

The New Arabian Nights

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



And after repeating her directions, which she artfully combined with caresses and the most abandoned looks, she bade farewell and disappeared among the crowd.

The whole of the next day Silas was filled with a sense of great importance. He was now sure she was a countess, and when evening came he minutely obeyed her orders and was at the corner of the Luxembourg gardens by the hour appointed. No one was there. He waited nearly half an hour, looking in the face of every one who passed or loitered near the spot. He even visited the neighboring corners of the Boulevard and made a complete circuit of the garden railings, but there was no beautiful countess to throw herself into his arms. At last, and most reluctantly, he began to retrace his steps toward his hotel. On the way he remembered the words he had heard pass between Mme. Zephyrine and the blond young man, and they gave him an indefinite uneasiness.

"It appears," he reflected, "that every one has to tell lies to our porter."

He rang the bell, the door opened before him, and the porter in his bed clothes came to offer him a light.

"Has he gone?" inquired the porter.

"He? Who do you mean?" asked Silas somewhat sharply, for he was irritated by his disappointment.

"I did not notice him," continued the porter, "but I trust you paid him. We do not care in this house to have lodgers who cannot meet their liabilities."

"What do you mean?" demanded Silas rudely. "I cannot understand a word of this farrago."

"The short, blond young man who came for his debt," returned the other.

"He is I mean. Who else should it be when I had your orders to admit no one else?"

"Of course he never came!" retorted Silas.

"I believe what I believe," returned the porter, putting his tongue into his cheek with a most roguish air.

"You are an insolent scoundrel!" cried Silas. And, feeling that he had made a ridiculous exhibition of asperity, and at the same time bewildered by a dozen alarms, he turned and began to run upstairs.

"Do you not want a light, then?" cried the porter.

But Silas only hurried the faster and did not pause until he had reached the seventh landing and stood in front of his own door. There he waited a moment to recover his breath, assailed by the worst forebodings and almost dreading to enter the room.

When at last he did so, he was relieved to find it dark and to all appearance untenanted. He drew a long breath. Here he was home again in safety, and this should be his last folly as certainly as it had been his first. The matches stood on a little table by the bed, and he began to grope his way in that direction. As he moved, his apprehensions grew upon him once more, and he was pleased, when his foot encountered an obstacle, to find it nothing more alarming than a chair. At last he touched curtains. From the position of the window, which was faintly visible, he knew he must be at the foot of the bed and had only to feel his way along it in order to reach the table in question.

He lowered his hand, but what it touched was not simply a counterpane—it was a counterpane with something underneath it like the outline of a human leg. Silas withdrew his arm and stood for a moment petrified.

"What, what?" he thought, "can this be?"

He listened intently, but there was no sound of breathing. Once more, with a great effort, he reached out the end of his finger to the spot he had already touched, but this time he leaped back half a yard and stood shivering and fixed with terror. There was something in his bed. What it was he knew not, but there was something there.

It was some seconds before he could move. Then, guided by an instinct, he fell straight upon the matches and, keeping his back toward the bed, lighted a candle. As soon as the flame had kindled, he turned slowly round and looked for what he feared to see. Sure enough, there was the worst of his imaginations realized. The coverlet was drawn carefully up over the pillow, but it molded the outlines of a human body lying motionless, and when he dashed forward and flung aside the sheets he beheld the blond young man he had seen in the Bullier hall the night before, his eyes open and without speculation, his face swollen and blackened, and a thin stream of blood trickling from his nostrils.

Silas uttered a long tremulous wail, dropped the candle and fell on his knees beside the bed. Silas was awakened from the stupor into which his terrible discovery had plunged him by a prolonged but discreet tapping at the door. It took him some seconds to remember his position, and when he hastened to prevent any one from entering it was already too late. Dr. Noel, in a tall nightcap, carrying a lamp which lighted up his long white countenance, sliding in his gait and peering and socking his head like some sort of bird, pushed the door slowly open and advanced into the middle of the room.

"I thought I heard a cry," began the doctor, "and fearing you might be unwell, I did not hesitate to offer this intrusion."

Silas, with a flushed face and a fearful beating heart, kept between the doctor and the bed, but he found no voice to answer.

"You are in the dark," pursued the doctor, "and yet you have not even begun to prepare for rest. You will not easily persuade me against my own eyesight, and your face declares most eloquently that you require either a friend or a physician—which is it to be? Let me feel your pulse, for that is often a just reporter of the heart."

He advanced to Silas, who still retreated before him backward, and sought to take him by the wrist, but the strain on the young American's nerves had become too great for endurance. He avoided the doctor with a febrile movement and, throwing himself upon the floor, burst into a flood of weeping.

As soon as Dr. Noel perceived the dead man in the bed his face darkened, and, hurrying back to the door which he had left ajar, he hastily closed and double locked it.

"Up!" he cried, addressing Silas in strident tones. "This is no time for weeping. What have you done? How came this body in your room? Speak freely to one who may be helpful. Do you imagine I would ruin you? Do you think this piece of dead flesh on your pillow can alter in any degree the sympathy with which you have inspired me? Credulous youth, the horror with which blind and unjust law regards an action never attaches to the doer in the eyes of those who love him, and if I saw the friend of my heart return to me out of seas of blood he would be in no way changed in my affection. Raise yourself," he said, "good and ill are a chimera. There is naught in life except destiny, and, however you may be circumstanced, there is one at your side who will help you to the last."

Thus encouraged, Silas gathered himself together and, in a broken voice and helped out by the doctor's interrogations, contrived at last to put him in possession of the facts. But the conversation between the prince and Geraldine he altogether omitted, as he had understood little of its purport and had no idea that it was in any way related to his own misadventure.

"Alas!" cried Dr. Noel. "I am much abused or you have fallen innocently into the most dangerous hands in Europe. Poor boy! What a pit has been dug for your simplicity! Into what a deadly peril have your unwary feet been conducted! This man," he said, "this Englishman, whom you twice saw and whom I suspect to be the soul of the contrivance, can you describe him? Was he young or old, tall or short?"

But Silas, who, for all his curiosity, had not a seeing eye in his head, was able to supply nothing but meager generalities, which it was impossible to recognize.

"I would have it a piece of education in all schools!" cried the doctor angrily. "Where is the use of eyesight and articulate speech if a man cannot observe and recollect the features of his enemy? I, who know all the gangs of Europe, might have identified him and gained new weapons for your defense. Cultivate this art in future, my poor boy. You may find it of momentous service."

"The future!" repeated Silas. "What future is there left for me except the gallows?"

"Youth is but a cowardly season," returned the doctor, "and a man's own troubles look blacker than they are. I am old, and yet I never despair."

"Can I tell such a story to the police?" demanded Silas.

"Assuredly not," replied the doctor. "From what I see already of the machination in which you have been involved your case is desperate upon that side, and for the narrow eye of the authorities you are infallibly the guilty person. And remember that we only know a portion of the plot, and the same infamous contrivers have doubtless arranged many other circumstances which would be elicited by a police inquiry and help to fix the guilt more certainly upon your innocence."

"I am then lost indeed!" cried Silas.

"I have not said so," answered Dr. Noel, "for I am a cautious man."

"But look at this," objected Silas, pointing to the body. "Here is this object in my bed, not to be explained, not to be disposed of, not to be regarded without horror."

"Horror?" replied the doctor. "No. When this sort of clock has run down, it is no more to me than an ingenious piece of mechanism, to be investigated with the bistro. When blood is once cold and stagnant, it is no longer human blood. When flesh is once dead, it is no longer the flesh which we desire in our lovers and respect in our friends. The grace, the attraction and the terror have all gone from it with the animating spirit. Accustom yourself to look upon it with composure, for if my scheme is practicable you will have to live some days in constant proximity to that which now so greatly horrifies you."

"Your scheme?" cried Silas. "What is that? Tell me speedily, doctor, for I have scarcely courage enough to continue to exist."

Without replying, Dr. Noel turned toward the door and proceeded to examine the corpse.

"Quite dead," he murmured. "Yes, as I had supposed, the pockets empty, yes, and the name cut off the shirt. Their work has been done thoroughly and well. Fortunately, he is of small stature."

Silas followed these words with an extreme anxiety. At last the doctor, his autopsy completed, took a chair and addressed the young American with a smile.

"Since I came into your room," said he, "although my ears and my tongue have been so busy, I have not suffered my eyes to remain idle. I noted a little while ago that you have there in the corner one of those monstrous constructions which your fellow countrymen carry with them into all quarters of the globe—in a word, a Saratoga trunk. Until this moment I have never been able to conceive the utility of these erections; but then I began to have a glimmer. Whether it was for convenience in the slave trade or to obviate the results of too ready an employment of the bowie knife, I cannot bring myself to decide, but one thing I see plainly—the object of such a box is to contain a human body."

"Surely," cried Silas—"surely this is not a time for jesting!"

"Although I may express myself with some degree of pleasantry," replied the doctor, "the purport of my words is entirely serious, and the first thing we have to do, my young friend, is to empty your coffer of all that it contains."

Silas, obeying the authority of Dr. Noel, put himself at his disposition. The Saratoga trunk was soon gutted of its contents, which made a considerable litter on the floor, and then, Silas taking the heels and the doctor supporting the shoulders, the body of the murdered man was carried from the bed and, after some difficulty, doubled up and inserted whole into the empty box. With an effort on the part of both the lid was forced down upon this unusual baggage, and the trunk was locked and corded by the doctor's own hand, while Silas disposed of what had been taken out between the closet and a chest of drawers.

ward the door and proceeded to examine the corpse.

"Quite dead," he murmured. "Yes, as I had supposed, the pockets empty, yes, and the name cut off the shirt. Their work has been done thoroughly and well. Fortunately, he is of small stature."

Silas followed these words with an extreme anxiety. At last the doctor, his autopsy completed, took a chair and addressed the young American with a smile.

"Since I came into your room," said he, "although my ears and my tongue have been so busy, I have not suffered my eyes to remain idle. I noted a little while ago that you have there in the corner one of those monstrous constructions which your fellow countrymen carry with them into all quarters of the globe—in a word, a Saratoga trunk. Until this moment I have never been able to conceive the utility of these erections; but then I began to have a glimmer. Whether it was for convenience in the slave trade or to obviate the results of too ready an employment of the bowie knife, I cannot bring myself to decide, but one thing I see plainly—the object of such a box is to contain a human body."

"Surely," cried Silas—"surely this is not a time for jesting!"

"Although I may express myself with some degree of pleasantry," replied the doctor, "the purport of my words is entirely serious, and the first thing we have to do, my young friend, is to empty your coffer of all that it contains."

Silas, obeying the authority of Dr. Noel, put himself at his disposition. The Saratoga trunk was soon gutted of its contents, which made a considerable litter on the floor, and then, Silas taking the heels and the doctor supporting the shoulders, the body of the murdered man was carried from the bed and, after some difficulty, doubled up and inserted whole into the empty box. With an effort on the part of both the lid was forced down upon this unusual baggage, and the trunk was locked and corded by the doctor's own hand, while Silas disposed of what had been taken out between the closet and a chest of drawers.

ward the door and proceeded to examine the corpse.

"Quite dead," he murmured. "Yes, as I had supposed, the pockets empty, yes, and the name cut off the shirt. Their work has been done thoroughly and well. Fortunately, he is of small stature."

Silas followed these words with an extreme anxiety. At last the doctor, his autopsy completed, took a chair and addressed the young American with a smile.

"Since I came into your room," said he, "although my ears and my tongue have been so busy, I have not suffered my eyes to remain idle. I noted a little while ago that you have there in the corner one of those monstrous constructions which your fellow countrymen carry with them into all quarters of the globe—in a word, a Saratoga trunk. Until this moment I have never been able to conceive the utility of these erections; but then I began to have a glimmer. Whether it was for convenience in the slave trade or to obviate the results of too ready an employment of the bowie knife, I cannot bring myself to decide, but one thing I see plainly—the object of such a box is to contain a human body."

"Surely," cried Silas—"surely this is not a time for jesting!"

"Although I may express myself with some degree of pleasantry," replied the doctor, "the purport of my words is entirely serious, and the first thing we have to do, my young friend, is to empty your coffer of all that it contains."

Silas, obeying the authority of Dr. Noel, put himself at his disposition. The Saratoga trunk was soon gutted of its contents, which made a considerable litter on the floor, and then, Silas taking the heels and the doctor supporting the shoulders, the body of the murdered man was carried from the bed and, after some difficulty, doubled up and inserted whole into the empty box. With an effort on the part of both the lid was forced down upon this unusual baggage, and the trunk was locked and corded by the doctor's own hand, while Silas disposed of what had been taken out between the closet and a chest of drawers.

ward the door and proceeded to examine the corpse.

"Quite dead," he murmured. "Yes, as I had supposed, the pockets empty, yes, and the name cut off the shirt. Their work has been done thoroughly and well. Fortunately, he is of small stature."

Silas followed these words with an extreme anxiety. At last the doctor, his autopsy completed, took a chair and addressed the young American with a smile.

"Since I came into your room," said he, "although my ears and my tongue have been so busy, I have not suffered my eyes to remain idle. I noted a little while ago that you have there in the corner one of those monstrous constructions which your fellow countrymen carry with them into all quarters of the globe—in a word, a Saratoga trunk. Until this moment I have never been able to conceive the utility of these erections; but then I began to have a glimmer. Whether it was for convenience in the slave trade or to obviate the results of too ready an employment of the bowie knife, I cannot bring myself to decide, but one thing I see plainly—the object of such a box is to contain a human body."

"Surely," cried Silas—"surely this is not a time for jesting!"

"Although I may express myself with some degree of pleasantry," replied the doctor, "the purport of my words is entirely serious, and the first thing we have to do, my young friend, is to empty your coffer of all that it contains."

Silas, obeying the authority of Dr. Noel, put himself at his disposition. The Saratoga trunk was soon gutted of its contents, which made a considerable litter on the floor, and then, Silas taking the heels and the doctor supporting the shoulders, the body of the murdered man was carried from the bed and, after some difficulty, doubled up and inserted whole into the empty box. With an effort on the part of both the lid was forced down upon this unusual baggage, and the trunk was locked and corded by the doctor's own hand, while Silas disposed of what had been taken out between the closet and a chest of drawers.

ward the door and proceeded to examine the corpse.

"Quite dead," he murmured. "Yes, as I had supposed, the pockets empty, yes, and the name cut off the shirt. Their work has been done thoroughly and well. Fortunately, he is of small stature."

Silas followed these words with an extreme anxiety. At last the doctor, his autopsy completed, took a chair and addressed the young American with a smile.

"Since I came into your room," said he, "although my ears and my tongue have been so busy, I have not suffered my eyes to remain idle. I noted a little while ago that you have there in the corner one of those monstrous constructions which your fellow countrymen carry with them into all quarters of the globe—in a word, a Saratoga trunk. Until this moment I have never been able to conceive the utility of these erections; but then I began to have a glimmer. Whether it was for convenience in the slave trade or to obviate the results of too ready an employment of the bowie knife, I cannot bring myself to decide, but one thing I see plainly—the object of such a box is to contain a human body."

"Surely," cried Silas—"surely this is not a time for jesting!"

"Although I may express myself with some degree of pleasantry," replied the doctor, "the purport of my words is entirely serious, and the first thing we have to do, my young friend, is to empty your coffer of all that it contains."

Silas, obeying the authority of Dr. Noel, put himself at his disposition. The Saratoga trunk was soon gutted of its contents, which made a considerable litter on the floor, and then, Silas taking the heels and the doctor supporting the shoulders, the body of the murdered man was carried from the bed and, after some difficulty, doubled up and inserted whole into the empty box. With an effort on the part of both the lid was forced down upon this unusual baggage, and the trunk was locked and corded by the doctor's own hand, while Silas disposed of what had been taken out between the closet and a chest of drawers.

ward the door and proceeded to examine the corpse.

"Quite dead," he murmured. "Yes, as I had supposed, the pockets empty, yes, and the name cut off the shirt. Their work has been done thoroughly and well. Fortunately, he is of small stature."

Silas followed these words with an extreme anxiety. At last the doctor, his autopsy completed, took a chair and addressed the young American with a smile.

"Since I came into your room," said he, "although my ears and my tongue have been so busy, I have not suffered my eyes to remain idle. I noted a little while ago that you have there in the corner one of those monstrous constructions which your fellow countrymen carry with them into all quarters of the globe—in a word, a Saratoga trunk. Until this moment I have never been able to conceive the utility of these erections; but then I began to have a glimmer. Whether it was for convenience in the slave trade or to obviate the results of too ready an employment of the bowie knife, I cannot bring myself to decide, but one thing I see plainly—the object of such a box is to contain a human body."

"Surely," cried Silas—"surely this is not a time for jesting!"

"Although I may express myself with some degree of pleasantry," replied the doctor, "the purport of my words is entirely serious, and the first thing we have to do, my young friend, is to empty your coffer of all that it contains."

Silas, obeying the authority of Dr. Noel, put himself at his disposition. The Saratoga trunk was soon gutted of its contents, which made a considerable litter on the floor, and then, Silas taking the heels and the doctor supporting the shoulders, the body of the murdered man was carried from the bed and, after some difficulty, doubled up and inserted whole into the empty box. With an effort on the part of both the lid was forced down upon this unusual baggage, and the trunk was locked and corded by the doctor's own hand, while Silas disposed of what had been taken out between the closet and a chest of drawers.

ward the door and proceeded to examine the corpse.

"Quite dead," he murmured. "Yes, as I had supposed, the pockets empty, yes, and the name cut off the shirt. Their work has been done thoroughly and well. Fortunately, he is of small stature."

Silas followed these words with an extreme anxiety. At last the doctor, his autopsy completed, took a chair and addressed the young American with a smile.

"Since I came into your room," said he, "although my ears and my tongue have been so busy, I have not suffered my eyes to remain idle. I noted a little while ago that you have there in the corner one of those monstrous constructions which your fellow countrymen carry with them into all quarters of the globe—in a word, a Saratoga trunk. Until this moment I have never been able to conceive the utility of these erections; but then I began to have a glimmer. Whether it was for convenience in the slave trade or to obviate the results of too ready an employment of the bowie knife, I cannot bring myself to decide, but one thing I see plainly—the object of such a box is to contain a human body."

"Surely," cried Silas—"surely this is not a time for jesting!"

"Although I may express myself with some degree of pleasantry," replied the doctor, "the purport of my words is entirely serious, and the first thing we have to do, my young friend, is to empty your coffer of all that it contains."

Silas, obeying the authority of Dr. Noel, put himself at his disposition. The Saratoga trunk was soon gutted of its contents, which made a considerable litter on the floor, and then, Silas taking the heels and the doctor supporting the shoulders, the body of the murdered man was carried from the bed and, after some difficulty, doubled up and inserted whole into the empty box. With an effort on the part of both the lid was forced down upon this unusual baggage, and the trunk was locked and corded by the doctor's own hand, while Silas disposed of what had been taken out between the closet and a chest of drawers.

ward the door and proceeded to examine the corpse.

"Quite dead," he murmured. "Yes, as I had supposed, the pockets empty, yes, and the name cut off the shirt. Their work has been done thoroughly and well. Fortunately, he is of small stature."

Silas followed these words with an extreme anxiety. At last the doctor, his autopsy completed, took a chair and addressed the young American with a smile.

"Since I came into your room," said he, "although my ears and my tongue have been so busy, I have not suffered my eyes to remain idle. I noted a little while ago that you have there in the corner one of those monstrous constructions which your fellow countrymen carry with them into all quarters of the globe—in a word, a Saratoga trunk. Until this moment I have never been able to conceive the utility of these erections; but then I began to have a glimmer. Whether it was for convenience in the slave trade or to obviate the results of too ready an employment of the bowie knife, I cannot bring myself to decide, but one thing I see plainly—the object of such a box is to contain a human body."

"Surely," cried Silas—"surely this is not a time for jesting!"

"Although I may express myself with some degree of pleasantry," replied the doctor, "the purport of my words is entirely serious, and the first thing we have to do, my young friend, is to empty your coffer of all that it contains."

Silas, obeying the authority of Dr. Noel, put himself at his disposition. The Saratoga trunk was soon gutted of its contents, which made a considerable litter on the floor, and then, Silas taking the heels and the doctor supporting the shoulders, the body of the murdered man was carried from the bed and, after some difficulty, doubled up and inserted whole into the empty box. With an effort on the part of both the lid was forced down upon this unusual baggage, and the trunk was locked and corded by the doctor's own hand, while Silas disposed of what had been taken out between the closet and a chest of drawers.

ward the door and proceeded to examine the corpse.

"Quite dead," he murmured. "Yes, as I had supposed, the pockets empty, yes, and the name cut off the shirt. Their work has been done thoroughly and well. Fortunately, he is of small stature."

Silas followed these words with an extreme anxiety. At last the doctor, his autopsy completed, took a chair and addressed the young American with a smile.

"Since I came into your room," said he, "although my ears and my tongue have been so busy, I have not suffered my eyes to remain idle. I noted a little while ago that you have there in the corner one of those monstrous constructions which your fellow countrymen carry with them into all quarters of the globe—in a word, a Saratoga trunk. Until this moment I have never been able to conceive the utility of these erections; but then I began to have a glimmer. Whether it was for convenience in the slave trade or to obviate the results of too ready an employment of the bowie knife, I cannot bring myself to decide, but one thing I see plainly—the object of such a box is to contain a human body."

"Surely," cried Silas—"surely this is not a time for jesting!"

"Although I may express myself with some degree of pleasantry," replied the doctor, "the purport of my words is entirely serious, and the first thing we have to do, my young friend, is to empty your coffer of all that it contains."

Silas, obeying the authority of Dr. Noel, put himself at his disposition. The Saratoga trunk was soon gutted of its contents, which made a considerable litter on the floor, and then, Silas taking the heels and the doctor supporting the shoulders, the body of the murdered man was carried from the bed and, after some difficulty, doubled up and inserted whole into the empty box. With an effort on the part of both the lid was forced down upon this unusual baggage, and the trunk was locked and corded by the doctor's own hand, while Silas disposed of what had been taken out between the closet and a chest of drawers.

ward the door and proceeded to examine the corpse.

"Quite dead," he murmured. "Yes, as I had supposed, the pockets empty, yes, and the name cut off the shirt. Their work has been done thoroughly and well. Fortunately, he is of small stature."

Silas followed these words with an extreme anxiety. At last the doctor, his autopsy completed, took a chair and addressed the young American with a smile.

"Since I came into your room," said he, "although my ears and my tongue have been so busy, I have not suffered my eyes to remain idle. I noted a little while ago that you have there in the corner one of those monstrous constructions which your fellow countrymen carry with them into all quarters of the globe—in a word, a Saratoga trunk. Until this moment I have never been able to conceive the utility of these erections; but then I began to have a glimmer. Whether it was for convenience in the slave trade or to obviate the results of too ready an employment of the bowie knife, I cannot bring myself to decide, but one thing I see plainly—the object of such a box is to contain a human body."

"Surely," cried Silas—"surely this is not a time for jesting!"

"Although I may express myself with some degree of pleasantry," replied the doctor, "the purport of my words is entirely serious, and the first thing we have to do, my young friend, is to empty your coffer of all that it contains."

Silas, obeying the authority of Dr. Noel, put himself at his disposition. The Saratoga trunk was soon gutted of its contents, which made a considerable litter on the floor, and then, Silas taking the heels and the doctor supporting the shoulders, the body of the murdered man was carried from the bed and, after some difficulty, doubled up and inserted whole into the empty box. With an effort on the part of both the lid was forced down upon this unusual baggage, and the trunk was locked and corded by the doctor's own hand, while Silas disposed of what had been taken out between the closet and a chest of drawers.

ward the door and proceeded to examine the corpse.

"Quite dead," he murmured. "Yes, as I had supposed, the pockets empty, yes, and the name cut off the shirt. Their work has been done thoroughly and well. Fortunately, he is of small stature."

Silas followed these words with an extreme anxiety. At last the doctor, his autopsy completed, took a chair and addressed the young American with a smile.

"Since I came into your room," said he, "although my ears and my tongue have been so busy, I have not suffered my eyes to remain idle. I noted a little while ago that you have there in the corner one of those monstrous constructions which your fellow countrymen carry with them into all quarters of the globe—in a word, a Saratoga trunk. Until this moment I have never been able to conceive the utility of these erections; but then I began to have a glimmer. Whether it was for convenience in the slave trade or to obviate the results of too ready an employment of the bowie knife, I cannot bring myself to decide, but one thing I see plainly—the object of such a box is to contain a human body."

"Surely," cried Silas—"surely this is not a time for jesting!"

"Although I may express myself with some degree of pleasantry," replied the doctor, "the purport of my words is entirely serious, and the first thing we have to do, my young friend, is to empty your coffer of all that it contains."

Silas, obeying the authority of Dr. Noel, put himself at his disposition. The Saratoga trunk was soon gutted of its contents, which made a considerable litter on the floor, and then, Silas taking the heels and the doctor supporting the shoulders, the body of the murdered man was carried from the bed and, after some difficulty, doubled up and inserted whole into the empty box. With an effort on the part of both the lid was forced down upon this unusual baggage, and the trunk was locked and corded by the doctor's own hand, while Silas disposed of what had been taken out between the closet and a chest of drawers.

ward the door and proceeded to examine the corpse.

"Quite dead," he murmured. "Yes, as I had supposed, the pockets empty, yes, and the name cut off the shirt. Their work has been done thoroughly and well. Fortunately, he is of small stature."

Silas followed these words with an extreme anxiety. At last the doctor, his autopsy completed, took a chair and addressed the young American with a smile.

"Since I came into your room," said he, "although my ears and my tongue have been so busy, I have not suffered my eyes to remain idle. I noted a little while ago that you have there in the corner one of those monstrous constructions which your fellow countrymen carry with them into all quarters of the globe—in a word, a Saratoga trunk. Until this moment I have never been able to conceive the utility of these erections; but then I began to have a glimmer. Whether it was for convenience in the slave trade or to obviate the results of too ready an employment of the bowie knife, I cannot bring myself to decide, but one thing I see plainly—the object of such a box is to contain a human body."

"Surely," cried Silas—"surely this is not a time for jesting!"

"Although I may express myself with some degree of pleasantry," replied the doctor, "the purport of my words is entirely serious, and the first thing we have to do, my young friend, is to empty your coffer of all that it contains."

Silas, obeying the authority of Dr. Noel, put himself at his disposition. The Saratoga trunk was soon gutted of its contents, which made a considerable litter on the floor, and then, Silas taking the heels and the doctor supporting the shoulders, the body of the murdered man was carried from the bed and, after some difficulty, doubled up and inserted whole into the empty box. With an effort on the part of both the lid was forced down upon this unusual baggage, and the trunk was locked and corded by the doctor's own hand, while Silas disposed of what had been taken out between the closet and a chest of drawers.

ward the door and proceeded to examine the corpse.

"Quite dead," he murmured. "Yes, as I had supposed, the pockets empty, yes, and the name cut off the shirt. Their work has been done thoroughly and well. Fortunately, he is of small stature."

Silas followed these words with an extreme anxiety. At last the doctor, his autopsy completed, took a chair and addressed the young American with a smile.

"Since I came into your room," said he, "although my ears and my tongue have been so busy, I have not suffered my eyes to remain idle. I noted a little while ago that you have there in the corner one of those monstrous constructions which your fellow countrymen carry with them into all quarters of the globe—in