, but further study of it caused an uneasy feeling to come over the spectator. It was one of those anti-functional pieces of architecture which are the exact antithesis of the sound and the practical. In its creation, the architect, like so many of the artists of the period,

seemed to have been impelled by his subconscious impulses rather than his common sense. As a result there was something extravagant and unreasonable about the house---something that gave an impression of unreality.

The house was completely surrounded by giant chestnut trees. From the direction of the rear, the roar of the sea and the dashing of the waves against the cliffs could be heard.

As Carrington rapped on the door with the heavy knocker, the carriage had already departed and disappeared into the rain.

In a few seconds a little window in the door opened and the face of an old man looked out. It was an uncouth face with more hair than forehead and little ferret eyes which glared at the strangers suspiciously. Making no attempt at civility the old man asked them what they wanted.

"I am Wambly Carrington, Jennica Carrington's brother-in-law."

"Well, what do you want?"

Rather taken aback, Carrington replied: "I want to see her, naturally. I wrote several days ago saying that I would arrive."

"Madam receives no visitors."

With this the little window closed with a bang, leaving Carrington at a loss for words. Who could the brute have been? Surely his sister-in-law, Jennica, could not have ordered such a reception. But as mistress of the house, she was responsible for the insult. They would go to a hotel. That would teach her a lesson. Carrington picked up his bag and started to leave. Not knowing what else to do, Jim did the same. But the rain was growing stronger and the carriage had long since disappeared around a corner.

she had married Wambly Carrington's brother; that there was a daughter by this second marriage; that Carrington had never met his sister and scarcely knew his sister-in-law, not having seen her for more than twenty years.

Estimated from the effort it had cost to extract all this information, Jim in turn jumped into silence. But not so his huge sister, Jennica, who suddenly became very playful. He talked about and tried to investigate the contents of Carrington's pockets. The inevitable old man repeated him repeatedly. He talked down, the inside weather annoyed him and his heart was not behaving any too well.

"How many days do you think we shall be here, Mr. Carrington?"

"As few as possible," answered the other.

The carriage was now penetrating an avenue bordered by huge trees which had been stunted of their leaves by the autumn weather. At the end of this avenue the house, which was the destination of the trip, came into view.

It was not a very old house, fifty years at the most. It was large and had narrow windows set far apart, which indicated that the interior might be gloomy. The facade, however, by the way, was covered at intervals by old ivy which crept up to the very eaves. The house was composed of a main floor and a second story. Some steps led to the position which projected the main entrance. There was nothing unusual about the house at first view, but further study of it caused an uneasy feeling to come over the spectator. It was one of those anti-functional pieces of architecture which are the exact antithesis of the second and the practical. In the creation, the architect, like so many of the artists of the period,

seemed to have been impelled by his subconscious impulse rather than his own sense. As a result there was something extravagant and irresponsible about the house--something that gave an impression of unreality.

The house was completely surrounded by giant chestnut trees. From the direction of the trees, the rear of the sea and the building of the water against the cliffs could be heard.

An expression appeared on the face with the heavy shadow, the carriage had already departed and disappeared into the rain.

In a few seconds a little window in the door opened and the face of an old man looked out. It was an ancient face with more hair than youth and little lines about the eyes which glared at the stranger suspiciously. Making no attempt to civility the old man asked them what they wanted.

"I am Wendell Carrington, James Carrington's brother-in-law."

"Well, what do you want?"

Rather taken aback, Carrington replied: "I want to see her, naturally. I wrote several days ago saying that I would arrive."

"When would you be visiting?"

"With this little window closed with a bang, leaving Carrington as a lost for years. Who would the house have been? Surely his sister-in-law, James, could not have ordered such a reception. But as mistress of the house, she was responsible for the result. They would go to a hotel. That would teach her a lesson. Carrington picked up his bag and started to leave. Not knowing what else to do, he did the same. But the rain was growing stronger and the carriage had long since disappeared around a corner."

"This blasted weather and that blasted carriage!" cried Carrington in a rage. He turned back to the door and put down his bag. "We are not leaving here until I have talked to my sister-in-law. I have to see her and I am going to do so!"

He seized the knocker and gave a resounding blow which echoed throughout the house. This time it was not the little window that opened, but the door itself. In its frame appeared an entirely different type of person. It was a man about forty years old and bald headed, but what little hair he had left was very black. His thin mouth had an ironical expression and he wore gold-rimmed spectacles which gave him a certain dignity. His manner was suave, his expression was intelligent and his bearing, slightly effeminate. He seemed to be one of the type of men who are immediately disliked by their own sex, but have a certain attraction for the ladies, particularly for the women of the world.

With an ingratiating smile this person said: "I beg your pardon for the conduct of our old servant. He is faithful and reliable, but eccentric, as you have just had occasion to learn. Come in, gentlemen, and please try to overlook the unfortunate incident."

Carrington, not knowing what to say at this radical change in the situation, entered the house followed by Jim and Prince.

"Mrs. Carrington is feeling slightly indisposed and is in bed," continued the soft voice. "She asked me to tell you that she will be down for luncheon accompanied by Deirdre." He winked slyly and continued with a smile: "Your niece, Mr. Carrington. You will see that she is a charming girl."

Carrington, still suffering from his fit of temper, stared

"This blessed woman and that blessed woman!" cried Carrington in a rage. He turned back to the door and put down his key. "We are not leaving here until I have talked to my sister-in-law. I have to see her and I am going to do so!"

He opened the door and gave a tremendous blow which echoed throughout the house. This time it was not the little window that opened, but the door itself. In its frame appeared an entirely different type of person. It was a man about forty years old and bald-headed, but with little hair on his head was very black. His chin was covered with a thick growth of hair and he wore gold-rimmed spectacles which gave him a certain dignity. His manner was suave, his expression was intelligent and his bearing, slightly elevated. He seemed to be one of the type of men who are immediately disliked by their own sex, but have a certain attraction for the ladies, particularly for the women of the world.

"With an interesting smile this person said: 'I beg your pardon for the sound of our old servant. He is faithful and reliable, but eccentric, as you have just had occasion to learn. Come in, gentle-
man, and please try to overlook the unfortunate incident.'"

Carrington, not knowing what to say at this sudden change in the situation, entered the house followed by Jim and Lotta.

"Now, Carrington is feeling slightly indisposed and is in bed," continued the soft voice. "He asked me to tell you that and will be down for luncheon accompanied by Dolores." He smiled slightly and continued with a smile: "Your niece, Mr. Carrington. You will see that she is a charming girl."

Carrington, still wondering from his life of temper, stared

icily at the man who was continuing affably:

"Allow me to introduce myself. I am Dr. Adrien Plouet, physician and friend of the family. In fact, I might be considered a member of the household. I have lived in the house for more than ten years."

Carrington bowed none too graciously and replied almost against his will:

"As you already know who I am, permit me to introduce Mr. Marshall, the engineer."

The doctor extended his hand: "You come from London also?"

"No, from Paris," replied Jim. "My company is English, but we have a Paris branch. I came from there."

The solicitous activity of Dr. Plouet was now directed toward providing sleeping quarters for the guests. He turned to a woman who had just entered the room. She was a little past middle age and had a manner of concentrated attention which gave the impression that she might be deaf. However she understood the soft, musical voice of the doctor perfectly as he said:

"Lotta, show the gentlemen to their rooms."

The moment the guests had followed Lotta out of the room, there was a complete change in the doctor's features. The amiable expression was gone. He strode toward the wide stairway which led to the upper floor. Once upstairs he disappeared through a door that was standing ajar and closed it behind him.

He was face to face with Jennie Carrington, the mistress of the house. She was standing in the center of the room, dressed in deep mourning. Her face was pale and emaciated. Except for her big black

to the man who was continuing steadily:
 "Allow me to introduce myself. I am Dr. Arvidson, friend of the family. In fact, I might be considered a member of the household. I have lived in the house for more than ten years."
 Dr. Arvidson bowed none too graciously and replied almost against his will:
 "As you already know who I am, permit me to introduce Dr. Marshall, the engineer."
 The doctor extended his hand: "You come from London also?"
 "No, from Berlin," replied Lotta. "My company is English, but we have a Paris branch. I come from there."
 The selfless activity of Dr. Arvidson was now directed toward providing sleeping quarters for the guests. He turned to a woman who had just entered the room. She was a little past middle age and had a manner of concentrated attention which gave the impression that she might be deaf. However she understood the soft, musical voice of the doctor perfectly as he said:
 "Lotta, show the gentlemen to their rooms."
 The moment the guests had followed Lotta out of the room, there was a complete change in the doctor's features. The calm expression was gone. He strode toward the side doorway which led to the upper floor. Once upstairs he disappeared through a door that was standing ajar and closed it behind him.
 He was free to face with Lotta Arvidson, the mistress of the house. She was standing in the center of the room, dressed in deep mourning. Her face was pale and expressionless. Except for her big black

eyes which had not yet lost their fire, she looked her full sixty years. She was a cold, bitter woman. Her manner was authoritative and determined. It was evident that her will was indomitable and her pride was almost offensive. Still, there was something about her that gave the impression that she had known great suffering.

"They are in their rooms now," were the doctor's first words.

"They did not suspect anything?"

"I don't think so."

"It was completely stupid of you to order Pierre to send them away. In this weather it was only natural that they wouldn't want to go. Now we must give them the impression that everything is perfectly normal here. We will resort to extreme measures only in case of absolute necessity."

"I told them that you were indisposed, but would see them at luncheon," said the doctor.

"Very well."

"Don't you think it would be wise to talk to the servants again, especially to Pierre?"

"I have already given Pierre very definite instructions and I will answer for Lotta."

"And for Deirdre?"

"She knows she must not talk and she won't."

"At any rate, it's best not to leave any loose ends."

"I am depending on you to take care of that. Go now, and keep yourself informed as to everything that happens."

The doctor left the room. He looked in both directions to see that no one was watching him, took a key from his pocket, opened a

door that was alone at the extreme end of the corridor, entered the room and locked the door behind him.

About two o'clock, freshly shaved and in clean clothes, Jim shut his dog Prince in his room and started for the drawing-room. The rooms of both Jim and Wambly Carrington were on the main floor and opened into a corridor which led to the drawing-room.

Not the slightest sound could be heard in the house, not even the fall of the rain which momentarily had stopped.

As Jim entered the drawing-room where he had been received by Dr. Plouet a few hours before, his eyes roved over the elaborate furnishings. The vast room was decorated in the ornate style later known as the "bad taste" of the period. The elegant furnishings were at the same time strangely attractive and repellent. On the wall was an enormous English-style pendulum clock, whose ticking became almost an obsession if one remained long enough in the ^{poorly} ~~badly~~ lighted room. A wide stairway led to the upper story. There were only two windows, but several doors led to other parts of the house. One of these ^{stood} ~~was~~ ajar.

Jim strolled over to the half open door. What he saw left him speechless. A young girl was praying in front of a small altar above which was a crucifix lighted only by an oil lamp. No, the girl was not an apparition, for she moved her head slightly as though she sensed his presence. In the unreal atmosphere of the silent house, Jim had the impression that he was looking at a praying statue. The girl's hair was golden blond and fell over her shoulders. Her profile was perfect. Feeling his gaze, she slowly turned her head toward him. Jim stared at her as though fascinated and for a moment neither

door that was alone at the entrance and of the corridor, entered the room and looked the door behind him.

About two o'clock, freshly shaved and in clean clothes, Jim shut his bag behind him in his room and started for the drawing-room. The room of both Jim and Wambly Carrington were on the main floor and opened into a corridor which led to the drawing-room. Not the slightest sound could be heard in the house, not even the fall of the rain which momentarily had stopped.

As Jim entered the drawing-room where he had been received by Dr. Plouet a few hours before, his eyes roved over the elaborate furnishings. The vast room was decorated in the ornate style favored known as the "bad taste" of the period. The elegant furnishings were at the same time strangely attractive and repellent. On the wall was an enormous English-style painting of a landscape, whose striking beauty almost in opposition it one remained long enough in the brightly lit room. A who sat in the upper story. There were only two windows, but several doors led to other parts of the house. One of these doors opened onto a balcony.

Jim strolled over to the half open door. What he saw left him speechless. A young girl was kneeling in front of a small altar above which was a crucifix lighted only by an oil lamp. He, the girl was not an exception, for she moved her head slightly as though she sensed his presence. In the narrow recesses of the altar house, Jim had the impression that he was looking at a living statue. The girl's hair was golden blond and fell over her shoulders. Her profile was perfect. Feeling his gaze, she slowly turned her head toward him. Jim started at how an though fascinated and for a moment neither

one of them moved. At last Jim broke the silence:

"You must forgive me. The door was open. I didn't mean to."

The apparition did not speak. She looked at him shyly.

Jim continued:

"I am so sorry that you saw me. I will never forgive myself for having disturbed you at your prayers."

Before he was able to say more, Wambly Carrington appeared.

"It's two o'clock. They will be waiting for us." Noticing the presence of the girl, he forced a smile. "Very pretty indeed. Exactly as the doctor said. Come here, Deirdre, and meet your old uncle."

The embrace that followed lacked something in warmth. Adding two or three conventional phrases, Carrington led the way to the dining room. Before they entered, he presented Jim to his niece. She gave him her hand, and this contact, although it appeared cold and formal, in reality had more warmth than the embrace she had just given her uncle.

Seated at the head of the table, Jennica Carrington looked like a grim old statue. She glared at her guests with coldly inquisitive eyes. If her icy features had ever known how to smile, they had long since forgotten. Doctor Plouet, seated at her left, arose quickly upon seeing the guests.

"How are you, Wambly? Tired from the trip?" asked the hostess without warmth.

"No, I have rested a bit, thank you. And you? You are slightly under the weather, the doctor tells me."

"It's only natural. The years are passing."

"Indeed they are. I certainly wouldn't have recognised you if I had met you on the street."

"You, yourself, are not so young as the last time I saw you. It's been more than twenty years."

Dr. Flouet quickly interrupted with an embarrassed laugh:

"For Heaven's sake, Jennica! Please, Mr. Carrington! Enough of these compliments. In a minute you will have the mummies of Egypt looking like mere children."

Ignoring him completely, Jennica Carrington said:

"Warmly, introduce your friend."

He did so, and acknowledging Jim's bow, the old lady continued:

"I see that you have already met my daughter Deirdre. Sit down."

At a sign from the hostess, Lotta began to serve the meal. An embarrassing silence followed, which the doctor tried to break without much success. He finally turned to the engineer, questioned him about his profession, spoke of Paris, of Flemish painting, of the raising of birds, in which he was particularly interested, and of the superiority of French cooking. Jim answered the doctor absently. He was thinking about Deirdre, at whom he was trying not to look. The atmosphere was strained. Deirdre did not take her eyes off her plate. She was trying to conceal her embarrassment at the lack of congeniality.

Suddenly Jennica broke in upon the doctor's monologue and directing herself to Carrington, asked bluntly:

"How long do you plan to remain here?"

He repressed his desire to reply: "Not a second longer. To the devil with all this eccentricity and mystery. We will go to a hotel," and replied in a matter-of-fact tone, that it would be just

the length of time necessary for Mr. Marshall to examine the prop-

position. The doctor went over to one of the narrow dining room windows and looked at the sky which could be seen dark and threatening across the trees.

"It seems to have stopped raining!" he exclaimed. "Let us take a walk to the cliffs. It is only about three hundred yards. I assume you that the view is worth the trouble."

"You go," said Carrington to Jim and the doctor. "We will attend to that later," she said.

"Then I will go with you," said Carrington. "And you, Miss Carrington, won't you come too?"

The speaker continued and looked at her mother as though seeking permission. There was no change in Carrington's expression, but it was evident that the answer was "No." With a sudden flash of energy and decision, Deirdre turned to Jim and said:

"I will go with you, if you like."

Jim went to his room to get his hat and a little later the four left the house. As they stepped over the point of water, walking in the direction of the cliffs, the sound of the ocean became louder. Walking a little behind Jim and Deirdre, the doctor was making a desperate attempt to engage Carrington in conversation.

"It is natural that you, as a doctor, consider money of prime importance. For me it is only a means, while you consider it an end

in itself."

"That's right," replied the other noncommittally. Dr. Plouet continued talking. He represented himself as an altruistic soul. The sincerity of his words was questionable. Neither the time nor the circumstances lent themselves to a conversation of the sort. He seemed to be trying to learn to whom Carrington intended to leave his fortune. He found out that no will had been made.

As the two men arrived at the cliffs, they stared silently at the magnificent spectacle which confronted them; a wild sea, a threatening sky, at their feet a vertiginous abyss, and above it all the roar of the wind and the deep voice of the waves. Behind them, towering above the barren tree tops, the house could be seen.

A bit apart from the others, Jim and Deirdre were silently admiring the view.

"This is a beautiful spot," said Jim. "It seems so remote from civilization."

"Yes it is beautiful," replied Deirdre, "but there is something about these cliffs that frightens me sometimes. Perhaps it is because I know them so well. I have lived here all my life."

Jim looked at her thoughtfully. There was something melancholy about her beauty -- something almost tragic.

"If you will pardon my saying so," he said aloud, "this morning when I saw you praying in the chapel, I had the strangest feeling. It was almost uncanny."

Confused, Deirdre lowered her eyes.

"I felt rather strange also. Perhaps it was the surprise."

in itself."

"That's right," replied the other nonchalantly.

Dr. Finest continued talking. He represented himself as an
 aristocrat and the sincerity of his words was questionable.

Neither the time nor the

circumstances lent themselves to a conversation of the sort. He

seemed to be trying to learn to whom conversation belonged to leave

his fortune. He found out that he will had been made.

As the two men arrived at the office, they started silently at

the magnificent apartment which confronted them: a wide sea,

stretching sky, at their feet a vermillion abyss, and above it all

the roar of the wind and the deep voice of the waves. Behind them,

towering above the horizon like a giant, the house could be seen.

A bit apart from the others, Jim and Deirdre were silently

admiring the view.

"This is a beautiful spot," said Jim. "It seems so remote

from civilization."

"Yes it is beautiful," replied Deirdre, "but there is some-

thing about these cliffs that frightens me sometimes. Perhaps it

is because I know them so well. I have lived here all my life."

Jim looked at her thoughtfully. There was something melancholy

about her beauty -- something almost tragic.

"If you will pardon my saying so," he said aloud, "this morning

when I saw you praying in the chapel, I had the strangest feeling.

It was almost creepy."

Deirdre looked at him and

"I felt rather strange also. Perhaps it was the surprise."

"No, No, it was not that alone. When I saw you I seemed to
 recognize you. I had the impression that I have known you for a
 long time. You will not laugh, if I say for centuries?"

Deirdre did not laugh. Jim continued:

"I don't know why, but ~~when I saw you~~ you seemed
 so defenseless, as though you needed help. Naturally it's absurd.
 Perhaps it was because you were praying for guidance. At any rate,
 I still have the impression that you are unhappy."

"Perhaps I am, but it is not my fault."

Deirdre was overcoming her timidity little by little. Jim
 inspired confidence. He was the first young man who had ever spoken
 to her so intimately. She felt him to be a friend. She tried to
 explain why she was so timid. She had lived remote from the world,
 had had no friends, no social life. She never saw anyone but the m
 members of her own family and the doctor. The doctor? She almost
 never spoke to him. In reality he was a strange, solitary man, not
 talkative as he had appeared that day. His only interest was in his
 canaries. He had over a hundred of them.

"Canaries?" asked Jim surprised.

Yes, he devoted every minute of his spare time to them. He
 said that he felt more comfortable among birds than among people.
 On the other hand, she and her mother owed the doctor a great debt
 of gratitude.....

"No, no, it was not that alone. When I saw you I seemed to recognize you. I had the impression that I have known you for a long time. You will not laugh, it is not a compliment?"

Deirdre did not laugh. She continued:

"I don't know why, but when I saw you I seemed to have the impression that I have known you for a long time. You will not laugh, it is not a compliment?"

Deirdre was overjoyed at this little by little. She had lived a life of loneliness. She was the first young man who had ever spoken to her as a friend. She told him to be a friend. She tried to explain why she was so kind. She had lived a life of loneliness. She had no friends, no social life. She never saw anyone but the members of her own family and the doctor. The doctor was a very good man. In reality he was a strange, solitary man, not talkative as he had appeared that day. His only interest was in his work. He had over a hundred of them. "Compliments" were the only thing that he gave. Yes, he devoted every minute of his spare time to them. He said that he felt more comfortable among birds than among people. On the other hand, she and her mother owed the doctor a great debt of gratitude....

Deirdre was standing with her back to the ocean looking toward the house. Suddenly she became silent and a look of fear came into her eyes. ^{In} ~~From~~ one of the upstairs windows the dark silhouette of her mother could be seen. Her eyes were fixed upon the two young people like an eagle regarding its prey. Deirdre excused herself quickly and before Jim could speak, she had disappeared between the trees.

Surprised and disappointed, Jim walked over to Dr. Flouet and Carrington. Just then a few drops of rain started to fall and Carrington, looking at the sky almost in horror, started for the house at a rapid pace. The other two followed more slowly.

Suddenly, just as he was nearing the house, something fell on the banker with a great crash of branches and withered leaves. Jim and the doctor rushed to his aid and Prince, barking furiously, disappeared into the thicket.

Carrington ^{stood} ~~lay~~ in the middle of the path. His face was pale from fright and he was clutching at his chest as though he might have had a heart attack. A large ladder, coming from between the trees, had fallen a couple of inches from his head. It was a miracle that he had not been killed. The doctor took his pulse and tried to calm him. Jim ran after Prince who was growling furiously at Pierre, the old servant, who said with no display of emotion:

"I was carrying this ladder to the house. It was very heavy and I dropped it."

"You're an idiot!" cried Carrington angrily. "You ought to be more careful. You might have killed me."

Believe was standing with her back to the ocean looking toward the house. Suddenly she became aware of a look of fear came into her eyes. When one of the upstairs windows the dark silhouette of her mother could be seen. Her eyes were fixed upon the two young people like an eagle regarding its prey. Believe rushed herself quickly and before the could speak, she had disappeared between the trees.

Surprised and disappointed, she walked over to Dr. Plouet and Carrington. Just then a few drops of rain started to fall and Carrington, looking at the sky almost in horror, started for the house at a rapid pace. The other two followed more slowly. Suddenly, just as he was reaching the house, something fell on the ground with a great crash of branches and withered leaves. The doctor rushed to his aid and friend, bending forward, she appeared into the light. Carrington was in the middle of the air. His face was pale from fright and he was clenching at his chest as though he might have had a heart attack. A large ladder, coming from between the trees, had fallen a couple of inches from his head. It was a miracle that he had not been killed. The doctor took his pulse and tried to calm him. The two other friends who were growing increasingly at times, the old servant, who with no display of emotion, "I was carrying this ladder to the house. It was very heavy and I dropped it."

"You're an idiot!" cried Carrington angrily. "You ought to be more careful. You might have killed me."

Pierre looked at him indifferently, turned and walked away. Patting Carrington on the back, Dr. Plouet said consolingly: "Come on now, brace up! It's nothing! It's all over now!" But his bright little eyes, intelligent and expressive, sparkled strangely behind his spectacles. It was evident that he would not have been unhappy if Carrington's skull had been crushed.

A few hours later Wambly Carrington and his sister-in-law were sitting in a small room that served as an office. He was looking over some account books and she was embroidering, paying no attention to him. Finally Wambly spoke. He found the books in perfect order. Anyway, it was very simple bookkeeping. He hoped that the Anglo-Saxon Mining Company would buy his property and his sister-in-law could be saved the trouble of sending him the yearly balances. He tried to show her the advantage of selling her own property to the same company.

Jennica cut him short. Why sell anything? Her income was enough to live on and she had no desire to amass a fortune. She would leave that to him. And by the way, as far as his fortune was concerned, he could leave it to whomsoever he pleased. Her daughter Deirdre had no need of it. Wambly remembered his recent conversation with the doctor.

"I see that Dr. Plouet has been talking to you. Perhaps my money makes no difference to you, but it does to him."

He looked at him indifferently, turned and walked away. Letting Carrington on a table, Dr. Plouet said consolingly: "Come on now, please stop! It's all over now!" But his bright little eyes, intelligent and expressive, expressed strongly behind his spectacles. It was evident that he would not have been unhappy if Carrington's smile had been exchanged.

A few hours later Wambly Carrington and his sister-in-law were sitting in a small room that served as an office. He was looking over some account books and she was calculating, paying no attention to him. Finally Wambly spoke. He found the books in perfect order. Anyway, it was very simple bookkeeping. He hoped that the Anglo-Saxon Mining Company would pay his property and his sister-in-law could be saved the trouble of sending him the yearly balance. He tried to show her the advantage of selling her own property to the same company.

Turned out his shorts. Why call anything? Her income was enough to live on and she had no desire to make a fortune. She would leave that to him. And by the way, as far as his fortune was concerned, he could leave it to whomsoever he pleased. Her daughter Deirdre had no need of it. Wambly resumed his recent conversation with the doctor.

"I see that Dr. Plouet has been talking to you. Perhaps my money makes no difference to you, but it does to him."

Jennica did not answer. She continued with her embroidery and Wambly returned to his books.

Later that evening Jim, Deirdre, Dr. Plouet and Carrington were in the large music room which was off the drawing-room. The two older men were absorbed in a game of chess near the fireplace.

Seated at the piano, Deirdre was playing "^{Prelude} ~~Walden~~, Aria and Finale" with exceptional ability. Jim Marshall stood near her, watching her slender hands speed over the keys. He marvelled that the solemn, menacing music of Cesar Franck could come from such small, delicate fingers. The tumultuous, heroic ^h rhythm was incongruous with the sweet, timid expression of the girl.

Jim glanced over the large room and his eyes fell on a picture which was standing on an easel beside a gilt harp. It was the life size portrait of a bride. Her white wedding gown stood out against a background of dark clouds. Her veil fell softly over her shoulders and back and was arranged in graceful folds at her feet. At her breast was the symbolic spray of orange blossoms.

The expression on her face was strange and disturbing. Her blue eyes were like those of Deirdre, but lacked their serenity. Slightly protruding, they seemed to stare into space as if they were dazzled. She appeared to smile without smiling. The corners of her lips were slightly upturned in a stereotyped expression, like the faces of those ancient statues which leave one in doubt as to whether

Jim glanced over his large room and his eyes fell on a picture which was standing on an easel beside a little lamp. It was the life-size portrait of a bride. Her white wedding gown stood out against a background of dark clouds. Her veil fell softly over her shoulders and back and was arranged in graceful folds at her feet. At her breast was the symbolic spray of orange blossoms.

The expression on her face was strange and disturbing. Her blue eyes were like those of Deirdre, but lacked their serenity. Slightly protesting, they seemed to stare into space as if they were dead. She appeared to smile without smiling. The corners of her lips were slightly upturned in a stereotyped expression, like the lines of those antique statues which leave one in doubt as to whether

she is about to laugh or to cry. Deirdre had finished playing. Picking up a sheet of music, Jim asked her to play it. It was "Carnival" by Schumann.

"But this is a solo for the harp," she said. "It is the part called 'Chopin'."

"Exactly. I would like to hear you play it."

Deirdre did not answer. She seemed to be confused by the request.

"You do not play the harp?"

"No," she said, immediately retracting her statement. "That is -- I play very badly, and --"

She hesitated, bewildered. Jim tried to help her.

"That doesn't matter. Anyway, I am sure that you play very well."

Deirdre glanced anxiously in the direction of Dr. Plouet, as if trying to call him to her aid. He had raised his head and was listening attentively to the conversation.

"Deirdre knows that I do not like harp music, and therefore she does not wish to play," he said. "I have often made fun of her, saying that a woman sitting at a harp reminds me of a vulgar 'senorita' in her Sunday clothes, sitting behind the iron grate of her window. Of course..."

At this moment the doctor was interrupted by a blood-curdling scream which resounded through the house. Jim's blood ran cold. Deirdre became ghastly pale and a look of horror came over her face. The only one who remained calm was the doctor. Prince, who had

they are about to laugh or to cry. Deirdre had finished playing. Picking up a sheet of music, Jim asked her to play it. It was "Carnival" by Schumann.

"But this is a solo for the harp," she said. "It is the part called 'Chopin'."

"Exactly. I would like to hear you play it."

Deirdre did not answer. She seemed to be confused by the request.

"You do not play the harp?"

"No," she said, immediately retracting her statement. "That is -- I play very badly, and --"

She hesitated, bewildered. Jim tried to help her.

"That doesn't matter. Anyway, I am sure that you play very well."

Deirdre glanced anxiously in the direction of Dr. Plouet, as if trying to call him to her aid. He had raised his head and was listening attentively to the conversation.

"Deirdre knows that I do not like harp music, and therefore she does not wish to play," he said. "I have often made fun of her, saying that a woman sitting at a harp reminds me of a vulgar 'senorita' in her Sunday clothes, sitting behind the iron grate of her window. Of course..."

At this moment the doctor was interrupted by a blood-curdling scream which resounded through the house. Jim's blood ran cold. Deirdre became ghastly pale and a look of horror came over her face. The only one who remained calm was the doctor. Prince, who had

They were about to laugh or to cry. Deirdre had finished playing. Picking up a sheet of music, she asked him to play it. It was "Carrington" by Schumann. "But this is a solo for the harp," she said. "It is the harp," he said. "I would like to hear you play it." Deirdre did not answer. She seemed to be surprised by the request. "You do not play the harp?" "No," she said, immediately rejecting her statement. "That is -- I play very badly, and --" She hesitated, bewildered. Jim tried to help her. "That doesn't matter. Anyway, I am sure that you play very well." Deirdre glanced anxiously in the direction of Dr. Plouet, as if trying to call him to her aid. He had looked into her eyes and was listening attentively to the conversation. "Deirdre knows that I do not like harp music, and therefore she does not wish to play," he said. "I have often made fun of her, saying that a woman sitting at a harp reminds me of a vulgar 'amante' in her Sunday clothes, sitting behind the iron grate of her window. Of course..." At this moment the doctor was interrupted by a blood-curdling scream which resounded through the house. Jim's blood ran cold. Deirdre became greatly pale and a look of horror came over her face. The only one who remained calm was the doctor. Prince, who had

been sleeping in front of the fire, cocked his ears, his backles stiffened and he gave a deep growl, showing his teeth.

"Please! Please don't let the dog go!" cried Deirdre in horror.

Jim had difficulty in controlling his Skye Terrier. Dr. Plouet, who showed not the faintest trace of emotion, left the room followed by Deirdre. Behind them went Jim and Carrington.

The drawing-room was empty, but at the top of the stairway, looking down at the room calmly and coldly, was Jennica Carrington.

"Doctor, she has had another attack. Please come up," she said, betraying no emotion. Then excusing herself to the guests, she continued; "Please do not disturb yourselves, gentlemen. You may come up and help us, Deirdre."

The girl rushed quickly up the stairs, as the doctor explained:

"It is poor Lotta. She has hysterics. Excuse me, I will be with you in a moment."

A few ^{muffled} screams could still be heard. Worried and uncomfortable Jim and Carrington remained below. Carrington decided not to return to the music room. He was very tired from the trip and the incident had bothered him. Moreover, if the weather should clear, they would have a busy day tomorrow.

"Stay here if you like. I'm going to bed."

Jim returned to the music room. He was not sleepy and he wanted to talk to the doctor. He walked over to the portrait of the bride and stood studying it. Looking at it again he experienced the same uneasy feeling that he had had at first view. The expression was so

The Bride with the Dazzled Eyes

strange and vague, the smile so stereotyped and enigmatic. The figure was so lifelike, that Jim would not have been surprised to see it step out of the frame and walk about the room. The strange resemblance to Deirdre was annoying. The voice of Dr. Plouet broke in upon his thoughts.

"Well, everything is calm once more," said the doctor. "A few bromide tablets and everything is all right until the next time. It is not necessary to be a Hippocrates, to get out of a difficulty in this house."

Jim did not answer. He was standing as if hypnotized by the eyes of the portrait.

"This picture certainly makes an impression," he said, turning around. "Is it a sister of Mrs. Carrington, Doctor?"

"It is Agnes, Mrs. Carrington's daughter by her first husband."

"Where is she now?"

"She died about fifteen years ago. In fact, it is exactly fifteen years. Tomorrow is the anniversary of her death."

"Was she married?"

"You ask that because of the wedding dress. She was going to be married a few days after this portrait was completed, but an accident in which both she and her fiance were killed turned the wedding into a funeral."

Jim urged the doctor to tell the story, which he did quite willingly. Of course he realized that this was contrary to Mrs. Carrington's wishes. She would not allow the subject to be mentioned. The accident had had such a sad influence on the character of the poor woman. Naturally, she had not always been as hard and

the strange and vague, the smile so stereotyped and enigmatic. The figure was so lifelike, that it would not have been surprising to see it step out of the frame and walk about the room. The strange resemblance to Deirdre was annoying. The voice of Dr. Plover broke in upon his thoughts.

"Well, everything is calm once more," said the doctor. "A few more fabric and everything is all right until the next time. It is not necessary to be a hypocrite, to get out of a difficulty in this house."

He did not answer. He was standing as if hypnotized by the eyes of the portrait.

"This picture certainly makes an impression," he said, turning around. "It is a sister of Mrs. Carrington, Doctor?"

"It is Agnes, Mrs. Carrington's daughter by her first husband."

"Where is she now?"

"She died about fifteen years ago. In fact, it is exactly fifteen years. Tomorrow is the anniversary of her death."

"Was she married?"

"You ask that because of the wedding dress. She was going to be married a few days after this portrait was completed, but on the night in which both she and her fiancé were killed the wedding dress was turned into a funeral."

He urged the doctor to tell the story, which he did quite willingly. Of course he realized that this was company to Mrs. Carrington's wishes. She would not allow the subject to be mentioned. The wedding had had such a sad influence on the character of the poor woman. Naturally, she had not always been as hard and

bitter as she was now.

The story began in 1875. At that time Agnes was eighteen years old. She was very beautiful, he had been told, although he never met her. Furthermore, she was sensitive and of an emotional nature. Jennica's second husband, Deirdre's father, had just died. The widow was devoting her life to her two daughters whom she loved passionately. She was rich, lived comfortably and was highly respected.

One day a young stranger arrived in the village of Roscoff. His name was Richard Grant and he was very attractive. Agnes fell in love with him at first sight. Her mother opposed the love-affair with every means at her command, but she only made matters worse. There was nothing she could do but consent to the marriage. A few days before the wedding, Richard went to Paris to settle some business matters, at least so he said. He returned the day before to the wedding and went directly to the Carrington home.

That afternoon Agnes and Richard went out for a walk. This was, according to Jennica, the last time they were ever seen. Deirdre, at that time only six years old, went with them. On their way home, a fierce storm broke. It rained in torrents and the sea was very wild. There was much excitement in the nearby village, when a passenger boat, trying to enter the harbor, ran against the rocks and sank.

It was very beautiful, he had been told, although he never met her. Furthermore, she was sensitive and of an emotional nature. Jennie's second husband, Deirdre's father, had just died. The widow was devoting her life to her two daughters whom she loved passionately. She was rich, lived comfortably and was highly respected.

One day a young stranger arrived in the village of Montebello. His name was Richard Grant and he was very attractive. Agnes fell in love with him at first sight. Her mother opposed the love-affair with every means at her command, but she only made matters worse. There was nothing she could do but consent to the marriage. A few days before the wedding, Richard went to Paris to settle some business matters, at least so he said. He returned the day before the wedding and went directly to the carriage house.

That afternoon Agnes and Richard went out for a walk. This was, according to Jennie, the last time they were ever seen. Deirdre, at that time only six years old, went with them. On their way home, a fierce storm broke. It rained in torrents and the sea was very wild. There was much excitement in the nearby village, when a passenger boat, trying to enter the harbor, ran against the rocks and sank.

It grew dark, and the three young people had not yet returned. Jennie sent all the servants out to search for them, staying alone in the house with Lotta. Finally, toward dawn, Deirdre arrived alone, terrified and soaked to the skin. She said that her sister and her fiancé had fallen from the cliffs into the ocean.

The mother rushed madly to the spot indicated by Deirdre, but it was useless. She came home heart-broken. She sent Lotta to the village for aid, but there everyone was busy caring for the survivors of the shipwreck. The next day the bodies of Agnes Montebello and Richard Grant were taken from the ocean.

Jennie was inconsolable. She dismissed most of the servants and shut herself away from the world. That unfortunate accident had completely ruined her life. Her health was failing rapidly, and so, a little later Dr. Plouet had come to live in the house as her physician.

"I came for a month, and as you see, I am still here. I was all alone in the world, and was happy to find a home and family," he concluded.

The clock in the drawing-room struck eleven and the doctor rose.

"Eleven o'clock already? This is real dissipation for me! I haven't retired so late in years."

They went into the drawing-room, where they said goodnight.

It grew dark, and the three young people had not yet returned. Jeanette went all the way out to search for them, staying alone in the house with her father. Finally, toward dawn, Barbara arrived alone, terrified and shocked to the heart. She said that her sister and her friends had fallen from the cliffs into the ocean.

The mother rushed wildly to the spot indicated by Barbara, but it was useless. She saw only heavy rocks. The next morning, to the village for aid, but there everyone was busy caring for the survivors of the shipwreck. The next day the bodies of Agnes, Henrietta and Richard were taken from the ocean.

Jeanette was inconsolable. She dreamed most of the survivors and shut herself away from the world. That unfortunate accident had completely ruined her life. Her health was falling rapidly, and so, a little later Dr. Brown had come to live in the house as her physician.

"I come for a month, and as you see, I am still here. I was all alone in the world, and was happy to find a home and family," he murmured.

The clock in the drawing-room struck eleven and the doctor rose.

"Never a clock strikes? This is real distraction for me! I haven't retired as late as yours."

They went into the drawing-room, where they said goodnight.

A few minutes later old Pierre appeared through the door from the corridor and went through a strange operation. He went to the main door, took a heavy iron bar that hung from one of its sides, put it across the doorway and locked it with a padlock. He did the same with the window shutters.

This done, he extinguished the few lights that were still burning in the room and left without making a sound.

At the same time, Jeanette was lying in bed, and was thinking of the accident.

Silence again prevailed in the house, broken only by the monotonous sound of the rain, falling on the roof and on the dry leaves in the garden.

Wrapped in a heavy flannel dressing-gown, Jim was sprawled in an armchair in front of the fireplace in his room. He dropped the book he had been reading. It had been a day of varied experiences, most of which had been unpleasant. Still, he felt strangely happy. He gazed at the burning logs, which peopled the room with disturbing

A few minutes later the light appeared through the door from the corridor and went through a strange operation. It went to the main door, took a heavy iron bar that hung from one of its sides, put it across the doorway and looked at it with a nod. He hid the key with the window.

This done, he extinguished the low light that was still

burning in the room and left without making a sound.

shadows, and listened to the drowsy patter of the rain, which continued unceasing

Little by little a pleasant drowsiness came over him.

How long had he been dozing there? An hour? Two hours? He opened his eyes, and listened, scarcely believing his own ears. From the distance, scarcely perceptible, came the sound of a harp. Could he be dreaming? He rubbed his eyes and roused himself. There was not the slightest doubt. Someone was playing the harp. He went to the door and opened it quietly. The music became more distinct.

At the same time another door opened and Wambly Carrington sleepily appeared with a candle in his hand.

"Do you hear it also?" he asked in a hushed voice.

"Yes. Someone is playing 'Carnival', the part that your niece refused to play tonight," whispered Jim.

Quietly they went into the drawing-room. The door to the music room was closed, but it was evident that the music was coming from there. They remained motionless for a moment, listening to the music. In the silence of the house, the music sounded infinitely sad. The musician had changed the rhythm, making it mournful, deperate. It seemed that the innermost thoughts of the harpist were being revealed.

shadows, and listened to the heavy patter of the rain, which seemed to be falling on the roof of the house.

How long had he been looking at her? As long as two hours? He opened his eyes, and listened, anxiously believing his own ears. From the distance, suddenly perceptible, came the sound of a harp.

Could he be dreaming? He rubbed his eyes and looked himself. There was not the slightest doubt. Someone was playing the harp. He went to the door and opened it quietly. The music became more distinct.

At the same time another door opened and Wendy Carrington slightly appeared with a candle in her hand.

"Do you hear it clear?" he asked in a hushed voice.

"Yes. Someone is playing 'Carnival', the first that you

have noticed to play tonight," whispered Jim.

Quietly they went into the drawing-room. The door to the

music room was closed, but it was evident that the music was

coming from there. They remained motionless for a moment, listening

to the music. In the silence of the house, the music sounded in-

stantly and. The music had changed the rhythm, making it

more rapid, more lively. It seemed that the intensity of

the harp was being revealed.

Jim and Carrington looked at each other. Carrington, who was nearest the door, finally decided to open it. The minute that his hand touched the knob, the music ceased abruptly. Although the door was not locked, it did not open readily. It finally gave way, revealing the music room to be dark and deserted. But the strings of the harp were still resounding in the room, as though in a huge sounding box.

Holding his candle high, Carrington entered the room, followed by Jim. By the dim light of the candle, the solitary ^{harp} ~~harp~~ could be seen. It was still vibrating as it stood beside the portrait of the bride. Speechless the two men stared. Was it the effect of the dying strains of music in the eerie atmosphere of the dark room? The enigmatic smile on the face of the bride was more pronounced! A malevolent fire burned in her dazzled eyes!

Suddenly a sound was heard near the fireplace. It came from a little emergency door that was just to the right. They turned startled, as the door slowly opened and Dr. Flouët appeared. He wore a dressing-gown and slippers and carried an oil lamp. There was something menacing about his suave smile. He spoke as courteously as ever, but there was a bitter quality in his soft voice.

He looked at them for a moment. They were motionless and

the music was being revealed.

The door of the music room was slowly opened.

"The harp is waiting for you below," she said.

The door slowly opened and the music was being revealed.

Jim and Garretton looked at each other. Garretton, who was nearest the door, finally decided to open it. The minute that his hand touched the knob, the minute seemed eternally. Although the door was not locked, it did not open readily. It finally gave way, revealing the minute room to be dark and deserted. And the strings of the harp were still resonating in the room, as though in a huge sounding box.

Holding his candle high, Garretton entered the room, followed by Jim. By the dim light of the candle, the solitary ^{young} ~~man~~ ^{girl} could be seen. It was still vibrating as it stood beside the portrait of the bride. Specimens the two men stared. Was it the effect of the dying attention of music in the early atmosphere of the dark room? The enigmatic smile on the face of the bride was more pronounced! A revelation like turned in her dazzled eyes!

Suddenly a sound was heard near the fireplace. It came from a little emergency door that was just to the right. They turned startled, as the door slowly opened and Dr. West appeared. He wore a dressing-gown and slippers and carried an oil lamp. There was something menacing about his suave smile. He spoke as calmly as ever, but there was a bitter quality in his soft voice.

"I see that you gentlemen are very inquisitive..."

Neither of them could find an answer.

The next morning the pools of water standing about the house reflected a sky grayer and more menacing than that of the previous day. The last dry leaves had fallen from the trees. The water fell in torrents and the whole house seemed to sleep in a timeless dream.

Old Pierre drove a horse and carriage from the coachhouse and stepped in front of the main entrance. At that moment a great chirping of birds could be heard. The sound came from the doctor's aviary which was situated in the most remote part of the second story. It was, in reality, just an ordinary room which the doctor had converted into a home for his canaries.

The doctor was feeding his birds. He cared for them with an almost maternal affection, speaking to them in loving terms and calling each one by its own name. He was reproaching a few birds that he considered too impatient. They were perched unafraid on his shoulders and head.

The door of the aviary opened and Lotta appeared.

"The carriage is waiting for you below," she said.

The doctor tenderly brushed away some canaries who seemed re-

"I see that you gentlemen are very impetuous..."

Neither of them could find an answer.

The next morning the pools of water standing about the house reflected a sky greyer and more menacing than that of the previous day. The last day before the rain fell from the sky. The water fell in torrents and the whole house seemed to sleep in a sinister green.

Old Pinner drove a horse and carriage from the coachman and stopped in front of the main entrance. At that moment a great chirping of birds could be heard. The sound came from the doctor's aviary which was situated in the most remote part of the second story. It was, in reality, just an ordinary room which the doctor had converted into a house for his canaries.

The doctor was feeding his birds. He stood for them with an almost maternal affection, speaking to them in loving terms and calling each one by its own name. He was regreting a few birds that he considered too important. They were perched unafraid on his shoulders and head.

The door of the aviary opened and Lotta appeared.

"The carriage is waiting for you below," she said.

The doctor suddenly brushed away some canaries who seemed to

luctant to leave him. "Go away, you silly children. Papa has to go now, but he will be back soon."

Turning to the servant, he said, "Very well, Lotta," and added as they were leaving the room, "On my way back from the village I will pass by the cemetery. It will be about two o'clock. Wait for me by the gate, and I will bring you home."

A little later he climbed into the carriage and drove away.

Lotta was in the dining room serving the breakfast. There were only two places set at the table. Jim appeared in the door.

"Good morning, Lotta," he said cheerfully.

"Good morning," replied the servant tersely.

"Are you feeling all right, now?"

"I always feel well," she replied in the same dry tone.

Jim realized that Lotta did not wish to speak of her attack of the night before, so looking at the table, he inquired:

"Why are there only two places set this morning?"

insistent to leave him. "Go away, you silly children. I am not to go now, but he will be back soon."

Turning to the servant, he said, "Very well, ladies," and added as they were leaving the room, "On my way back from the village I will pass by the cemetery. It will be about two o'clock. Wait for me by the gate, and I will bring you home."

A little later he climbed into the carriage and drove away.

There was in the dining room during the breakfast. There were only two places set at the table. Jim appeared in the door.

"Good morning, ladies," he said cheerfully.

"Good morning," replied the servant hastily.

"Are you feeling all right, now?"

"I always feel well," she replied in the same dry tone.

Jim realized that Jane did not wish to speak of her attack of the night before, so looking at the table, he inquired:

"Why are there only two places set this morning?"

"This is no day for parties and chit-chat. Fifteen years ago today, a terrible tragedy occurred in this house. Neither the mistress nor her daughter will be down today."

She slammed a tray with coffee and brioches on the table and disappeared.

Wambly Carrington entered the dining room in a very bad humor. He had caught cold, and was thoroughly disgusted with the weather. He was going to spend the entire day in his room in front of the fire. Jim would have to amuse himself as best he could. An inspection of the property on a day like this was out of the question.

Jim remarked that Mrs. Carrington and Deirdre would not be downstairs today, and that from his room he had seen Dr. Plouet driving away.

Carrington shrugged his shoulders.

"It doesn't matter to me if he comes or goes or if the women stay upstairs or down. In this blasted country both the weather and the people are against us."

Jim laughed good naturedly. "Let me tell you what I think about it. I think that they are all deliberately trying to avoid us."

"Probably so that they won't have to explain certain annoying things, if you know what I mean!"

It was dark and melancholy, and the rain was still, but incessant. It was not cold, however, and Jim thought of the fresh air.

"This is no day for parties and this-what, fifteen years ago today, a terrible tragedy occurred in this house. Neither the unknown nor her daughter will be born today."

She placed a tray with coffee and biscuits on the table

and disappeared.

Wendy Carrington entered the dining room in a very bad humor. He had caught cold, and was thoroughly disgusted with the weather. He was going to spend the entire day in his room in front of the fire. Jim would have to make himself as best he could. An inspection of the property on a day like this was out of the question. Jim remarked that Mrs. Carrington and Dottie would not be downstairs today, and that from his room he had seen Mr. Pender driving away.

Carrington shrugged his shoulders.

"It doesn't matter to me if he comes or goes or if the women stay upstairs or down. In this blasted country both the weather and the people are against us."

Jim laughed good naturedly. "Let me tell you what I think about it. I think that they are all deliberately trying to avoid us."

"Probably so that they won't have to explain certain annoying things, if you know what I mean!"

Jim did not insist. He saw that Carrington did not wish to be more explicit and, although he did not understand exactly what was implied, he remained silent.

"If the weather is no better tomorrow, we will go to a hotel," continued Carrington. "If it is better, we won't give them much more trouble. We will be away from the house all day long."

The noise of the rain, monotonous and sad, suddenly increased, making further conversation difficult.

Lotta was crossing the corridor, when Jim stopped her to ask about Prince. He had not seen his dog since early morning.

"Don't talk to me about that animal. This morning he ran into the drawing-room and messed everything up. I chased him out of there. I hate dogs!" she said vehemently.

Jim put on his raincoat and went out into the garden. He hoped to find Prince there. Although it was only ten o'clock in the morning, it seemed late in the day. It was dark and melancholy, and the rain was fine, but incessant. It was not cold, however, and Jim breathed deeply in the fresh air.

The Bride with the Dazzled Eyes

From the top of the house the doctor's canaries could be heard. They were singing so loud that they almost drowned out the cackle of a frightened hen which was much closer. This noise came from a small shed not far from the house. Jim walked over and found that Pierre was killing some chickens. His hands were covered with blood and in one of them he held a large kitchen knife. Jim asked him if he had seen Prince. The old man scratched his head with his dirty, bloody hands and answered slowly:

"I surely did see him a while ago, when that there Mr. Wambly kicked him out of the house. The cursed animal came here and chased the chickens. If he comes here again, I'll take care of him! That's a dog for you!"

Jim was in a rage, but he controlled himself and walked away. What kind of inhuman, antisocial people lived in this house? The doctor? One could at least talk to him. And Deirdre.... When he thought about her --- living in this hate-filled house --- the blood rushed to his head. He felt that he ^{must} see her and talk to her again. He would see her that very day, no matter what happened!

Jim turned off the tree-bordered avenue and went down a narrow path, calling his dog, "Prince! Prince!"

Suddenly, less than a hundred yards from where he was standing, he thought he saw a white form pass across the thickets. But the sensation was so fugitive that he couldn't tell whether it was a human being, a piece of cloud being driven by the wind, or merely a hallucination.

From the top of the house the doctor's candles could be seen. They were shining so low that they almost touched the ceiling of the kitchen. This noise came from a frightened hen which was much older. Jim walked over and found that there was nothing there. His hands were covered with blood and in one of them he held a large kitchen knife. Jim asked him if he had seen a white form. The old man answered his head with his hand. "I never did see him a white egg when there was no white egg." Jim dashed after the white form, calling: "Deirdre!" There was no answer and near the house the girl disappeared. Not far away he heard a door slam. He hurried in that direction and saw a small construction that was built against the wall of the house, and to all appearances was a hot-house. He approached, tried the door and found it locked from the inside. In spite of the fact that it was constructed of glass, the plants on the inside prevented him from seeing if anyone was within. He went around to one side, looking in and saw Deirdre picking flowers. She was not wearing any sort of a veil. With her was Lotta, who, at a gesture from the girl, went to a door which led to the interior of the house. The old servant had something hidden under her apron. It seemed to be a bundle of cloth or white gauze. Jim immediately associated this with the veil which he had just seen floating through the woods.

He watched attentively. There was no doubt of it now. Across a clearing in the woods, running in the direction of the house, he saw the ^{figure} of a woman. Her back was toward him and a filmy white veil floated behind her in the wind. Jim was reminded of the portrait of the bride in the music room. This was the anniversary of Agnes' death. Could it be her spirit revisiting the places she loved when alive? Or was it some diabolical plan of the hostess to frighten her guests. The fleeing form had a resemblance to Deirdre. Jim dashed after the white form, calling: "Deirdre!" There was no answer and near the house the girl disappeared. Not far away he heard a door slam. He hurried in that direction and saw a small construction that was built against the wall of the house, and to all appearances was a hot-house. He approached, tried the door and found it locked from the inside. In spite of the fact that it was constructed of glass, the plants on the inside prevented him from seeing if anyone was within. He went around to one side, looking in and saw Deirdre picking flowers. She was not wearing any sort of a veil. With her was Lotta, who, at a gesture from the girl, went to a door which led to the interior of the house. The old servant had something hidden under her apron. It seemed to be a bundle of cloth or white gauze. Jim immediately associated this with the veil which he had just seen floating through the woods.

He watched attentively. There was no doubt of it now. Lotta was observing in the woods, running in the direction of the house, he saw the entrance of a woman. Her back was toward him and a flying white veil floated behind her in the wind.

Jim was reminded of the portrait of the bride in the music room. This was the anniversary of Anna's death. Could it be her spirit revisiting the place she loved when alive? Or was it some malicious plan of the hostess to frighten her guests. The fleeing form had a resemblance to Deirdre.

Jim dashed after the white form, calling: "Deirdre!" There was no answer and near the house the girl disappeared. Not far away he heard a door slam. He hurried in that direction and saw a small construction that was built against the wall of the house, and to all appearances was a hot-house.

He approached, tried the door and found it locked from the inside. In spite of the fact that it was constructed of glass, the flange on the inside prevented him from seeing if anyone was within. He went around to one side, looking in and saw Deirdre picking flowers.

She was not wearing any sort of a veil. With her was Lotta, who, at a gesture from the girl, went to a door which led to the interior of the house. The old servant had something hidden under her apron. It seemed to be a bundle of cloth or white gauze. Jim immediately associated this with the veil which he had just seen floating through the woods.

Jim rapped on one of the panes of glass. Deirdre looked toward him, her expression changed and she looked anxiously at the door through which Lotta had just disappeared.

Finally Deirdre hurried over to him. She opened the window and for a moment they looked at each other in silence. She seemed to be frightened and, without giving him a chance to speak, she said:

"Oh Jim, please go! They might find us together!"

Jim looked surprised. "What does that matter?"

Deirdre hesitated a moment as though there was something that she was afraid to say.

"I can't tell you. My mother..."

"She has forbidden you to speak to me?"

"Yes. But it's not only that...." She looked anxiously at the door.

"But tell me, what can I have done?"

Deirdre tried to close the window, but Jim prevented her.

"Deirdre, I would give anything to know what's the matter in this house. I am not going to rest until you tell me. A few minutes ago I thought I saw you running through the woods...."

The girl was more confused than he had expected.

"I will try to see you and explain to you, Jim. But now, please go!"

"Tell me when we can see each other. I must talk to you. You know that I will do anything in the world to help you...."

The Bride with the Dazzled Eyes

Deirdre seemed to hear someone approaching. She cried:

"Go! Don't let anyone see you!" and closed the window with a slam, just as Lotta entered from the house.

Without mentioning

~~what she had just seen~~ what she had just seen, Lotta took the bouquet of flowers that Deirdre handed her and left the house by the outside door. Jim had already disappeared. The old servant opened a large umbrella and went down the avenue.

Beside a little church, more moss than stone, was the tiny cemetery of Roscoff. Lotta walked among the graves, protected from the rain by her large umbrella. She stopped in front of two identical stones, which were side by side. They bore the brief epitaphs:

"HERE LIES AGNES MONTEBELLO Died at the age of nineteen years....Year 1875."

"HERE LIES RICHARD GRANT Died at the age of twenty-seven years....Year 1875."

Lotta placed her bouquet unceremoniously on the grave of Agnes and went toward the exit. The carriage was coming down the road and Dr. Plouet stopped when he saw the servant.

"Is there anything new at home?" asked the doctor as they were driving away.

The Bride with the Dazzled Eyes

Lotta seemed to have become approaching. She cried: "Don't let anyone see you!" and closed the window with a bang, just as Lotta entered from the house.

Lotta took the bag of flowers that Dr. Plouet handed her and left the house by the outside door. She had already disappeared. The old servant opened a large umbrella and went down the avenue.

Beside a little church, more moss than stone, was the tiny cemetery of Rossett. Lotta walked among the graves, protected from the rain by her large umbrella. She stopped in front of the central stones, which were side by side. They bore the brief epitaphs:

"HERE LIES ADAMS MONTMELLO, died at the age of nineteen years....Year 1875."

"HERE LIES RICHARD GRANT, died at the age of twenty-seven years....Year 1875."

Lotta placed her bouquet unceremoniously on the grave of Grant and went toward the exit. The carriage was coming down the road and Dr. Plouet stopped when he saw the servant.

"Is there anything new at home?" asked the doctor as they were driving away.

The Bride with the Dazzled Eyes

"The old man got up this morning with a bad cold. The young man has been sticking his nose into everything. He talked with the young lady."

"Yes?" responded Dr. Plouet absently.

"These men have come here to ruin everything!" Lotta could not conceal her anger and disgust.

"They will ruin nothing," said the doctor, smiling. His tone was assured. "We must be very polite to them and prevent anything from happening."

"But how long will we have to put up with them?"

"They will go very soon, and if they do not, we will take *positive* measures."

A long silence followed which the doctor finally broke.

"You caught the young lady talking to Mr. Marshall?"

"Yes," said Lotta dryly.

(follows next page)

The doctor struck the horse a furious blow with his whip. They did not speak the rest of the way.

The house seemed ~~deserted~~ deserted. The sound of the rain filled the solitary drawing-room. The large wall-clock had just struck two, but the dim light that filtered in through the windows gave the impression that it was dusk. Jim was sitting in the library off the drawing-room. He was trying to kill time by reading a book. The day had seemed endless. Mrs. Carrington and Deirdre were apparently remaining in their rooms.

Wambly Carrington entered the drawing-room cautiously. He had on a velvet smoking jacket and a wool scarf was wrapped around his throat. As he neared the library door he saw Jim sitting inside with his back to the door, absorbed in a book. Carrington walked by silently, taking great care not to attract Jim's attention. When he reached the door of the music room, he opened it cautiously. He entered and closed the door behind him without making a sound.

Mrs. Carrington was seated by the window of her sitting-room, busy with her embroidery. The door opened and the doctor entered. With a grim look on his face, he sat down facing her. She continued with her work as though she were unaware of his presence.

After some moments the doctor spoke :

"Jennica, the time has come when you must fulfil your promise."

She raised her eyes to the doctor's face and looked at him

"The old man got up this morning with a bad cold. The young man has been striking his nose into everything. He raised with the young lady."

"Yes?" responded Dr. F. Carrington.

"There can have come here to ruin everything!" Jennica could

not conceal her anger and disgust.

"They will ruin nothing," said the doctor, smiling. His

eyes were assured. "We must be very polite to them and prevent

anything from happening."

"But how long will we have to put up with them?"

"They will go very soon, and if they do not, we will take

measures."

A long silence followed which the doctor finally broke.

"You caught the young lady talking to Mr. Mervell?"

"Yes," said Jennica dryly.

(follows next page)

The Bride with the Dark Eyes

The doctor struck the horse a furious blow with his whip. They did not speak the rest of the way. The house seemed deserted. The sound of the rain killed the solitary drawing-room. The large well-clock had just struck two, but the dim light that filtered in through the windows gave the impression that it was dark. Jim was sitting in the library off the drawing-room. He was trying to kill time by reading a book. The day had seemed endless. Mrs. Goringham and Deirdre were apparently remaining in their rooms. Wanda Goringham entered the drawing-room cautiously. He had on a velvet smoking jacket and a wool scarf was wrapped around his throat. As he neared the library door he saw Jim sitting inside with his back to the door, absorbed in a book. Goringham walked by silently, taking great care not to attract Jim's attention. When he reached the door of the music room, he opened it cautiously. He entered and closed the door behind him without making a sound.

Mrs. Goringham was seated by the window of her sitting-room, busy with her embroidery. The door opened and the doctor entered. With a grin look on his face, he sat down facing her. She continued with her work as though she were unaware of his presence.

After some moments the doctor spoke:

"Jennica, the time has come when you must fulfill your promise."

She raised her eyes to the doctor's face and looked at him

inquisitively. His attitude was defiant. She replied:

"No one knows better than you, how grateful I am to you and how happy I would be if you and Deirdre were married. But you must remember that I made that promise only on the condition that Deirdre loved you."

"Let's talk plainly. The sentiments in this case count very little. Deirdre doesn't love me, nor I her. But love is not necessary for a successful marriage. Friendship and mutual respect are enough. I intend to continue to live here for the rest of my life. It is to your advantage that we should be married."

"You appear to have made up your mind. I suppose that you will stop at nothing?"

"Nothing!"

"May I ask, why this sudden hurry?"

"This marriage must take place sometime. It is better for your daughter to be married, so that she doesn't fall in love with the first good looking man that she sees!"

Jennica looked at him severely.

"What do you mean by that?" "What has happened?"

"Nothing much, but I believe that Deirdre is having secret meetings," said the doctor with a certain irony in his voice.

Jennica looked up quickly and said energetically:

"That is impossible!"

"Secret meetings or not, I am in a position to demand this marriage," he replied, calmly and firmly.

Jennica seemed to be involved in an inner struggle. Finally she said: "Give me until tomorrow. I will talk to her today."

The doctor rose and prepared to go. He was smiling again and said in his usually honeyed tones:

"It is also possible to find a way to direct the fortune of your egotistical brother-in-law to your charming daughter."

"Let him do as he wishes with his fortune. My daughter is not in need of money."

Rubbing his hands together, the doctor retorted a bit sarcastically.

"You are always so generous.... But you must remember that the family will soon be larger. It is up to me to take care of my wife's interests."

"She is not your wife yet!"

"She will be, within the month," concluded the doctor firmly.

Several hours had passed. Jim was still in the library. It was night and the lights were now burning.

The door opened and the doctor entered, smiling more obsequiously than ever. Adjusting his gold-rimmed spectacles, he asked if Jim had been very bored. What did the doctor think? The house was certainly no cabaret. He had passed the entire day alone, and the constant pounding of the rain was enough to drive one mad.

The doctor inquired solicitously about Prince. His disappearance was very odd. He thought that perhaps the dog had been attracted by some local canine Juliet, and was spending a honeymoon in a neighboring barn. He promised Jim that the next day he would send Pierre to look for the dog.

The doctor's loquaciousness bored Jim. He nodded, yes or no, absently.

"It is too bad," the doctor was saying, "that the inclement weather has held you in the house, and that you have not been able to take care of your business. It is also unfortunate that your visit here should coincide with the anniversary of Agnes' death. This naturally upsets the household each year. It is day of memories and mourning for the ladies. You cannot wonder at their conduct, however. They have lived very far apart from the world..." Here the doctor smiled knowingly. "So naturally, they are unaccustomed to the gallantries of a Don Juan..."

Jim looked up quickly. "Just what do you mean by that?"

The doctor was profusely apologetic. He begged pardon. It was just a little joke, perhaps very out of place, but decidedly a joke.

"Nobody likes to see the intimacy of ^{his} home invaded," he continued with a conciliatory air. "Not that I mean you or Mr. Carrington! Heaven forbid! But doesn't it seem to you that Mr. Carrington should be surprised at nothing? After all, until now, he has never paid the slightest attention to his family. You understand, my boy, what I am trying to say."

"Just a minute, Dr. Plouet," Jim interrupted, springing to his feet. "I understand exactly what you are trying to say, and also a lot more. I came to this house on business. My firm sent me here. As to whether or not I am a Don Juan, that is strictly *not* ~~your~~ your affair. At any rate, I will move to a hotel tomorrow. I can confer with Mr. Carrington there, when it is necessary."

"Come, come, do not take it that way, my boy. Do not be

The doctor rose and prepared to go. He was smiling again and said in his usually friendly tone: "It is also possible to find a way to direct the fortune of your egotistical brother-in-law to your charming daughter." "Let him do as he wishes with his fortune. My daughter is not in need of money." Rubbing his hands together, the doctor repeated a bit sarcastically. "You are always so generous.... But you must remember that the family will soon be larger. It is up to me to take care of my wife's interests." "She is not your wife yet!" "She will be within the month," concluded the doctor firmly. Several hours had passed. Jim was still in the library. It was night and the lights were now burning. The door opened and the doctor entered, smiling more conspicuously than ever. Adjusting his gold-rimmed spectacles, he asked if Jim had been very bored. What did the doctor think? The house was certainly no longer. He had passed the entire day alone, and the constant pounding of the rain was enough to drive one mad. The doctor inquired solicitously about Jim's disappearance. His disappearance was very odd. He thought that perhaps the dog had been attracted by some local canine interest, and was spending a honeymoon in a neighboring town. He promised Jim that the next day he would send Pierre to look for the dog. The doctor's questionnaires bored Jim. He nodded, yes or no, absently.

"It is too bad," the doctor was saying, "that the engagement weather has held you in the house, and that you have not been able to take care of your business. It is also unfortunate that your visit here should coincide with the anniversary of Agnes' death. This naturally upsets the household each year. It is day of memories and mourning for the ladies. You cannot wonder at their conduct, however. They have lived very far apart from the world..." Here the doctor smiled knowingly. "So naturally, they are unacquainted to the gallantries of a Don Juan..."

Jim looked up quickly. "Just what do you mean by that?"

The doctor was profoundly apologetic. He begged pardon. It was just a little joke, perhaps very out of place, but decidedly a joke.

"Nobody likes to see the intimacy of home invaded," he continued with a conciliatory air. "Not that I mean you or Mr. Garlington! Heaven forbid! But doesn't it seem to you that Mr. Garlington should be surprised at nothing? After all, well now, he has never paid the slightest attention to his family. You understand, my boy, what I am trying to say."

"Just a minute, Dr. Plouet," Jim interrupted, springing to his feet. "I understand exactly what you are trying to say, and also a lot more. I agree to this house on business. My time here is here. As to whether or not I am a Don Juan, that is strictly ~~your~~ your affair. At any rate, I will move to a hotel tomorrow. I can confer with Mr. Garlington there, when it is necessary."

"Come, come, do not take it that way, my boy. Do not be

angry with me. My only intention in saying what I did was..."

The doctor's eloquence was cut short. From the interior of the house came a painful and prolonged howl, a cry of death. It seemed to come from an animal rather than a human being. The blood froze in Jim's veins. He looked at the doctor whose face was entirely drained of color.

"You heard that?" asked Jim.

The doctor did not answer. There was a complete change in his features.

"I would swear that howl came from my dog!" cried Jim.

Dr. Plouet strode into the drawing-room, followed by Jim. There he listened a moment, with drawn breath. Complete silence reigned in the house. The door to the music room was standing open. The doctor hurried there, and Jim followed without a word.

The music room was dark. The doctor lit a kerosene lamp. Suddenly Jim noticed the portrait of the bride.

"The portrait! Look at the portrait!"

The dim light from the lamp fell on the canvas with its phantasmal white silhouette. At first glance it presented nothing unusual. But from the place where the spray of orange blossoms had been, erasing it completely, was flowing a dark viscous liquid that was gradually covering the entire chest. There was no doubt about it. The portrait was bleeding! The portrait was bleeding as though it had been stabbed in the breast by an unknown hand!

Jim and the doctor went over to the portrait. They examined the phenomenon coolly. The doctor pointed at the ceiling just above

"...I did not..."

The doctor's silence was not empty. From the interior of the house came a painful and prolonged howl, a cry of death. It seemed to come from an animal rather than a human being. The blood froze in Jim's veins. He looked at the doctor whose face was entirely drained of color.

"You heard that?" asked Jim.

The doctor did not answer. There was a complete change in his features.

"I would swear that have come from my dog!" cried Jim.

Dr. Plouet strode into the drawing-room, followed by Jim. There he listened a moment, with drawn breath. Gorge's silence reigned in the house. The door to the music room was standing open. The doctor hurried there, and the followed without a word.

The music room was dark. The doctor lit a kerosene lamp. Suddenly Jim noticed the portrait of the bride.

"The portrait! Look at the portrait!"

The dim light from the lamp fell on the canvas with its ghastly white silhouette. At first glance it presented nothing unusual. But from the place where the spray of orange blossoms had been, streaming it conspicuously, was flowing a dark viscous liquid that was gradually covering the entire chest. There was no doubt about it. The portrait was bleeding! The portrait was bleeding as though it had been stabbed in the breast by an unknown hand!

Jim and the doctor went over to the portrait. They examined the phenomenon coolly. The doctor pointed at the ceiling just above

the portrait. The viscous liquid was coming through a small fissure in the ceiling and falling drop by drop on the bride. The position of the easel that supported the painting was not vertical, but slightly oblique. The drops were falling from the ceiling through the dark background, and therefore were not visible until they reached the white figure of the bride.

"We will go to the room above. Follow me," said the doctor.

They hurried through the ^{little} emergency door at the side of the fireplace and up a winding stairway to a door above, which the doctor opened. There they found themselves in a room filled with old furniture and articles of all kinds in complete disorder.

At one side on the floor there was a pool of blood.

Here lay Prince, the Skye terrier. His throat had been cut.

Jim rushed to him, horrified. He felt a blind rage coming over him. Dr. Plouet looked on unperturbed and said nothing. The room they had just entered had another door. This was ajar. As if provoked by the light of the lamp, a strange, soft, tremulous noise started in the adjoining room. On hearing this, the doctor rushed to the door and flung it open. The light of the lamp revealed a macabre sight.

The room was completely empty of furniture of any sort.

Dazzled by the light, a hundred birds fluttered about the room in a frenzy, not knowing where to light. The room connected with the doctor's aviary, to which the door was open. The strange whispering noise that had attracted his attention was produced by the fluttering wings of the birds, of which not one chirped, adding to the weirdness of the scene.

In the center of the room, flat on his back, with his eyes staring blankly into space, lay the body of Mr. Carrington. His face was frozen in an expression of terror. His ^{arms} ~~hands~~ were ^{stretched} ~~extended~~ over his chest and his legs were extended stiffly. He seemed much larger than in life.

A few canaries were perched on the body. One of them, immobile, as if fascinated by the light, was posed on the face. He had one foot on the cheek bone and the other on the wide-open right eye. The left hand of the corpse was clenched convulsively.

The two men remained motionless for a few seconds. At last Dr. Flouet knelt by the body and began to examine it. The birds who had been perched on the body flew away and joined the others, who were still flying about the room in great agitation.

Jim approached the body and studied it closely. He had never seen such a panic-stricken face. What could Mr. Carrington have seen just before he died? Why had he come to this abandoned room? What connection was there between his death and that of the dog?

The doctor rose. He had recovered his perpetual calm.

"What in the devil was the poor fellow doing here? He died of a heart attack. Aneurism, probably."

He then tried to bring order among the frenzied birds and make them enter the aviary. They seemed to recognize their master, because one at a time they obediently returned to their room.

Meanwhile, Jim, kneeling over the corpse, was trying to pry the left hand open. He did so with difficulty. What he saw left him more perplexed than ever. It was a spray of artificial orange blossoms.

In the center of the room, flat on his back, with his eyes staring blankly into space, lay the body of Mr. Carrington. His face was frozen in an expression of terror. His hands were stretched out over his chest and his legs were extended stiffly. He seemed much larger than in life.

A few minutes were passed on the body. One of them, immobile, as if fascinated by the light, was posed on the face. He had one foot on the cheek bone and the other on the wide-open right eye. The left hand of the corpse was clenched convulsively.

The two men remained motionless for a few seconds. At last Dr. Plouet knelt by the body and began to examine it. The bride who had been perched on the body flew away and joined the others, who were still lying about the room in great agitation.

She approached the body and studied it closely. He had never seen such a panic-stricken face. What could Mr. Carrington have seen just before he died? Why had he come to this abandoned room? What connection was there between his death and that of the dog?

The doctor rose. He had recovered his personal calm. "Just in the devil was the poor fellow doing here? He died of a heart attack. An aneurism, probably."

He then tried to bring order among the frenzied birds and make them enter the study. They seemed to recognize their master, because one at a time they obediently returned to their room.

Meanwhile, Jim, kneeling over the corpse, was trying to pry the left hand open. He did so with difficulty. What he saw left him more puzzled than ever. It was a spray of artificial orange blossoms.

As the clock in the drawing-room was striking half past eight, a certain activity came over the house.

Dr. Plouet went to Mrs. Carrington's room to inform her of her brother-in-law's death. Lotta hurried upstairs with a bottle of medicine and a glass of water. Jim and Pierre carried Carrington's body downstairs to his bedroom.

A little later Plouet ordered Pierre to go to the village the next morning to inform the authorities that Carrington had died of natural causes, and to order a coffin.

At last Jim and the doctor were again in the drawing-room. Plouet expressed the opinion that Carrington, erratic to the point of insanity, had killed Prince and then suffered an attack of aneurism. It was a simple case. Carrington had died just before they found him.

"If that's the case, how do you explain the rigidity of his body? It was almost impossible to pry his hand open."

"That depends upon how forcibly he closed it before he died."

"And the orange blossoms?"

"That is just as strange to me as it is to you. He might have been carrying them in his pocket."

"In my opinion, Doctor, Mr. Carrington died some time before my dog was killed."

The doctor laughed. Absurd! Was the engineer trying to be a Sherlock Holmes? Who else besides Carrington, the old eccentric, would want to kill the dog? Dr. Plouet had heard the deceased remark that he detested dogs. It was not worth while to continue talking in this

As the clock in the drawing-room was striking half past eight, certain activity came over the house.

Mr. Plover went to Mrs. Carrington's room to inform her of her brother-in-law's death. He hurried upstairs with a bottle of medicine and a glass of water. Jim and Deirdre carried Carrington's body downstairs to his bedroom.

A little later Plover ordered Piers to go to the village the next morning to inform the authorities that Carrington had died of natural causes, and to order a coffin.

At last Jim and the doctor were again in the drawing-room. Plover expressed the opinion that Carrington, excited to the point of insanity, had killed Piers and then suffered an attack of aneurism. Carrington had died just before they found him.

"It's a case, how do you explain the rigidity of his body? It was almost impossible to pry his hand open."

"That depends upon how forcibly he closed it before he died."

"And the orange blossom?"

"That is just as strange to me as it is to you. He might have been carrying them in his pocket."

"In my opinion, Doctor, Mr. Carrington died some time before he was killed."

The doctor laughed. "Ah! Now the engineer trying to be a Sherlock Holmes? Who else besides Carrington, the old eccentric, would want to kill the boy? Dr. Plover had heard the deceased remark that he hated dogs. It was not worth while to continue talking in this

fashion. After all there were more important things to discuss.

"By the way, my boy, I have a message for you from Mrs. Carrington. She says that the sudden death of her brother-in-law leaves you without further business in the house. She would like you to leave as soon as possible."

The doctor's tone could not have been more threatening. A flash of anger came over Jim.

"You certainly do not expect me to go in the middle of the night. I shall leave the first thing tomorrow morning."

"Early tomorrow morning will be all right."

"But before I go, I want to talk with Deirdre."

The doctor smiled hypocritically and said that as far as he was concerned, he saw no reason to forbid it, but that, under the circumstances, the mistress of the house would be in no humor to permit it.

Jim thought for a moment and an expression of determination came over his face. He turned to the doctor and was about to speak, but the latter had once again resumed his conciliatory manner. He would do everything in his power to persuade Mrs. Carrington to allow Jim to say goodbye to Deirdre.

Deirdre was lying face down across her bed. Hearing a noise, she raised her head and looked toward the window. Her face was stained with tears. She went to the window and saw Jim outside in the pouring rain. He motioned for her to open the window. She did so, glancing toward the door of her room with frightened eyes.

"Deirdre, I am leaving in the morning. I couldn't go without seeing you again."

"I know, I wanted to talk to you again also." Deirdre was trembling. Her perturbation was obvious. She said in a hushed voice: "All this is terrible!"

Jim's voice came pleading through the half open window:

"~~Wait~~ Tell me! You must tell me what is happening in this house!"

"I can't! I can't!" she said in an agonized voice, looking at the door. "Somebody might come!" She hesitated for a moment, then seemed to take courage: "Wait for me at midnight in the chapel. I may be a little late, but I swear I will come."

"Deirdre...."

Jim could say no more. She had closed the window. Lashed by the wind and the rain, he slowly climbed down the old ivy which he had used as a ladder.

The room on the first floor, which had served as Mr. Carrington's bedroom, was now converted into a death chamber. The bed was placed in the center of the room and the corpse of the banker was stretched upon it.

With all the skill of an artist putting the final touches on a masterpiece, the doctor gave a few delicate adjustments to the shroud. Lotta lighted the four candles which were at the corners of the bed. Old Pierre was kneeling by the corpse, whispering a prayer. Lotta knelt beside him and they began a rosary.

Dr. Plouet went to the door, turned around and surveyed the room in a glance. He smiled with satisfaction at the mortuary scene he had created.

Once more the house was silent. The rain continued to fall. A distant clock struck twelve, and the clock in the drawing-room followed like an echo.

Jim opened his door and stepped out into the corridor. He passed the open door of the death chamber, felt his way through the drawing-room and entered the little chapel.

Deirdre was not there. He closed the door and sat down on a bench. The room was lighted only by the oil lamp that burned in front of the crucifix.

Soon, he felt, rather than heard, some light footsteps approaching. Deirdre stole into the room and closed the door behind her. She wore a ruby-colored dressing-gown which was fastened at the waist with a wide sash. Her golden hair fell over her shoulders and back. She sat down beside Jim. There was a look of fear in her anxious eyes. Jim took one of her hands in his and for a moment they looked at each other in silence. Finally Jim spoke:

"I am glad that you came. I have to talk to you."

She lowered her eyes. "It was dangerous for me to come here," she whispered, "but I wanted to say goodbye to you."

"It is not goodbye. I am coming back. You may depend upon that."

"But why?" she asked sadly.

"To see you again. To see you by daylight and away from all this confounded mystery."

"That is impossible."

"Why?"

Once more the house was silent. The rain continued to fall.

At a distance of about twelve, and the clock in the drawing-room

followed like an echo.

Jim opened his door and stepped out into the corridor. He

passed the open door of the death chamber, felt his way through the

passage and entered the little chapel.

Deirdre was not there. He closed the door and sat down on a

bench. The room was lighted only by the old lamp that burned in front

of the altar.

Soon, he felt, rather than heard, some light footsteps approaching.

Deirdre stole into the room and closed the door behind her. She wore

a grey-colored dress which was fastened at the waist with a

black sash. Her golden hair fell over her shoulders and back. She

looked at him. There was a look of fear in her anxious eyes.

He took one of her hands in his and for a moment they looked at each

other in silence. Finally Jim spoke:

"I am glad that you came. I have to talk to you."

She lowered her eyes. "It was dangerous for me to come here."

"I whispered," but I wanted to say goodbye to you."

"It is not goodbye. I am coming back. You may depend

on that."

"But why?" she asked sadly.

"To see you again. To see you by daylight and away from all

this confounded mystery."

"That is impossible."

"Why?"

"I am going to be married next week."

Jim looked at her in astonishment. He had expected anything

but that. "Married? I did not know that you were even engaged.

Married to whom?"

She did not reply immediately. She looked embarrassed, almost

ashamed. Then she said:

"I am going to marry Dr. Plouet."

"Dr. Plouet! But why? Are you in love with him?"

"No!" Deirdre made a gesture of deprecation. "Please don't say

any more about it!"

"Then why marry him?"

"I must!"

"Do you think that I will go away from here and leave you in this

house, under these circumstances? I will talk to Dr. Plouet the first

thing in the morning and"

"You mustn't!" interrupted Deirdre with a look of agony on her

face. "You must not mention it. Something terrible would happen!"

"What is going on in this house, Deirdre? Why don't you tell

me frankly. I know that you are in some sort of trouble here, and I

want to help you."

Deirdre withdrew her hand from Jim's grasp and pressed her fore-

head. "I can't tell you anything. I must not."

Jim felt a wave of anger come over him. "There is some sort of

fiend in this house, and I am going to find out who it is. There is more

to your uncle's sudden death tonight, than meets the eye..."

Deirdre did not answer. She covered her face with her hands.

Jim looked at her sitting there so unhappy, so helpless. He put

his arm around her waist and drew her hands away from her face. He spoke very softly into her ear. Deirdre listened silently to his warm passionate voice.

"Deirdre!" A hard, authoritative voice resounded through the chapel.

Jennica Carrington was standing in the doorway, observing them with cold, malevolent eyes. Deirdre sprang to her feet, terrified. Jennica motioned for her daughter to follow her, turned and left the room without so much as a glance at Jim.

Jim stood for a moment, his thoughts confused. He decided he must talk to Mrs. Carrington at once. He hurried after the two women who were now disappearing up the stairway. As he started up the stairs, he met the doctor coming down. His face was grim. His customary deferential manner was gone.

"Where are you going?" asked the doctor bluntly.

"I am going to talk to Mrs. Carrington," said Jim tersely.

"She will not see you. Discussions will only complicate matters. Go to bed. Perhaps in the morning..."

"I have changed my mind about leaving here tomorrow," said Jim with finality in his tone.

"Then you will really involve yourself in difficulties. We will call the police and have them throw you out."

"You do not frighten me, Dr. Plouet. For some mysterious reason, you are very anxious for me to leave here. Call the police right now, if you like."

"Now, my boy, you are upset and nervous. Go to bed. Tomorrow you will see things in a different light."

in her room and drew her hands away from her face. He
 said very softly into her ear. Deirdre listened silently to his warm
 voice.
 "Deirdre!" A hard, authoritative voice resounded through the
 doorway.
 Deirdre was standing in the doorway, observing them
 with cold, malicious eyes. Deirdre spoke to her face, terrified.
 Deirdre motioned for her daughter to follow her, turned and left the
 room without so much as a glance at Jim.
 Jim stood for a moment, his thoughts confused. He decided he
 must talk to Mrs. Carrington at once. He hurried after the two women
 who were now disappearing up the stairway. As he started up the stairs,
 he saw the doctor coming down. His face was grim. His customary
 courteous manner was gone.
 "Where are you going?" asked the doctor bluntly.
 "I am going to talk to Mrs. Carrington," said Jim tersely.
 "She will not see you. Discussions will only complicate
 matters. Go to bed. Perhaps in the morning..."
 "I have changed my mind about leaving here tomorrow," said Jim.
 "I am finally in the house."
 "Then you will really involve yourself in difficulties. We
 will call the police and have them throw you out."
 "You do not frighten me, Dr. Plouet. For some mysterious reason,
 I am very anxious for me to leave here. Call the police right now,
 if you like."
 "Now, my boy, you are upset and nervous. Go to bed. Tomorrow
 you will see things in a different light."

"Let us be frank, Doctor. This comedy has gone far enough.
 There are a few things to be explained here before I leave. In
 particular, the death of Mr. Carrington. Maybe I will be the one
 who calls the police."

Plouet threw him a venomous look, hesitated a moment, then
 spoke calmly and softly:

"If you are given a satisfactory explanation of everything
 that has happened here -- then will you leave?"

"I doubt whether the explanation will be satisfactory...
 But there is something else."

"Yes?"

"When I leave here, I shall take Deirdre with me. I will not
 leave her in this house. We love each other."

The doctor was livid with rage. "You lie like a dog!...."

He was unable to say more. Jim gave him a smashing blow
 on the jaw, which knocked him to the floor. Plouet raised his hand to
 his jaw and looked at Jim with menacing eyes. He drew back his lips
 in a fiendish sneer. His face had become that of a madman. Without
 so much as a look in his direction, Jim turned and went to his room.

The doctor slowly and painfully got up from the floor. There
 was a look of determination on his face. He went up the stairway to
 his room. Once there, he opened a drawer in his bureau and took out
 a leather case. From this case, he selected a long sharp razor.
 He put the razor in his pocket and quietly left the room.

The clock in the drawing-room had just struck half past three. The crow of a rooster could be heard in the distance. In the death chamber, three of the four candles had burned out. In his room, Jim was sleeping profoundly.

The doctor crept cautiously down the corridor toward Jim's room. He had an open razor in his hand. He put his head against Jim's door and listened. Jim's heavy breathing could be heard. Suddenly it stopped. He had just turned over in bed. His head and throat stood out clearly against the white pillow. The regular pulsations of his jugular vein seemed to be marking the seconds that separated him from death.

Another shadow came down the corridor. The doctor turned astounded.

At that moment Jim woke up with a start, as if a subconscious voice had warned him that he was in danger. From the other side of the door he heard a strange whispering, and then -- it couldn't be possible -- a strangled laugh. Or perhaps it was not a laugh, but a voice that was fighting to escape through a mouth that was being gagged.

His pupils dilated, Jim sprang out of bed almost mechanically. Suddenly he heard a deafening cry, or rather, a death rattle, followed by the sound of a body falling like lead to the floor.

Jim quickly lit the lamp on his night table, ran to the door and flung it open. Face down across the doorway, lay a body from which the last traces of life were disappearing. Blood was gushing from the severed throat. It was Dr. Plouet.

Jim drew back dumbfounded. His first thought was to try

The clock in the drawing-room had just struck half past three. He knew of a reenter could be heard in the distance. In the death of the four candles had burned out. In his room, Jim was sleeping profoundly.

The doctor crept cautiously down the corridor toward Jim's room. He had an open razor in his hand. He put his head against Jim's door and listened. Jim's heavy breathing could be heard. Suddenly he dropped. He had just turned over in bed. His head and throat were cut clearly against the white pillow. The regular pulsations of his jugular vein seemed to be marking the seconds that separated him from death.

Another shadow came down the corridor. The doctor turned away. At that moment Jim woke up with a start, as if a subconscious voice had warned him that he was in danger. From the other side of the door he heard a strange whispering, and then -- it couldn't be a whisper -- a strangled laugh. Or perhaps it was not a laugh, but a cry that was fighting to escape through a mouth that was being gagged. His pupils dilated, Jim sprang out of bed almost mechanically. Suddenly he heard a deafening cry, or rather, a death rattle, followed by the sound of a body falling like lead to the floor.

Jim quickly lit the lamp on his night table, ran to the door and flung it open. Face down across the doorway lay a body upon which the last traces of life were disappearing. Blood was gushing from the severed throat. It was Dr. Plomer. Jim drew back dumbfounded. His first thought was to try

to wrap a towel around the throat and stop the hemorrhage. But he saw that it was useless. The body was no longer moving and the blood had stopped flowing. He must call for help, notify Mrs. Carrington and rouse the household.

He took the lamp from his night table and hurried from the room. A few seconds later he was on the second floor. The whole house seemed as dead as the man below. There was not a sound to be heard inside or out. Even the moan of the wind and the ~~noise~~^{sound} of the rain had ceased.

Jim was astonished to see that almost all of the doors on the second floor were standing wide open. He looked in the nearest room which appeared to be Mrs. Carrington's sitting-room. From the doorway, he called:

"Mrs. Carrington! Please come immediately!"

There was no response. He rushed into the room and crossed to another open door which led to the bedroom. This room was deserted also. The bed was disordered as though someone had been sleeping there, but there was no trace of the occupant.

He returned to the corridor and called loudly for the servants. As the echo of his voice died away, the silence of the empty house seemed more profound than ever.

He looked in another of the open doors and recognized Deirdre's room. It was in the same condition as that of Mrs. Carrington. The bed had been slept in. Apparently Deirdre had been sleeping when something caused her ^{to} awake and flee. But where, and why? What

to wrap a towel around the throat and stop the hemorrhage. But he saw that it was useless. The body was no longer moving and the blood had stopped flowing. He must call for help, he thought. Carrington and found the household.

He took the lamp from his night table and hurried from the room. A few seconds later he was on the second floor. The whole house seemed as dead as the man below. There was not a sound to be heard inside or out. Even the moan of the wind and the creak of the door had ceased.

He was accustomed to see that almost all of the doors on the second floor were standing wide open. He looked in the nearest room which appeared to be Mrs. Carrington's sitting-room. From the doorway he called:

"Mrs. Carrington! Please come immediately!"

There was no response. He rushed into the room and crossed to another open door which led to the bedroom. This room was deserted also. The bed was disordered as though someone had been sleeping there, but there was no trace of the occupant.

He returned to the corridor and called loudly for the servants. As the echo of his voice died away, the silence of the empty house seemed more profound than ever.

He looked in another of the open doors and recognized Deirdre's room. It was in the same condition as that of Mrs. Carrington. The bed had been slept in. Apparently Deirdre had been sleeping when something caused her to rise and flee. But where, and why? What

strange danger had caused the occupants of this house to flee, leaving no trace behind them? Without doubt, the same danger that had cost the lives of Wambly Carrington and Dr. Plouet.

Jim felt himself in the throes of a harassing dream. There was nothing to do but leave the house at once, try to find the road and seek aid from the nearest neighbor.

He found his way to the main entrance of the house, but there he received another shock. The door, as well as the two windows of the drawing-room, ^{were} ~~had~~ hermetically sealed with a bar and padlock. Apparently the house had been completely barricaded against the outside world---converted into a sort of fortress.

Quickly and coolly, Jim considered the situation. It was impossible that every one of the many ^{windows} ~~doors~~ of the house should be bolted in this fashion. First he would go to his own room and in case he could not leave by the window there, he would go to Deirdre's room, where, as he remembered, there were no shutters or iron bar on the window.

The corpse of the doctor was lying across the doorway of Jim's room. Jim stepped over the body, entered his room, and strode toward the window to fling open the heavy cotton curtains that covered it. Suddenly his eyes fell on his bag on a chair by the wall. He stopped, went to the bag, opened it, and after a search took out a small revolver. He started for the window, but suddenly stopped in his tracks. What did he hear? Could it be a hallucination? Once again from the distance, very sweet, very clear, came the opening arpeggios of the "Chopin" from "Carnival."

Jim stood motionless. In his confusion, he could not

leaving danger had caused the occupants of this house to flee, leaving no trace behind them? Without doubt, the same danger that had cost the lives of Harry Garretson and Mr. Fisk.

Jim felt himself in the throes of a harassing dream. There was

nothing to do but leave the house at once, try to find the road and

look out from the nearest neighbor.

He found his way to the main entrance of the house, but there

he received another shock. The door, as well as the two windows of

the drawing-room, were hermetically sealed with a bar and padlock.

Apparently the house had been completely barricaded against the

outside world—converted into a sort of fortress.

Quickly and coolly, Jim considered the situation. It was

impossible that every one of the many windows of the house should

be bolted in this fashion. First he would go to his own room and

in case he could not leave by the window there, he would go to

Belinda's room, where, as he remembered, there were no shutters or

iron bars on the window.

The corpse of the doctor was lying across the doorway of

Jim's room. Jim stepped over the body, entered his room, and struck

across the window to find open the heavy curtain curtains that

covered it. Suddenly his eyes fell on his bag on a chair by the

wall. He stopped, went to the bag, opened it, and after a search

took out a small revolver. He started for the window, but suddenly

stopped in his tracks. What did he hear? Could it be a hallucination?

Once again from the distance, very sweet, very clear, came the

meaning passages of the "Chopin" from "Germinal."

Jim stood motionless. In his confusion, he could not

decide what to do. Finally, summoning all his courage, he went to the door, opened it, and stepped cautiously into the hall. This time he was determined to meet the musical ghost face to face. As he approached the drawing-room, the music became more intense. The sweet imitation of Chopin, surpassing in romantic ecstasy the actual works of the genial Pole, resounded in every corner of the empty house.

He entered the drawing-room. The door to the music room was open and there was a light inside. He started for the door, but just as he was about to reach it, the music ceased abruptly. He heard a chair being moved, and then slow, sure footsteps were coming in his direction. Clutching his revolver firmly and scarcely breathing, he stepped into a tiny nook between the wall and the pendulum clock.

It had stopped raining and there was not a sound in the house except the measured ticking of the clock and the footsteps, which were approaching slowly and surely.

Jim waited breathlessly for a moment. Then a white form appeared in the doorway of the music room and stood for a few seconds poised upon the threshold. Jim could scarcely believe his eyes. It was the bride of the portrait, the bride with the dazzled eyes, in the flesh. Standing against the light from the music room, her face was in a soft shadow. In her white wedding gown, with her golden hair falling over her shoulders under her long veil, she made a lovely picture.

But as the vision passed close to Jim and he could see her features clearly, a shudder of horror went over him. It was indeed Agnes Montebello, the bride of the portrait. But she was old and

she was not beautiful. There was an insane look in her dazzled eyes. Her mouth was twisted in a bitter smirk. She was obviously stark mad! In her right hand she held an open razor and on her white chest and arms there were dark, moist blotches.

"The blood of Dr. Plouet," thought Jim in horror.

The mad woman had crossed the room and was about to start up the stairway, when Jim called her name: "Agnes!"

In sudden surprise she turned her head, and realizing the presence of a stranger in the room, she uttered a horrible scream of terror, dropped the razor, and dashed up the stairway. Jim rushed after her. He reached the upper story just in time to see her disappear behind a door. He followed her, almost caught her, and finally lost her again. Agnes moved with lightning rapidity, and the upper part of the house seemed to be a veritable labyrinth of rooms. Jim's pursuit was the more difficult because of the darkness and because he was unfamiliar with the house. He was guided by the slam of a door and the sound of her footsteps.

Finally he found himself in a room which he recognized. It was Deirdre's bedroom. The door to the balcony was wide open and moonlight flooded the room. Jim rushed onto the balcony and looked down. The mad woman had just reached the ground, using the old ivy as a ladder. She was now running towards the woods.

Using the same means of descent, Jim dashed in pursuit. As he reached the ground, he could see Agnes in the distance, running between the trees. She was apparently heading for the cliff. Jim sped after her. She climbed nimbly over the rocks and soon reached the ocean.

and was not beautiful. There was an intense look in her dazzled eyes. Her mouth was twisted in a bitter smile. She was obviously stark mad! In her right hand she held an open razor and on her white dress and arms there were deep, raw blotches.

"The blood of Mr. Plover," thought Jim in horror.

The mad woman had crossed the room and was about to start up the stairway, when Jim called her name: "Agnes!"

In sudden surprise she turned her head, and realizing the presence of a stranger in the room, she uttered a horrible scream of terror, dropped the razor, and dashed up the stairway. Jim reached the upper story just in time to see her disappear behind a door. He followed her, almost caught her, and finally lost her again. Agnes moved with lightning rapidity, and the upper part of the house seemed to be a veritable labyrinth of rooms. Jim's pursuit was the more difficult because of the darkness and because he was unfamiliar with the house. He was guided by the sound of a door and the sound of her footsteps.

Finally he found himself in a room which he recognized. It was Deirdre's bedroom. The door to the balcony was wide open and Jim rushed onto the balcony and looked down. The mad woman had just reached the ground, using the old ivy as a ladder. She was now running towards the woods.

Using the same means of descent, Jim dashed in pursuit. As he reached the ground, he could see Agnes in the distance, running between the trees. She was apparently heading for the cliff. Jim sped after her. She climbed nimbly over the rocks and soon reached the ocean.

Seeing her poised on the precipice, Jim guessed her intention and made all possible effort to reach her before she jumped. But Agnes seemed to have forgotten her pursuer. She was gazing into the abyss at her feet. Her hair was blowing in the wind, and she was leaning forward against the darkness of the night, as though she were listening to a voice from below. Suddenly she stretched both arms out in front of her and cried: "I hear you, Richard! I hear you! I am coming! Wait for me!"

The strange grimace on her face resembled a frightened, but happy smile. She stepped forward and fell into space. Jim reached the spot a few seconds too late. He arrived just in time to see her fall and hear the thud of her body striking the rocks below.

He turned around and started for the house. He was determined to search it from top to bottom and find out what had become of the other occupants, of Deirdre in particular. With a feeling of impatience and anger, he hurried toward the house. There it stood at the end of the avenue, tall and white in the moonlight. When he came to within a few yards of the house, he heard the crash of a breaking window-pane, followed by a frightened voice calling:

"Jim! Jim! Come up, please! Come quickly!"

It was Deirdre. She was standing behind a grilled window in the second story. Her hair was in disorder and there was a look of horror on her face. Dumbfounded, Jim stopped in his tracks.

"What are you doing there? Where is your mother? Where are the servants?"

"They are here. We are all locked in. Come and let us out, please!"

Heating her breath on the proscenium, Jim guessed her intention and made all possible effort to reach her before she jumped. But Agnes seemed to have forgotten her pursuer. She was gazing into the abyss at her feet. Her hair was blowing in the wind, and she was leaning forward against the darkness of the night, as though she were listening to a voice from below. Suddenly she stretched both arms out in front of her and cried: "I hear you, Richard! I hear you! I am coming! Wait for me!"

The strange glimpse on her face resembled a lightning, but happy smile. She stepped forward and fell into space. Jim reached her just a few seconds too late. He arrived just in time to see her fall and hear the thud of her body striking the rocks below.

He turned around and started for the house. He was determined to search it from top to bottom and find out what had become of the other occupants, of Deirdre in particular. With a feeling of importance and anger, he hurried toward the house. There it stood at the end of the avenue, tall and white in the moonlight. When he came to within a few yards of the house, he heard the crash of a breaking window-pane, followed by a frightened voice calling: "Jim! Jim! Come up, please! Come quickly!"

It was Deirdre. She was standing behind a griled window in the second story. Her hair was in disorder and there was a look of horror on her face. Unhappily, Jim stopped in his tracks.

"What are you doing there? Where is your mother? Where are the servants?"

"They are here. We are all locked in. Come and let us out,

A few seconds later, Jim was on the second floor, trying to locate the room from which he had just seen Deirdre. The sound of fists pounding on a wall guided him. He rushed to the room, found the key in the lock, and opened the door.

There were all the missing members of the household. Ghastly pale, Jennica stood in the middle of the room and looked at him inquiringly. She was making an effort to conceal her agitation. Deirdre stood at her mother's side. Her hair was disordered and her face revealed her fear and anxiety. From a corner, Pierre and Lotta silently stared at him with hostile eyes.

Standing on the threshold, Jim broke the silence:

"I have been looking for you for a long time. Didn't you hear me calling you?"

Jennica wrung her hands, trying to control her nervousness. Finally, making an effort to appear calm, she replied:

"From this room, one can hear nothing. But tell me, where is Agnes? Where have you come from?"

Jim did not answer. It was not easy to break the news suddenly. Jennica's eyes were shining strangely. She seemed to know by intuition what had happened.

"You have been to the cliff. Is that it?" And she continued to stare at Jim fixedly. Jim remained silent and, unable to bear her steady gaze, he turned to Deirdre as though asking her aid.

"Mrs. Carrington," he said at last, "I swear that I did everything possible to prevent..."

Jennica finished the sentence for him. "But you couldn't

prevent it. Isn't that so?"

"No, I couldn't."

The mother seemed to be struggling with herself. She must accept this blow in keeping with her character. Quickly regaining her poise, she said in a grave voice: "May God forgive her!"

Strangely, there was an expression of serenity, almost of relief on the faces of all, including Deirdre. They accepted this news as a liberation, as the awakening from a nightmare of years' duration.

Jennica turned to Pierre and tersely ordered him to go to the village to notify the authorities. The servant left immediately without a word. Exhausted, Jennica dropped into a chair, put a hand on her burning forehead, and finally covered her face with her hands. A long, embarrassing silence followed. Deirdre did not like to look at Jim, although she felt his solicitous gaze.

Finally Jennica spoke: "If my daughter had not looked us in here, when we came to take care of her in her attack, she would be alive now." Raising her head, she added: "And you would have left here tomorrow without learning of my misfortune. Now you understand why your arrival here was so unwelcome." Then looking at Jim almost in agony, she asked: "Have you seen Dr. Plouet? Why did he not come to open the door? Where has he been keeping himself?"

Her voice full of animosity, Lotte broke in:

"Madam, I have already told you that he did not open the door because he did not want to do so. I heard him whispering with poor Miss Agnes immediately after she looked us in. Everything

A few seconds later, Jim was on the second floor, trying to locate the room from which he had just seen Deirdre. The sound of this knocking on a wall guided him. He rushed to the room, found the key in the lock, and opened the door. There were all the missing members of the household. Obviously Deirdre stood in the middle of the room and looked at him indignantly. She was making an effort to conceal her agitation. Deirdre stood at her mother's side. Her hair was disheveled and her face revealed her fear and anxiety. From a corner, Pierre and Lotte silently stared at him with hostile eyes. Standing on the threshold, Jim broke the silence: "I have been looking for you for a long time. Didn't you hear me calling you?" Jennica struck her hands, trying to conceal her nervousness. "Silently, making an effort to appear calm, she replied: "From this room, one can hear nothing. But tell me, where is Deirdre? Where have you come from?" Jim did not answer. It was not easy to break the news suddenly. Deirdre's eyes were shining strangely. She seemed to know by intuition what had happened. "You have been to the cliff. Is that it?" And she continued to stare at him fixly. Jim remained silent and, unable to bear her steady gaze, he turned to Deirdre as though asking her aid. "Mrs. Deirdre," he said at last, "I swear that I did everything possible to prevent..." Jennica finished the sentence for him. "But you couldn't."

that has happened is Dr. Plouet's fault. I'll wager that right now he is scheming to throw the blame on Mr. Marshall."

Ignoring the servant's words, Jennica continued to Jim:

"Haven't you seen him? Where can he be?"

Jim did not know what to reply. He disliked adding to Mrs. Carrington's grief with the news of Dr. Plouet's murder. But cries from below made a reply unnecessary. "Madam! Something terrible has happened! Come down at once!"

Recognizing Pierre's voice, they all rushed through the several rooms that separated them from the corridor and reached the balustrade overlooking the drawing-room. Pierre was standing below, staring in horror in the direction of Jim's room. He raised his head toward them and quickly made the sign of the cross.

"What has happened, Pierre?" asked Jennica.

"The doctor! He is lying there, madam! May God rest his soul!"

Jennica looked at Jim as though asking no explanation. He motioned toward Pierre. "He has already answered for me."

In her consternation, Deirdre stood speechless. Lotta was scowling. She showed neither surprise nor sorrow. She seemed to be dominated by animosity. Jim murmured in a serious voice:

"You can imagine who killed him."

The mistress of the house, resigned to her misfortune, bowed her head. But Lotta said in a resonant voice:

"He was the tyrant of the house! At least, the poor girl saw that justice was done, before she left us forever."

that had happened in Dr. Plover's family. I'll wager that right now
 he is wishing to throw the blame on Mr. Marshall."

Ignoring the servant's words, Jennie continued to him:
 "Haven't you seen him? Where can he be?"

Jim did not know what to reply. He disliked adding to Mrs.
 Cunningham's grief with the news of Dr. Plover's murder. But when
 from below came a reply unnecessary. "Hush! Something terrible
 has happened! Come down at once!"

Recognizing Pierre's voice, they all rushed through the
 several rooms that separated them from the corridor and reached the
 balcony overlooking the drawing-room. Pierre was standing below,
 looking in horror in the direction of Jim's room. He raised his
 hand toward them and quickly made the sign of the cross.

"What has happened, Pierre?" asked Jennie.

"The doctor! He is lying there, dead! May God rest his
 soul!"

Jennie looked at him as though asking for explanation. He
 motioned toward Pierre. "He has already answered for me."

In her consternation, Pierre stood speechless. Lotta was
 weeping. She showed neither surprise nor sorrow. She seemed to
 be dominated by anxiety. Jim murmured in a nervous voice:
 "You can imagine who killed him."

The mistress of the house, resigned to her misfortune,
 bowed her head. But Lotta said in a resonant voice:
 "He was the tyrant of the house! At least, the poor girl
 may find justice was done, before she left us forever."

Jennie cut her short with severity: "Lotta, we pray for
 the dead. We do not insult them." She turned to Deirdre: "Come,
 my child. We must dress to receive the authorities."

Deirdre took her mother by the arm and they disappeared
 through one of the doors. Lotta and Jim went downstairs and, as
 they reached the drawing-room, she turned to him and said: "You had
 a lucky escape, sir. I would swear that the doctor intended to kill
 you and throw the blame on the poor demented girl. That is why he
 did not release us from the room."

Pierre had gone out a few minutes before, and now could be
 heard the sound of his horse, galloping away to the village. The
 house would soon be full of police.

Lost in his own thoughts, Jim seemed to pay no attention to
 what Lotta had just said. He exclaimed: "What I don't understand
 is why such a dangerous maniac was kept in this house."

Lotta was defiant. Her love for the family with which she
 lived was evident. "She was not dangerous, sir. She was peaceable
 and good... except when she had those attacks. But they were not
 frequent." Then she added: "It is true that she changed greatly
 after your arrival. So many years in this solitude!"

"If she was so good," asked Jim, "why did she lock up my
 dog and then kill him?"

"I am sure that it was not she who locked him up. None of
 us knew where the animal was."

"It was the doctor then?"

"Who else could it have been? He locked the dog in the attic."

"I am sure that it was not she who looked him up. None of us knew where the animal was."

"It was the doctor then?"

"Who else could it have been? He looked the dog in the attic."

"I am sure that it was not she who looked him up. None of us knew where the animal was."

"It was the doctor then?"

"Who else could it have been? He looked the dog in the attic."

"I am sure that it was not she who looked him up. None of us knew where the animal was."

"It was the doctor then?"

"Who else could it have been? He looked the dog in the attic."

"I am sure that it was not she who looked him up. None of us knew where the animal was."

"It was the doctor then?"

"Who else could it have been? He looked the dog in the attic."

"I am sure that it was not she who looked him up. None of us knew where the animal was."

"It was the doctor then?"

"Who else could it have been? He looked the dog in the attic."

"I am sure that it was not she who looked him up. None of us knew where the animal was."

"It was the doctor then?"

"Who else could it have been? He looked the dog in the attic."

"I am sure that it was not she who looked him up. None of us knew where the animal was."

"It was the doctor then?"

"Who else could it have been? He looked the dog in the attic."

"I am sure that it was not she who looked him up. None of us knew where the animal was."

"It was the doctor then?"

"Who else could it have been? He looked the dog in the attic."

He opened the door to Miss Agnes and gave her the razor. Do you think that the mistress would be foolish enough to give her daughter such a terrible weapon?"

At the mention of the razor, Jim put his hand carressingly to his throat and commented: "It is probable that the doctor would have liked to have had the same delicate operation performed upon me, that was performed upon Prince. He would then have blamed the mad woman for both murders."

Lotta thought for a moment and then said: "The thing I don't understand is, what was that poor Mr. Carrington doing in the attic. He must have died from fright on seeing what he thought to be the ghost of Miss Agnes."

"Mr. Carrington must have gone to the attic for the same reason that we went there, to see where the blood on the portrait was coming from. I don't believe the doctor had anything to do with that episode." He was silent a moment, then said: "I am going to wait in the music room until the authorities come. In the meantime, a drink would help."

"Would you like gin?" asked Lotta, starting for the dining room.

"It doesn't matter if it is wood alcohol," answered Jim, "but right away, please."

Jim was soon comfortably seated in an armchair in the dimly lighted music room. At his side was a bottle of gin and he had just raised his half-empty glass to his lips. His eyes automatically turned to regard the portrait of Agnes. A feeling of pity for the dead girl came over him, quickly followed by a feeling of dislike, of hatred. Relaxed in his comfortable position, drowsily staring at the portrait, Jim seemed to hear his own voice expressing his thoughts:

"You poor insane creature! I despise you, but I feel sorry for you, too. You had bad luck! You look so much like Deirdre. That's what I don't like! But Deirdre has a beautiful soul. It shows in her eyes. While your poor dazzled eyes ^{look not at us} ~~show nothing but~~ *but inside, at worlds of your own.* your weakness, ~~stupidity, and lack of character!~~ *you were a desperate creature!* No one needs to tell me your story. I can reconstruct it to the smallest detail. Because of her great love for you, your mother protected you, even though she knew that in one of your violent fits of temper, you had pushed your sweetheart from the cliff. She hid you, saved you from prison, and later, when your reason was gone, she continued to hide you so that you would not be put in an asylum. Dr. Plouet said that there was a shipwreck the night of your disappearance. Your mother identified one of the bodies that were washed ashore as yours. You were believed to be dead. How your mother must have suffered! In the course of the years, you have made her pay dearly for her crime in hiding you. Between you and me, it was not worth while. You look like Deirdre,

Jim was soon comfortably seated in an armchair in the dimly lighted study room. At his side was a bottle of gin and he had just raised his half-empty glass to his lips. His eyes accidentally turned to regard the portrait of Agnes. A feeling of pity for the dead girl came over him, quickly followed by a feeling of dislike, of hatred. Relaxed in his comfortable position, growling at the portrait, Jim seemed to hear his own voice expressing his thoughts:

"You poor insane creature! I despise you, but I feel sorry for you, too. You had had luck! You look so much like Deirdre. What a waste I don't like! But Deirdre has a beautiful soul. It shows in her eyes. While your poor dazzled eyes show nothing but emptiness, vanity, and lack of character! You never loved me. No one needs to tell me your story. I can reconstruct it to the smallest detail. Because of her great love for you, your mother protected you, even though she knew that in one of your violent fits of temper, you had pushed your sweetheart from the cliff. She hid you, saved you from prison, and later, when your mother was gone, she continued to hide you so that you would not be put in an asylum. Dr. Florist said that there was a shipwreck the night of your disappearance. Your mother identified one of the bodies that were washed ashore as yours. You were believed to be dead. Now your mother must have suffered! In the course of the years, you have made her pay dearly for her crime in hiding you. Between you and me, it was not worth while. You look like Deirdre,

but she is not and never will be like you..."

The voice became silent, cut short by the sound of horses' hoofs approaching from the distance, followed by the tinkling of bells and the sound of carriage wheels.

Deirdre appeared through the small door by the fireplace.

"Jim, they are coming. I don't know whether they are going to separate us, but in any case, I want to tell you..."

Jim rose, went to Deirdre and took her hands.

"Separate us? I don't think anyone in the world can do that."

The sound of the approaching carriages and horses grew louder. They were stopping in front of the house. The knocker resounded violently through the house. An officer had arrived at the door. The others were dismounting from their horses and getting out of the carriages. They were waiting impatiently for the door to be opened. A fuming vapor came from the mouths of the exhausted horses. The cold dawn covered the landscape. The sun had just come up.

FIN

has she is not and never will be like you..."

The voice became silent, but short by the sound of horses;

hearts approaching from the distance, followed by the tinkling of

bells and the sound of carriage wheels.

Beldre appeared through the small door by the fireplace.

"Jim, they are coming. I don't know whether they are going

to surprise us, but in any case, I want to tell you..."

Jim rose, went to Beldre and took her hands.

"Surprise us? I don't think anyone in the world can do that."

The sound of the approaching carriages and horses grew louder.

They were stopping in front of the house. The knocker resounded

violently through the house. An officer had arrived at the door.

The others were dismounting from their horses and getting out of

the carriages. They were waiting impatiently for the door to be

opened. A flaming vapor came from the mouth of the exhausted

horses. The cold dawn covered the landscape. The sun had just

come up.