

or three nights and we had about recovered again when one fine morning we found the hall door open again.

As before, we carefully locked it, slept well that night and in the morning discovered it standing serenely open.

This was certainly growing interesting. There were but three of us rooming on that floor. Marion and I who roomed opposite each other and Alice Wells who roomed down at the other end of the hall.

We had said nothing to her about the inexplicable door and as she made no mention of having seen or heard anything unusual we supposed she knew nothing of these disquieting occurrences.

That night we dragged my heavy trunk across the door and during the night heard it shifted once and then silence. In the morning, investigation showed that the trunk had been moved half way around but the door was still locked.

There was too much of the uncanny about these happenings and Marion and I began to be chronically nervous and ordinary little noises during the day time startled us. That day we decided to arm ourselves. Marion found a nickle-plated cap-pistol and I made fun of the ridiculous little thing.

"Oh!" she said, "if it's a burglar he'll see the glitter on the nickle and that'll scare him."

The only weapon I could find was a hammer; so with these warlike instruments we made our rounds before retiring. We dragged the trunk before the door again and saw that everything in the way of doors and windows were locked securely. Later in the night we again heard the trunk being moved around and almost at the same time a chair was overturned with a clatter. Then followed the all enfolding silence. The thing was becoming unbearable. Grasping my hammer I tiptoed softly to my door and as softly opened it and flashed my light up and down the hall. Nobody in sight. I stepped across to Marion's room. A scared face rose from behind the bed.

"Oo!" said Marion, "I thought he had you and was coming after me."

Together we made a tour of investigation. There was the overturned chair and there the trunk half way round again.

Everything seemed quiet and a gravelike silence rested unchallenged.

We turned and marched down the hall to Alice's room. The