

# MY MYSTERIOUS NEIGHBOR

By Broughton Brandenburg

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THIS is a story of impotence and power terribly interwoven—a man who triumphed so gloriously over tremendous odds that his final tragedy seems comparatively trivial. The intense, bewildering sequence of events I record, not as a man of science and medicine reporting phenomena before his eyes, but as a student of humanity.

One night last year, in early December, if I recall correctly, I was reading in my study in the old house University Place, where I have lived for twenty years. It was some time after midnight, and the silence of the tomb lay over all that part of the city.

As I was just in the act of turning a page when the door was broken by a terrible cry, long, shrill, and very human, though there was a suggestion of something horribly bestial in it. It rose sharply, then fell, ending in a moan and leaving me standing still while the perspiration started on my palms and my brow. Cold horror spread slowly throughout my entire being.

There was no mistaking the location whence it came—the low, red brick house directly opposite. I ran to the window just in time to see by the light of a street lamp what was apparently the head and shoulders of a man in the lower window of the house. The head was bald, the face was beardless and rigidly contorted, while the arms were tossing wildly in the air. Just then from the darkened room behind came some heavy missile that struck the head, crashing on through the glass, fell into the street. Instantly the face was gone; there was only a black hole in the pane. Nothing more was to be seen, nothing more was to be heard.

It was like some period in a dreadful nightmare, a moment I sat frozen in my place. There was, however, a great stir in the room of Mrs. Keppeler, old housekeeper. Her chamber was directly overhead, and very soon she came clattering excitedly down the stairs. I was endeavoring to reassure her when the crunch of footsteps sounded on the broken glass lying in front of the other house and I saw a policeman coming across, bent on making inquiries attracted by the light in my windows.

With the aged housekeeper, clinging tremulously to my coat-tails, refusing to be left in the place alone, I hurried across the street with the officer. Briefly, I told him all I knew of the place, that it was owned by an old German second-hand furniture dealer, named Peter Hahn, who lived in the tenement above, on the first floor to lodgers and used the two upper floors for storing such furniture as he could get into his little sales place.

The front door opened at once as the officer turned the knob. Old Peter had slid the bolts and was standing in the dining hall, shivering in his night clothes, striving to shield the flickering flame of a candle on the blast that swept in the open portal.

"Here, what's all this noise about?" demanded the officer sharply.

"Ach, it should be nothing, but it is in there," whispered Peter, pointing to the parlor door. "We all see, we shall see."

"Listen!" said I.

Within there sounded a shrill, petulant, whining tone and a heavy, voluminous one. They were talking in subdued tones, using what seemed to me to be Chinese, certainly some Oriental tongue, and they were engaged in a most bitter and angry debate.

"Go ahead and knock," said the officer.

Hahn rapped thrice and there was the sharp crackle of a match inside, then a moment's silence.

"Mr. Kelesens! Mr. Kelesens!"

"Oh, are you there, Peter? Just a moment," answered the deep voice in velvety tones.

A glance down the hall showed me that the door where we stood was the sole means of entrance to the suite on the floor, except by another door in the rear, which was effectually blocked, however, by a heap of heavy old furniture in the rear hall piled rank on rank.

The lock clicked and the door swung wide, revealing a splendid black-bearded man of some breadth of stature, wrapped around in a long red-tufted dressing-gown with a tasseled cord about his middle. In his hand he bore a book with his fingers marking page and he was peacefully smoking a deep-bowled pipe.

"Good evening, or rather good morning, gentlemen. Pray come in," said he, surveying our party keenly but with the utmost good nature.

hugely yellow cat with a gesture and a brilliant smile. The beast was perched high on a desk, his yellow eyes glaring as he furtively endeavored to attend with his paw a cut on the side of his head.

"That's too thin, mister, there's been a fight here, maybe murder," replied the officer, pointing to the shattered window-pane.

"At the words of Peter shuddered and nearly dropped his candlestick.

The giant laughed heartily. "That is absurd enough to be very funny," said he.

"It is, oh? Where is the man who was screaming at that window three minutes ago?" demanded the officer.

"Why, my dear man, it was not I. I am alone here. Old Sniffkin was caterwauling there and I heard a stone jug at him. It went through the window—worse luck."

"Where is the other one you was just rowing with this moment ago? Don't lie to me. I heard you from the hall."

"Again, my dear sir, I am puzzled. Sniffkin and I have been scolding each other. As you can see, there is but one means of entrance or exit to this place. No one has been in or out. You may search these rooms if you choose."

"And that I will," said the officer. "Dr. Siddons, guard this door while I go through this place."

Really, I must say he made a thorough search in all the closets of the little kitchen and pantry in the rear, behind the tapestry hangings, under the bed and behind the grand piano and the music-cases in the front room, tapping walls, ceiling and floor with his club for concealed doors. Fully fifteen minutes he spent, Kelesens unperturbed, and I, deeply embarrassed, chatting on a score of extraneous subjects, while old Hahn and my housekeeper exchanged terrified whispers in the hall behind us.

I have said positively that I saw that face at the window, that we heard the two distinct voices in quarrel, and yet with no exits possible save the one that had been constantly under our eyes, there was no living thing in those rooms except Kelesens and his cat.

Baffled, muttering, angry and threatening, the officer desisted and withdrew. Kelesens had me a most neighborly good-night, saying the absurd incident had served one good purpose, it had made us acquainted, and he hoped to see me within his doors quite soon again. I believe I asked him, with some ill grace, to visit me. The extraordinarily contradictory events of the hour, with all their terror and mystery when contrasted with Kelesens's perfect composure and good nature, had quite taken me aback.

It was with difficulty that I got rid of the policeman. He would have followed me home to talk of the bewildering affair, and even as it was Mrs. Keppeler tarried at my door to say:

"The doctor, this is dreadful. The lies, the lies that big man told, you should have heard Peter—"

"And what says Peter? Draw those shades and come tell me."

Therefore she began a review of the statements that the panic-stricken old furniture dealer had made. It appeared that his strange lodger's name was Hendrik Kelesens, a singer, some said a great bass artist. He had leased the rooms for a long term three months before and was paying double the ordinary rent for the privilege of doing absolutely as he pleased at any and all times and of being left entirely alone. He had specified that he was to be made the victim of no curiosity on the part of his landlord.

The two voices were no new thing to Peter. They were an every day, all day matter. He had heard that dreadful cry but once before and that was in the first month of daybreak. Never had he seen any one or anything in the rooms save Sniffkin, the cat, and Kelesens, the basso, but evidences of the existence and life of another being were abundant.

He marked, for Kelesens and always bought enough for two, often getting different sorts of food for each, such as fowl for one and steak for the other. He could hear the preparations for the meals and the two voices in talk and laughter, both perfectly distinct and always in this tone he could not understand. Then after the meal Kelesens would go out, looking uncontent in the great coat and top-hat he always wore.

As soon as the door closed on his heels, Peter would go surreptitiously into the rooms from which Kelesens had just departed alone and would find two chairs at the table, two soiled plates and two sets of silver and two bottles, one of unknown wine, the other of stout, but no one was there but Sniffkin. There were abundant clothes in the room, but they were of Kelesens's size only and were obviously for the sole use of one man. Never were there signs of two men having dressed and thrown down discarded clothes.

There was one other puzzling thing. Peter had often noticed in the room a sweet, sickly unfamiliar odor for which he could not account. At one mention of this it came sharply to me that I, too, had observed an unusual smell. Now that I thought of it,

was at work repairing the shattered pane. The curtains were hung wide and I could see entirely through to the back. There were two chairs at the table, two plates on it and two separate platters of food, yet the only person within were Kelesens and the glazier. Sniffkin sat on the windowledge in the wintry sunshine, grooming his damaged head.

Kelesens, wrapped about in his beautiful red robe, was peeling up and down the rooms, pausing now and then at the piano to strike a few chords and all the while singing tremendous basso roles. Often he came to the window, seemingly to look over at my house, and once, catching sight of me, he waved his hand in friendly fashion, turning away at once to go on with his study. The more I thought of it, the more it seemed to me that I had heard the name Hendrik Kelesens before. I have kept little track of musical matters in late years. I knew Bob Tradigan to be fond of those things, however foolish as it may seem in a man of his years, and this morning I called him by telephone at the Presbyterian Hospital and said:

"Tradigan, have you ever heard of an opera singer named Hendrik Kelesens?"

"What? Kelesens? Has alive, you do not mean to say you have never heard of the great Kelesens? Why, the world has never known such a voice. I heard him early in the week in 'Aida,' and he sings again on Friday. But why do you ask?"

"Oh, I find that he is my neighbor, and some circumstances which I cannot go into now have caused me to become greatly interested in him. Have you ever heard anything concerning him that was out of the ordinary?"

"Well, really nothing more than vague gossip. There has always been speculation as to why there were so few roles that he would sing. I have noticed that he seldom or never sits down when singing. Also, he is eccentric in that he keeps entirely to himself, never heard of or dated out and never leaves New York for concert or tour. I know him from my personal acquaintance with her that Madame Mentona has been in love with him for two seasons, yet he never sees her anywhere but on the stage or about the opera house, though he writes her the most beautiful letters every day. She is a dear creature, one of the sweetest of women, and he apparently has no time in the world to prevent his marriage to any one whom he might love. Certainly his old mother, who lives in the little village of Ryndam, Holland, would not constitute an obstacle. His story, as I have heard it, is that when a mere lad, his mother having been left a widow and he the only child, he left home and went to sea. On one of his voyages somewhere in Australia, his letters and remittances ceased. Later she heard his ship had been wrecked and she gave him up for dead. After two years had passed, there came a letter from San Francisco with a good round sum in it and bearing the news that Hermann Gross, the late manager, had heard him singing one day in a barber shop where he was the cashier, had said that he was naturally a great singer and after a year or two of study could go into opera. He has been singing three years now and he and Gross were the closest of friends till the latter died last year. Madame Mentona has told me of the visit which she paid to the mother in Ryndam in the summer. Frau Kelesens now has a fine home bought from her son's earnings and is very proud and happy, only she grieves deeply that Hendrik will never visit her. Since you are interested in him, why not go with me and hear him when next he sings? I think it is Friday night."

I had a message from Tradigan later and we went. Madame Mentona was not in the cast that night and Mrs. Tradigan had asked her to join the party in our box. Of course, Kelesens was almost the sole topic of the conversation.

Throughout the evening whenever he was on the stage I was oppressed with a feeling of uncertainty and anxiety which I could not altogether analyze. His singing was superb, his dramatic action wonderfully forceful, and yet it was restrained in some most peculiar way. Just what it was I could not tell.

After the opera Mrs. Tradigan, joined by Madame Mentona, sent him a line inviting him to supper with us, but he declined in a most deferential reply. There are two sentences of his note which have stuck in my mind and have left all the deeper impression in view of the things that have happened since.

"The world has been one of the pleasures for which I would yield any or all of the pleasures for my life which are worth while, but I am destined to go to mine own place, but I leave my thoughts to attend you, and if you could but read them all I am sure you would forgive me, and realize my profound gratitude."

A little thing about him was faintly tinged with some element of mystery. What was the things which I knew were black with it? What was the things which the two voices, his exclusiveness, his sadness, his odd mannerisms, that terrible face, that awful cry?

I reached home that night about one o'clock and was letting myself in quietly after seeing that the shades were drawn, when something impelled me to look back. Kelesens was just raising the shade. I could see entirely through the lighted rooms. Filled with curiosity, I left my stoop and walked nearer, concealing myself in a deep shadow.

He was standing with his hand on the cord of the shade looking out, but he seemed smitten with the most terrible convulsions. He got but one glance, for he contrived to drag down the shade.

Akaid that horrible cry broke forth on the night stillness, sounding along the deserted street—and if it struck me with a chill when I first heard it, now the effect was trebled. My hair tingled, my flesh crept on my bones and I shuddered with unexplainable horror.

Within the light was extinguished and a perfect bubble was going on. The voice of Kelesens was very faintly distinguished, but not more so than the frantic, querulous, thin whine and chatter of the other—of the terrible unknown thing. They were quarreling violently and Kelesens was uttering commands. The thing was refusing to obey. Now the awful, twisted face and tossing arms showed at the window, then I saw Kelesens, and instantly some mighty power dragged both down and out of sight behind the shade.

I darted from my hiding place and was about to hammer on the door when I stopped to consider. What could have happened? The more I reflected the matter in my mind the more a profound panic took possession of me and, after about ten minutes of standing there in the light snow, I suddenly rushed madly across the street into my own house, shut and bolted the door behind me, and when I went to bed, it was with a pistol lying on a chair beside my pillow.

When I awoke after a bad night Kelesens, as usual, was pacing up and down, singing blithely, stopping now and then at the piano. There was not a sign about him or about the place of the tragic crisis of the night before.

This day, after the singer had left the house, I saw old Peter Hahn dart into the rooms and look hurriedly about. Fully a half-score of patients were waiting for me, but I left them to their own devices and went over.

Old Peter met me in the hall.

"See! See!" he exclaimed faintly. "Look for yourself. He has just gone out alone and yet a moment ago two men were in here. One should be here and there is none—ach, there is none!"

In his hand he was holding two unsealed letters, nervously pulling the enclosures from the envelopes. One I saw was written in Chinese and from it a New York draft fluttered out and fell to the floor.

"What have you there?" I said.

Half-ashamed of my intrusion into another man's affairs, I took the letters and made out that the one was addressed to the venerable Mrs. Kelesens in Ryndam and contained New York exchange for two hundred dollars. The other was in Chinese and contained New York exchange drawn to "Yung Shai Kin, Canton, China."

It happened that a very able young South Chinese Dr. Teh Lun Moe by name, was studying at the hospital, and I sent over for him at once and gave him the letter to read. He immediately became greatly excited and demanded to know the origin of it. I said it had been found by Peter Hahn and inquired what it contained.

the old lady was to come to New York, surprise her son by appearing on Christmas Day and remain with him until they could find a suitable place to live in which she might spend her last days in comfort and happiness. As soon as Hendrik Kelesens understood the matter he insisted on his mother's returning to Holland by the next steamer, and as to her staying in his apartments even for a short time, he had grown, frightfully incensed and had unceremoniously ushered both into the street.

That night I was dining at my sister's, and the festivities of the Christmas tree were at their brightest when I was called to the telephone. It was the young Chinese doctor.



HE HAD FALLEN, BUT TRIUMPHED AS HE FELL

"This is most unusual among my people," he said. "The Yunks are a great clan in South China. I am distantly connected with them and often visit the headquarters here in Pell street. And odd as it may seem, Dr. Siddons, there I have heard of a Yung Kin Wan who is dead, but still sends so much money to his mother in China, that she is very wealthy. Here we have one of his loving letters to her with money in it, and see, it is in the phrasing which the dead use to the living and is signed with his heavenly name. This is very strange."

"I have another question," I said. "I know your language and your social ceremonies are difficult and intricate. Would you say the man who wrote that letter is Chinese?"

"Absolutely! Absolutely! None but a Chinese scholar could have written it."

More deeply puzzled than ever, after Dr. Teh Lun Moe's departure I took the two letters and saw them safely on my way.

Far in the night sometime my housekeeper came rapping at my door.

"Get up, doctor—got up quick! There is something the matter over at Peter Hahn's."

I leaped out of bed and ran to the window. The first thing I noticed was that the freshly-fallen snow had been broken by a tortuous track, as if some huge hog had gone about rooting it up in various directions in front of the house. This I saw at a glance and then perceived in the shadowy doorway a big black heap apparently in the throes of some dreadful spasm. The door was open. The shapelessness of the heap gave me no clue, it had nothing of the appearance of a man, and suddenly it disappeared in the dark hall, the door was banged shut, and all was quiet.

In the morning the first sound that I heard was Kelesens's glorious voice singing his roles, and when I went to the window he gaily waved his hand to me and smiled.

A little later in the day Dr. Teh Lun Moe called me on the telephone.

"I thought you might like to know," he said, "that I have learned from a cousin some interesting news pertaining to the writer of the letter which you showed me. His clan here in New York had a grand feast and, I fear, too much opium, he disappeared; but they know now that he is living, and he will certainly be killed for having pretended to be dead. He can't escape."

It was Christmas morning, bright and crisp, and the whole city was in sparkling white. I heard the creak of wheels in the snow and, looking out, saw that a carriage had drawn up at the door of the other house. Its top was piled with new luggage of a foreign look with the familiar Holland line labels on it, and as I watched, Madame Mentona got out and turned to assist a crumpled little old woman who carried a heavy black stick and was covered to the car-tops in rich furs. Madame Mentona helped her up the steps and Peter Hahn appeared in answer to their summons. The doors closed behind them.

In about five minutes the door was pulled open again. The two women came forth hurriedly. The old creature was wailing and Madame Mentona was white with rage. They were coming across to my house apparently and I hastened to meet them at the door.

"Oh, it is outrageous, outrageous," began Madame Mentona as she came near. "Perfectly dreadful, Dr. Siddons. It was my little surprise for Kelesens. Now he has put her out of his own house."

"Has put who out, my dear child?" said I.

"His own mother."

So it appeared. When I got to the bottom of the affair it was simply that Madame Mentona and the venerable Mrs. Kelesens had conspired together that

"Dr. Siddons, you will forgive me for this interruption of your pleasures. I have telephoned your house and learned where you are. I do not know your interest in Yung Kin Wan, but I learned to-night that death is at his heels and if you can and choose to do so you should warn him without an hour's delay."

"My best excuse I could to the family. I got into my furs and drove rapidly to University Place. Kelesens was doubtless at the opera, but I wished to advise Peter Hahn to admit no one to the house. Thence I hurried to the opera house and met Madame Mentona just entering. She, too, was in search of Kelesens. His mother was very ill. He was dining this night and as we entered we saw him on the stage. Madame Mentona said he would not be off for some time. Just then we encountered the manager and, after I was introduced, I said:

"I came here to-night to warn Mr. Kelesens of a plot among some Chinese in which he may be interested. It may be no more than a servants' conspiracy, but he should know of it at once."

"Strange, indeed! I did not know he had a Chinese servant," answered the manager. "But this is all very queer, for to-night a young Chinese, with laundry bags, was about Kelesens's room. I drove him out of doors. We must wait until the end of this act before we can communicate with him."

"With an unreasonable impatience, I took my seat with Madame Mentona in the manager's box."

As Kelesens advanced for his solo I saw that he staggered slightly. With every sign of vigor in his arms, head and face, his limbs seemed to be uncontrollably weak, and as he went on Madame Mentona laid her hand on my arm suddenly and exclaimed:

"Heavens, Dr. Siddons! He has cut out more than half of it. What can be the matter with him?"

Grandly, superbly the chorus fell in behind him, swelling out gloriously in the tremendous harmony. Then suddenly Hendrik Kelesens seemed to crumple. He crashed down like a log, but instantly raised his head. He was the most astounded of all. He sat up and appeared unharmed, save that his legs were as though paralyzed. Not more than a few notes did he lose going right on with the finale, and the curtain came down amid a mighty burst of applause which even the thing that had just happened could not restrain. He had fallen, but triumphed as he fell.

As we plucked him up his body twisted as if he were entirely cut in half at the waist and I felt through the thick padding on his hips another pair of arms pinioned there.

We laid him on the floor of his own room and closed the door. He raised his head, looked first at me, then at the manager. Perceiving he was alone with us, with fine vigor he ripped open his clothing, undid the metal fastenings of two strong straps and dragged himself away by his hands, and appeared before our eyes a perfectly strong, healthy man, save that his two legs had been cut off at the hips. Behind he left something that was dead, something that was all legs save that it had a head and shoulders the head. It showed—the face at the window!

"This is the work of Gross, the theatrical manager, gentlemen. He found me after I had lost my legs at sea. He also found poor Yung there, and bribed him to this slavery. Gross made me learn to speak Chinese. He drilled not only me, but Yung in the roles. I must not only be dramatic under my vest and coat, but Yung must be an actor, clad to his neck in trousers. After a few years' tutelage it was all easy enough. He could see out to guide his feet. Now you know, or can imagine, all, Hendrik Kelesens, the basso, dies with his hired legs and you may send word to my poor old mother that we will go back to our quiet little house in Ryndam together. Tell them outside that the great Hendrik Kelesens is dead."



THE LOCK CLICKED AND THE DOOR SWUNG WIDE

I knew that it was the insidious fragrance of opium. When Mrs. Keppeler had gone up, I looked out of my window toward the red house that held this dreadful and compelling mystery. It was now quiet and dark.

When I awoke the next morning I heard what I had never heard before, the occasional notes of Kelesens's piano and his magnificent voice drilling in tone production and rehearsing various operatic roles. Doubtless he had often sung so, but I had never noticed it. I rose and went to my window. A glazier

keenly but with the utmost good nature. The interior was divided into three rooms, richly furnished, all connected with wide doors. That much I could see by the light of the heavily shaded reading lamp in the front room, the one in which we now stood.

"What is all this row we hear, Mr. Kelesens?" said the officer.

"Surely my troubles with Mr. Sniffkin there have not been so tumultuous as to rouse the neighbors and call in the police." The big man indicated a

## NEXT WEEK, COUNTING LOVE'S TOLL

By Frances A. Harmer