

EDITOR'S NOTE:

(As written in the 1938 print of The Ghost of Downhill)

To find a novel-reader who is unfamiliar with the type of story that Edgar Wallace writes, would, I take it, be as difficult to discover as the great auk's egg. His ghost and detective stories have made such a universal appeal that they have become world-famed. They have been translated into innumerable foreign languages and have been supremely successful in every country where they have appeared.

It is interesting to try and discover that quality, or rather what combination of qualities go to make an author or a particular book a "best seller". If one would really give a definite and satisfactory answer to this question, book publishing would be a much simpler and more profitable business than it is.

The same difficulty, of course, presented itself to the producer of plays in the theater. If a manager knew exactly what would attract the public there would be very few theatrical failures.

I could mention several celebrated plays in the past in which success seemed to be due in a great measure to one particular scene or even one particular speech. There was, for example, the celebrated cross-questioning scene in Henry Arthur Jones's *Mrs. Dane/s Defence*; the scene in Sir Arthur Pinero's *The Gay Lord Quiex* when Sophie Fulgarney gives herself away; and, in the second category the speech on Motherhood in Alfred Sutro's *The Walls of Jerocho*. But one scene or one speech alone is not enough. A book or a play must possess appealing quality that it is far more difficult to discover and appraise. The style of writing, the dramatic power, the details, the human touch and endless other attributes have to be taken into account; and as a whole, it must have what is known as the right atmosphere.

In these two stories we have to use a sporting expression - Edgar Wallace on the top of his form. They are written in that sharp, crisp, direct and economical style that wastes no words. Every sentence, however short, pushes the plot another step forward. There is, consequently, no legging and no flagging. And by the same token the reader is never allowed to lose interest, for he is instantly caught up in the threads of the story and carried along as situation after situation rapidly unfolds itself. These are truly typical stories from his famous and prolific pen.

"The Ghost of Downhill" puzzles and scares the inhabitants of a little hamlet in Sussex, and also intrigues the heroine's elderly uncle who is an antiquarian and a great devotee to psychical research. In addition another curious and puzzling fact is that on two occasions, in two different parts of the country, a man has been held up in his house at night by a burglar who made him produce his bank passbook. The book has, in each case, been returned unharmed and no further outrage has been committed. The elucidation of these extraordinary occurrences forms the subject of the story.

This story will hold you from the start to finish.



THE GHOST OF DOWNHILL

CHAPTER I

THE MAN WHO WANTED PASSBOOKS

It was, of course, a coincidence that Margot Panton was the guest of Mrs. John Staines on the night of the visitation; it was equally a coincidence that she travelled down to Artherton by the 4.57 in the same railway coupe as Jeremiah Jowlett. And yet it was as natural that she should break her journey in town to accept the hospitality which her old nurse could offer her, as it was that Jeremiah and she should be fellow passengers by the only fast train which Jerry always took, summer and winter, unless he was away from London or was working up evidence against some malefactor; for Jerry was a barrister, and had a desk in the office of the Public Prosecutor.

“My dear,” said Martha Staines in genuine admiration, “I should never have known you!”

Margot, a slight, pretty figure curled up in an armchair before the fire, raised her tea cup in waiting.

“Don’t tell me I’m growing pretty Martha!” she said solemnly. “Ever since I can remember I have been growing pretty and have never quite grown.”

“Well, you have got there now Margot,” Martha Staines shook her head and sighed.

The girl’s mother had died eight months before, leaving her orphan child in the guardianship of an absent brother-in-law. Martha recalled the sad, thin face the woman she had served for so many years and those happy days at Royston where Margot had been the most angelic of babies.

“Your uncle is back, then, Margot.”

The girl nodded, a gleam of amusement in her eyes.

“It is rather fun having a guardian you cannot find!” she said. “I wonder what he will do with me when the travel fever comes on him again?”

Martha shook her head. She was a stout, good looking woman of forty five, and her prosperity had neither spoilt her humour nor her manners.

“Where has been this time?” she asked.

Margot took a letter from her bag and consulted it.

“The Upper Amazon,” she said. “I’ll read you the letter:



DEAR MARGOT,

“I was grieved to learn on my return that my poor sister had passed away. By the letters which I found waiting from your lawyers I see that I am appointed your guardian. I hope you will not find Arthurton a bore. I am rather an old fogey and am interested in very little outside of geology and spiritualism, but you shall be your own mistress. I shall expect you on Tuesday evening.

Your living uncle,

JAMES STUART.”

“Spiritualis,” said Martha thoughtfully. “That sounds lively.”

The girl laughed and put down her cup upon the table. She was at an age when even the supernatural phenomena of life were amusing.

Mr. Staines came in a few minutes later. He was a bluff man, red and jovial of face and stout of build. He brought with him a faint fragrance of pine, and the dust of the saw mill lay like power on his boots.

“It’s lovely part of the country you’re going to, Miss Panton,” he said, as he stirred his tea. “I know it very well. What is the name of your uncle!”

“Stuart,” said the girl, “Mr. James Stuart.”

He nodded.

“I know his house, too; a big place at the foot of the hill with a lovely garden - in the proper season. It will be well under snow now.”

He scratched his chin.

“Yes, I remember him, a very close gentleman. He had the name of being a little eccentric, if you don’t mind my saying so, miss.”

“He’s a spiritualist, Staines” said Martha.

“A spiritualist, eh?” Mr. Staines chuckled.

“Well, he’s got plenty of spirits to practise on at Arthurton. Maybe he will have to go at the Ghost of Down Hill Farm.”

“That sounds thrilling,” said the girl, wide-eyed. “Do tell me about the Ghost of Down Hill Farm, Mr. Staines.”

“Well, I’ve never seen it myself-mother, I’ll have another cup of tea-but I’ve heard yarns about it,” said Mr. Staines. “In the first place, there isn’t a Down Hill Farm. There used to be about eighty years ago, but it’s built on now, and before that there was a priory, or a monastery, or something. That is where the ghost comes from. I took the trouble to read up the history years and years ago,” he explained almost apologetically. “That is why I know the dates. In 1348 the country, and the continent which took off half



the inhabitants of England. It broke out in the Priory, being carried to Arthurton by a monk who came from Yorkshire, and when the villagers heard that they had the plague they put up a guard round the place and would allow no one to go in or come out. All the monks died except one, and he used to come out every night and walk round the building. After a time he died too. He is the Ghost of Down Hill-they have dropped calling it a farm-and I’ve met old men who say they have seen him.”

“How lovely!” said the girl ecstatically. “Do you think that he’ll walk for me?”

“Well, miss” said Staines with a twinkle in his eye, “if he wouldn’t walk for you, he’d walk for nobody,” and his laugh shook the decanters on the side-board.

Suddenly he became serious and turned to his wife.

“Did I tell you about that case at East-bourne, mother?” he asked.

“No, my dear, you didn’t,” said his wife, busy at the table clearing up the ten things.

“Did you ever hear me speak about a man named Wheeler?”

Mrs. Staines shook her head.

“Well, I have, lots of times,” said Staines, “Anyway, it doesn’t matter. He’s in the surveyor’s office at Eastbourne now, but I knew him years ago when he was clerk of the works for one of the biggest architects in the South of England. A very nice fellow.”

“Well, what about him?” asked Mrs. Staines.

“Listen to this,”

Mrs. Staines fumbled in his pocket and produced a pair of pince-nez which he fixed to his nose, then unfolded the evening paper, and after a search:

“An extraordinary happening is reported from Eastbourne. Mr. Joseph Wheeler, of the Borough Surveyor’s office was sitting in his room on Sunday night, the family being at church, when a masked man appeared and, holding up Mr. Wheeler at the point of a revolver, demanded that he should produce his bank books or any other personal accounts he might have. Fortunately Mr. Wheeler had the books handy and produced them under protest. The intruder then ordered his victim to stand with his face to the wall whilst he examined the

pass-books which have been produced. The examination lasted five minutes at the end of which time the masked man disappeared as suddenly as he came.”

“Well, now, what do you think of that?” said Mrs. Staines, properly impressed.

“I thought it was going to be quite exciting,” said the girl disappointed. “He should at least have left a message written in blood!”

She went to bed early that night. She had had a tiring journey and Mrs. Staines, leaving her husband to go to his office to work out the day’s accounts, followed her example.



The Staines’s house stood at the entrance of one of the timber yards which John Staines, in his alluence, had acquired. A one-story brick building built in the yard formed the headquarters of his thriving business and it was to his own office that he repaired to enter up the personal transactions.

He did not hear the door open but he felt a cold draught of air and looked around. A man was closing the door behind him as he looked and Mr. Staines jumped to his feet, for the head of the intruder was enveloped in a monkish cowl and two hard, bright eyes glared at him through the vertical slits which had been cut in the mask. More alarming still was the automatic pistol which he held in his hand.

“Don’t shout, and don’t attempt to get away. Pull down those blinds,” ordered the man; and Staines obeyed drawing down the blue linen blinds and shutting out all view of the interior from the yard.

“I want your passbooks, bank books and private ledgers for the past ten years,” said the stranger.

“Look here,” began Mr. Staines.

“Look nowhere,” snarled the man, “Do as you are told, damn you!”

Mr. John Staines was a wise man and albeit resentfully, obeyed. He stacked the little brown covered books on the table, taking them from his safe.

“Now stand against the wall and do not look around,” said the intruder and again Mr. Staines obeyed.

He heard the rustle of turning leaves but he did not turn his head. Few minutes passed and a chair was pushed back.

“Stand still,” said the stranger,

The door opened and closed rapidly, a few seconds later he heard the crash of the wicket gate and sat down heavily in his chair.

“Well, I’,----!” said Mr. Staines, and his profanity was pardonable in the circumstances.



CHAPTER II

JEREMIAH OBADIAH JOWLETT

Is a small, gloomy office overlooking Whitehall, Mr. Jeremiah Jowlett collected together the dossiers he had been examining, tucked them under his arm and sprinted for the room of his chief. Lord Ilfran looked up as his subordinate came in.

“Hullo, Jerry, haven’t you gone?” he asked.

“No, sir,” said Jerry unnecessarily and put the envelopes before the elder man. “I think we can prosecute in the cases of Myer and Burton,” he said “but there does not seem to be a case against Townsend.”

Lord Ilfran nodded.

“Is there any fresh news?” he asked.

“None sir, of any importance. I see in the newspapers that an attempt has been made to rob the strong rooms of the mail steamer *Carmuria* but the thieves seem to have bungled it very badly, and the men are in custody at Southampton.”

“there are no good strong room robbers left,” said Lord Ilfran in a tone which suggested that he regretted the circumstances. “ever since the Flack gang were laid by the heels that branch of crime has become uninteresting. What is this I see,” he asked, “about the hold-up of a wood merchant in Camberwell?”

“Oh, yes,” Jerry was leaving but turned back. “That is extraordinary. There was a man held up in similar circumstances at Eastbourne two or three days ago and now this man Staines has been victimized.”

“Nothing was stolen?” asked Lord Ilfran.

“Nothing at all, apparently,” replied Jerry. “As in the previous case, the burglar merely asked to see the state of the passbooks and the private ledgers of Mr. Staines.”

“Extraordinary!” murmured Lord Ilfran looking out of the window. “Most extraordinary! Nothing was stolen you say?”

“Nothing at all,” said Jerry and threw a glance at the clock above the head of the Public Prosecutor.

“Well, get off,” said Ilfran with a smile.

“I suppose you are catching your 4.57. What on earth makes you live as Arthurton?”

“Come down and spend Christmas with me, sir” said Jerry with a smile, “and I think you’ll understand.”

The taxi-cab that took him to Victoria was a slow one and he had to race to the platform and even then only arrived as the train was on the move. The guard opened the door of a first-class carriage and he jumped in and would have fallen but a little hand thrust out in alarm saved him.



“I am so awfully sorry,” said Jerry, with that smile of his which had disarmed so many of his critics.

“I think the train jerked,” said Margot Panton primly.

“I’m almost sure it jerked,” said Jeremiah, and then he chuckled and the girl laughed too.

It was all very improper, of course, and very unusual. Margot had been warned since she could understand never to speak to strange men in railway carriages, and never under any circumstances to travel alone with one. And yet before the train had reached Clapham Junction, Jerry had told her that his favourite name for aunts was Maud and she had explained the inner workings of the perfect system at the school she had left.

“Arthurton!” he said in delight when she told him her destination. “Good lord, I’m going there, too. Where are you staying?”

“With my guardian, Mr. James Stuart.”

“Is that so?” he said, raising his eye brows. “Why, we’re neighbours! Mr. Stuart is the antiquarian or explorer, or something, isn’t he?” I know he lives abroad.”

“I know very little about him,” she replied, “and I don’t remember having seen him. He is the only relative I have in the world,” she said simply.

Jerry was more than ordinarily interested and plied her with question as to her length of stay until laughingly she changed the subject.

“If you live at Arthurton---“

“As I swear I do,” he said.

“Don’t interrupt. If you live in Arthurton you can tell me something I am dying to hear about.”

“I have a bronze medal for saving life,” he said modestly. “I must tell you this in case nobody else does. I am willing to earn another one.”

“Have you ever seen the Ghost of Downhill?” she asked.

He fell back in his seat and shrieked with laughter.

“I am the Ghost of Down Hill,” he said and she stared at him. “At least I’m the only ghost that’s ever haunted Down Hill. My house is built, if not upon the site, at least upon the land which the old monks owned and which the proprietor of Down Hill Farm, which was burnt a hundred years ago, included in his demesne.”

“And you’ve never seen the ghost?” she asked.

“I’ve never seen the ghost, and Minter - he is my valet, cook and general manager-hasn’t seen a ghost either.”



He hesitated and then:

“No, we’ve seen nothing.”

“You were going to say except,” she began.

He smiled.

“Except that two or three nights ago we saw a strange figure in the garden, but it was probably a poacher setting a snare. There are thousands of rabbits on that part of the Downs.”

“You’ll love the place,” he said as he helped her to alight at Treen Station, “and I hope your uncle is going to invite me to tea and tennis. You’ve got a wonderful court and I have no court at all. And there is your uncle. Shall I introduce you?” he asked whimsically.

The man who walked towards her was a little above middle height and strongly built. Apparently he was in the region of sixty but he was as straight as a ram-rod. The short clipped white beard, the shaggy eyebrows and the large nose gave her the impression of an old eagle; as impression which the bright deep-set eyes helped to strengthen. He gave her smile for smile as he met her and took her little hand in his big, hairy paw. Though it was bitterly cold and the snow lay thick on the roads, he wore no overcoat or gloves and the soft white shirt was opened at neck to expose the corded throat.

“You’re Margot,” he said, and brushed her cheek with his lips. “How do you do, Mr. Jowlett. This is a neighbor of ours, Margot.”

His manner was brusque, his voice gruffly but his attitude was genial. He had a little car waiting at the station yard. It was parked alongside Jerry’s one extravagance, a long-

bonneted racing car, the possession of which he excused on account of its hill-climbing qualities.

“It is my elevator,” he said. “I live on the first floor of the world, Miss Panton, a position which gives me the happy feeling of being able to look down upon my fellow-citizens.”

They gave him a minute’s start and he disappeared silently across the snowy carpet.

James Stuart sat at the wheel and his little car followed at a respectable distance. He did not speak to the girl and she had time to take stock of this new relative who had come into her life. He had the glamour of relationship to her mother, but she felt that she could love this grim old man, upon whose face she thought she detected the lines of suffering.

Mr. Staines had not exaggerated the prettiness of her new home. It was an old house, creeper-grown, and stood in extensive grounds. Even under its white, fleecy covering, which lay in thick pads on the spreading cedars, she saw the beautiful possibilities of the sleeping garden.

“I wonder you can ever leave this place,” she said as she stood looking through the French windows of the drawing room.

“It’s pretty,” he said shortly.



“Is there anything in Brazil as pretty?”

He shook his head.

“Nothing,” he answered shortly.

Her own apartment was a lovely large room overlooking the garden and had the appearance of having been recently furnished. She discovered later that this was the fact and that the furniture had only arrived that day from Eastbourne.

She found her uncle amiable enough at dinner. He had a fund of sardonic humour which kept her amused and he took, moreover, a surprisingly broad view of men and things.

“There isn’t much young company for you to Arthurton,” he said. “A girl like you should have plenty of dances and similar nonsense. I’ll invite young Jowlett over to dinner tomorrow night if you like.”

She did like very much.

“In the season there’s plenty of social life in Eastbourne, and it is only fourteen miles away, and I’m thinking of getting another ear,” he said. “But now...” he hesitated and rubbed his beard with his knuckles, a little gesture of irritation which did not escape her “I am very busy in the evenings with my specimens and I’m afraid you’ll be left alone-“

“Please don’t worry about me, Uncle James,” she said earnestly. “I can amuse myself with a book. And if I think I’m on your mind all the time, it will take half the fun out of life.”

He seemed relieved at this, and then awkwardly;

“Well, you can start right away,” he said. “I am going to my study now,”

At ten o'clock she tapped at his door to say good-night and went up to her room. He had promised her a maid, though she was ready enough to dispense with this luxury. She undressed and sat in her kimono by the open window looking over the garden. It was the third quarter of the moon and it was rising as she looked out upon that most wonderful of landscapes.

The snowy expanse of the Downs lay in blue shadow and the moonlight flooded the broad white Weald with an uncanny radiance.

She sighed happily, switched off the light and snuggled into bed. The strangeness of the room and, perhaps, the queer smell which all new furniture has, prevented her sleeping as soundly as she expected. She turned from side to side, dozing fitfully, and then she heard a faint sound of a foot on the gravel path outside. From the position of the patch of moon light on the floor she knew it must be very late and wondered if her uncle was in the habit of taking midnight strolls on such a freezing night. Slipping out of bed she pulled on her dressing gown, walked to the window and looked out.

And then her blood froze, and her knees gave under her, for there in the middle of the garden path, standing out against the snowy background, was a figure in the somber habit of a monk!



The cowl was drawn over his head and the face of invisible.

It stood there motionless, its hands concealed in its wide sleeves, its head bent as in thought. Then slowly the head turned and the moonlight fell upon the bony face, the hollow sockets of its eyes, the white gleam of its fleshless teeth.

For a moment she stared, paralysed, incapable of sound or movement; and then she found her voice, and with a shrill scream collapsed on the floor in a dead faint.

END OF CHAPTER II



CHAPTER III

THE TRAMP

When she came to herself she was lying on the bed under the eider down quilt and her uncle's anxious face was looking down at hers. He was in his dressing-gown and his hair was rumped untidily.

“I am such a fool,” she said, with an apologetic smile.

“I heard you scream. What was the matter - nightmare?” asked Mr. Stuart.

And then she told him what she had seen. Stuart walked to the window and looked out.

“A manifestation,” he said gravely. “You were very fortunate.”

“A manifestation?” she repeated in an amazement. “Do you believe -“

He shrugged his shoulders.

“I believe there is a great deal one doesn't understand; a great many things and a great many phenomena,” he replied. “But honestly, I think in this case you have been suffering from nightmare.”

“Do you - do you think,” she replied, “that was the Ghost of Downhill?”

She heard him chuckle.

“So you’ve heard the yarn, have you?” he said. “Perhaps it was. Perhaps it was oyster patty followed by coffee-a combination which has produced more ghosts than any of us spiritualists have raised.”

Margot Panton was neither superstitious nor a sceptic. She had the *mens sana in corpora sana* of the well balanced public school girl, and she was heartily ashamed of the exhibition she had made of herself. It had been the surprise of it; the atmosphere of mystery; the moonlight; the strangeness of the place - all those circumstances had combined to surprise her into that ridiculous fainting fit.

Alone in her room, she sat up in bed clasping her knees, a picture of frowning puzzlement. Her common-sense told her that there was no such thing as ghosts and they did not wear boots that crunched the gravel beneath them. She got out of bed again and looked out into the garden. It was empty. Then switching off the light with a contemptuous “pooh!” she curled herself in bed and fell into a dreamless sleep.

Her uncle was out when she came down to breakfast but he returned before she had finished the meal.

“Well, have you got over your scare?” he asked as he dropped his hand on her shoulder in passing her.

“I’m perfectly certain it wasn’t a ghost,” she said.

“Oh, you are, are you?” his eyes twinkled, “and how do you reach that conclusion?”

“Ghosts don’t wear boots,” she said decidedly.



“They may have shoes,” said the dry old man. “I take tea without sugar or milk, Margot. If it was not a ghost, then I ought to be careful,” he said. “I have brought some rather valuable things back from Brazil and Peru; some old statuettes of the Incas,” he explained, but did not offer to show them to her.

She had had a glimpse of his study that morning, a plainly furnished room on the ground floor with a book-case and a desk, a few skins of animals stretched on the walls and little else.

That morning she was still occupied in unpacking her trunk and disposing of her photographs about the room.

She lunched alone, her uncle having gone to Hastings in his car. When he had told her he was making this trip she had expected he would invite her and he must have guessed her thoughts.

“When I get a better car I will take you round the country, Margot, but you make my old flivver look shabby.”

She smiled at the implied compliment. She was beginning to like this old man with his mordant humour and his pretty turn of compliment.

His absence gave her an opportunity of exploring her own domain, and putting on a pair of heavy boots - for the snow lay thick upon the hillside, under a radiant sun - she went out on a tour of inspection. Beyond the garden was a wide paddock which ran up the hill and was divided from the next property by a wire fence. She followed this fence to the crest of the rise and saw that it passed close to a pretty little brick bungalow which stood on the top of the hill. This must be Down Hill she thought. It covered a larger area than she had imagined. She caught a glimpse of bachelor comfort through the wide open windows. A stout man, whom she rightly guessed was Jeremiah Jowlett's factotum, gave her a stiff little bow as she came abreast of him. He was shoveling away the snow that had fallen in the night from the garden path. Apparently Jerry had gone to town.

"Good morning, madam," he said respectfully.

"Is this Down Hill?" she asked.

"Yes, madam. This is Mr. J.O. Jowlett's estate."

The words sounded to her a little magnificent and she smiled internally. She remembered that her travelling companion of the evening before had said that this man disapproved of "Jeremiah." She passed the house and walked along the Downs and sat down to rest on a garden seat which had evidently been placed there by Jeremiah, and was dry and free from snow.

The view was wonderful. In the golden sunlight the Weald was a glittering snow-field, and far away on her right she saw the silver fret of the sea running across the gap at Seaford, like the line of a lace bodice across the V of a woman's corsage. She sat entranced, dreaming idly, formless, pleasant fancies floating across her mental vision - lazy mists that alternately revealed and veiled the substances of life. Her reverie was rudely broken.



"Pretty view, ain't it, miss?"

She turned with a start. Not more than two yards away a man was standing in the road. He looked like a tramp. His clothes were old and soiled, his boots were gaping, and his chin had not known a razor for a week. He was puffing at an empty pipe and his big coarse hands were thrust into the pockets of his tattered overcoat.

She rose quickly.

"Yes, it's very beautiful," she said.

"Do you live around here, miss?"

"Yes, I live here," she said shortly and turned to walk back towards Down Hill, the red roof and chimney pots of which showed above the trees. She heard his feet crunching through the snow behind her and presently he drew abreast.

"Nice place to live, ain't it, miss?" he asked and she made no reply.

"I haven't had anything to live on since yesterday morning," he said suggestively.

She opened her bag and took out a shilling and handed it to him without a word.

“Thank you kindly. Mind you, I’m a rich man by rights, if every man had his due.”

He volunteered the information and paused at the end as though he expected her to make some reply. She quickened her pace but recognized the futility, and even danger, of running from a danger which was probably non-existent, and when they came again in sight of the house and the placid servant leaning on his shovel, she recovered something of her lost self-possession.

“There’s a ghost around here, so they tell me,” said the tramp, and she looked at him more carefully.

He was a hollow-faced man with small eyes set close together and a long aggressive nose. She thought his age was something between forty and fifty.

“I shall be round here for a day or two,” he said. “My name is Sibby Carter. I’ll just be hanging around.”

In spite of herself she laughed.

“I don’t know why you should tell me that,” she said. “I am really not interested in your plans.”

“Sibby Cartner my name is,” he repeated, and smacked his lips, “and I shall be hanging around here for two or three days.”

She was walking away from him when he followed and caught her arms with a grip that made her wince.

“Here, I can tell you something,” he began but the stout servant had seen, and with a surprising agility had leapt the hedge and was coming towards them.

“Clear out of here. What do you mean by accosting this lady!”



Sibby Carter released his hold and his thin lips curled up in a sneer that showed his yellow teeth.

“Hello, fat and ugly!” he said rudely. “What are you coming interfering with me for?”

The girl, breathless and a little white, had instinctively drawn to the stout man’s side.

“You be off,” said Mr. Jowlett’s servant peremptorily.

“I’ve as much right here as you have,” said Sibby Carter.

“You’re on private property, you know that! Now be off, or I’ll take you down to the village and give you in charge.”

The tramp seemed impressed at this possibility and he looked from the girl to the stout man, and then:

“Fat and ugly!” he shouted. “Fat and ugly!” and went trudging back the way he had come, his shoulder hunched, his hands in his pockets.

END OF CHAPTER III



CHAPTER IV

THE PASSING OF SIBBY

When James Stuart returned the girl told him of her unpleasant experience and he listened with a grave face.

“As a rule we see few tramps in this neighbourhood,” he said. “You must not go out alone, Margot. What did he call himself?”

“Sibby Carter!” she repeated with a half smile, but Mr. Stuart did not smile.

“I must remember the name. It may be useful for purposes of identifying him,” he said. “We must thank Mr. Jowlett for the service that his servant has rendered us.”

He himself met Jeremiah at the station that night, and Jeremiah, whose work had suffered that day by the memory of two laughing grey eyes, accepted the invitation to dine with indecent haste.

“I am glad Minter was on hand,” he said. “Confound that fellow! But that was Minter all over. Ever the knight-errant and rescuer of distressed ladies - lucky devil! Do you dress at nights?”

“No, no” said Mr. Stuart, shaking his head. “I want you to come as you are. Perhaps you’ll drive straight to the house.”

“I’ll take the elevator to the ninth,” said Jeremiah, “and I’ll be back at the house in time to welcome you.”

But when he did get to Arthurton Lodge Mr. Stuart was waiting. The dinner was a great success from the point of view of two peopled who rallied one another as though they had been friends since childhood. The old man was a silent but appreciative audience.

“And so you actually saw the ghost! And he wore hob-nailed boots. Bully for the ghost,” he said boisterously.

“It’s fun for you but I was scared to death,” said the girl.

“You were afraid I’d lose him I suppose,” said Jerry.

“and thank you for your thoughtfulness. He certainly had no right to stray on to your property, and any time you see him away from his ancestral home I hope you will send him back. I must get some slippers for him,” he said gravely. “You have no idea how that ghost wears out boots - “

“You haven’t seen him yet!” she challenged. “You won’t speak so flippantly of him when you do.”

“I never speak flippantly of ghosts,” protested Jerry. “Certainly not of my own ghost. When I bought the property five years ago and built that bungalow I particularly asked for special provision to be made for William - “

“Who is William?” asked the unsuspecting girl.



“William is the name of the ghost,” said the other solemnly.

“You’re incorrigible. And besides you know uncle takes quite a different view.”

“About ghosts?” asked the other incredulously.

“Don’t you uncle?” the girl appealed.

Mr. Stuart rubbed his beard.

“Naturally I believe in manifestations,” he said. “I have witnessed some extraordinary psychic phenomena and I would not exclude the possibility of even a ghost.”

“I am sorry if I - “ began Jerry.

“You can say anything you like about them,” said the old man good-humouredly. “I’m merely expressing an opinion.”

They adjourned to the drawing room after dinner and to the girl’s surprise Mr. Stuart accompanied them and sat whilst she sang. It was in an interval of silence, one of those momentary cessations of speech which the superstitious associate with the twentieth minute, that an interruption came. The girl looked round suddenly at the shuttered window.

“What was that?” asked Mr. Stuart quickly.

“I thought I heard a sound,” she said. “It was as though somebody had touched the window pane.”

Jerry rose.

“I’ll go and see,” he said, but the hand of James Stuart detained him.

“It may be our friend the ghost,” he said, half jocularly and half seriously, “and in that case I think that somebody should see him who takes a less frivolous view.”

“Shall I come with you?” asked Jerry.

“I’d rather go alone,” replied Mr. Stuart, and was gone for some time.

They heard his footsteps walking along the gravel path which run round the house and then they heard him return. It was some minutes before he came back to them and he met Jerry in the passage.

“Miss Panton was getting anxious,” said the young man.

“Nobody was there,” explained Stuart as he came back to the drawing room and laid an electric torch upon a table. “I searched the shrubbery and the garden but there is no sign of ghost or burglar.”

“It may have been the creeper knocking against the window,” said Margot, but Stuart shook his head.

“There is no wind and I particularly noticed that the creeper is trimmed close near the window,” he said. “Perhaps it was your imagination.”



They sat talking for some time and the old man included himself in the conversation. Jerry was hoping that the scientist would tell something of his adventures in Brazil but beyond a perfunctory and superficial reference to the heat and the mosquitoes he said little or nothing and the talk was mostly of Margot’s school life and Mr. Stuart’s reminiscences of her mother when she was a girl.

He was in the midst of one of these stories when he stopped suddenly and bent his head.

“Did you hear anything?” he asked.

“I heard nothing,” said Jerry in surprise. “What did it sound like?”

“It sounded like a footstep on the gravel. Did you hear it Margot?”

But Margot had not heard it either.

“Strange!” muttered Mr. Stuart.

The conversation was resumed. Again he stopped.

“I’ll swear I heard a cry,” he said.

Jerry had heard what he thought was the faint screech of a distant owl.”

“I thought it was an owl, too,” said Margot.

Soon after Jerry rose to go and they walked with him to the hall, Mr. Stuart helping him on with his coat. He had left his car at the back of the house outside the little garage but refused the old man’s company.

“I can find my way up the hill road blind folded.” He said as Stuart opened the door, “and - “

He stopped and started back with a little exclamation of surprise. And well he might be surprised, for crouched in the porch was the figure of a man. The light in the hall was strong enough to show every detail of the huddled man and Margot recognized him.

“Why, it is the tramp!” she cried. “Sibby Carter.”

Jerry leant over the figure and touched it, and at that touch it rolled over and fell in an inanimate heap.

“Dead!” gasped Jerry and looked closer.

As the figure lay its throat was exposed and there was a round and livid bruise at the nape of the neck.

“Dead!” said Jerry again. “And murdered I think. The Ghost of Down Hill has a pair of very powerful hands, Mr. Stuart, for this man’s neck is broken!”

END OF CHAPTER 4



CHAPTER V

MINTER THE SERVANT

There was no doubt about it. The man was dead. Jeremiah had only to look at him for a second to see that. Gently he shepherded the girl back to the drawing room. She was white but very calm, and when she spoke her voice did not so much as tremble.

“Is he dead?” she asked quietly, and marveling at her self-possession, Jeremiah nodded.

“How dreadful! What do you think happened?”

“you.”

“My mind is in a whirl,” said Jeremiah, shaking his head helplessly. “I know no more than you.”

“I am sure he is the man whose name was Sibby Carter,” she said, and he looked at her in astonishment, for he had not heard her half whispered words when the body had been found.

“Do you know him?” he asked incredulously.

She shook her head.

“I only met him today,” she said and she told him again of her meeting with the tramp.

“That mean?” he said in surprise; “what an extraordinary coincidence!”

It was an hour before the police came, and nearly two hours before the ambulance arrived from Eastbourne to carry away the victim of the tragedy.

The fact that Jeremiah had been pressed in the house relieved Mr. Stuart from the cross-examination of the detective officer, who came in haste with the ambulance.

“It was very fortunate you were here,” said James Stuart gravely. “I can’t understand it. Why did the man come here, and who but the Ghost of Downhill could have slain him?”

In other circumstances Jeremiah would have laughed.

“The Ghost of Downhill?” he repeated; “but surely, Mr. Stuart, a ghost is not a material thing with material strength in its substantial figures?”

James Stuart shook his head.

“There are more things in this world than are dreamt of in your philosophy,” he said simply, and with these words in his ears Jeremiah made his way back to his bungalow, a greatly perturbed man.

Although the hour of late, the stout and placid Minter was waiting for him; a little fire burnt in the grate of his comfortable sitting room, and Minter, who never seemed to be tired, listened to the story of the “exciting night” which that air of polite interest which invariably annoyed Jeremiah.



He was a large, stout, calm man with a clean-shaven face and deep-set eyes, the very model of a perfect valet-butler, but there were times when he irritated Jeremiah beyond endurance. The man had been in his service for five months, and in every way had been satisfactory, and now Jeremiah had a particular reason for being grateful to him. He had that morning saved the girl from the unpleasant attentions of the dead Sibby Carter.

“One would imagine, Minter,” he said irritably, “that I was telling you the story of a tea-fight. Don’t you realize that there has been a murder committed under your very nose?”

“Oh yes, sir,” said Minter respectfully. “What time would you like your breakfast in the morning?”

“Pah!” said Jeremiah.

He dismissed his servant, and went to bed. But his mind was too active to sleep. Again and again he turned over in his mind the extraordinary circumstances of that evening, and somehow the adventure of the surveyor of Eastbourne, and Mr. Staine’s curious experience, insisted upon obtruding into his mind and mixing themselves up until, with a groan, he shut his eyes tight and attempted to dismiss entirely from his thoughts both the Ghost of Downhill and the mystery man who held up inoffensive people and examined their pass-books.

He was nearly asleep when he thought he heard a stealthy movement outside his door, and was instantly awake. He listened. Again it came, a faint creak of sound, and carefully pulling back the clothes, he got out of bed as noiselessly as possible, crept to the door and listened.

The clock of Arthurton church struck three.

“This is getting on my nerves,” he muttered to himself and would have gone back to bed, but for the unexpected repetition of the sound. This time it was outside the house. He walked across the room to the window and gently drew aside the curtain. The cloud wrack had for a moment covered the moon, but he could see a figure walking quickly down the snow-covered path to the gate, and there was no mistaking its identity, for the bulk of the man could not be distinguished. It was Minter!

He pulled on his trousers over his pyjamas, slipped his feet into long mosquito boots, and bundling on an over coat, he went out into the passage through the door which was open, along the covered passage way, and out of the side door, which also was ajar.

When he got outside the man had reached the gate.

“Minter,” he called sharply, and at the sound of his voice Minter turned. He was carrying something in his hand; something that glittered and gleamed in a fitful ray of moonlight.

“Minter,” called Jeremiah again.

“Yes, sir.” Was the answer, and the man came slowly back.

Before he could slip the thing he carried into his pocket, Jeremiah had seen the revolver, and gasped. He did not link the mild Minter with lethal weapons.



“What the devil are you doing crawling about in the middle of the night with a pistol in your hand,” he demanded.

“I was following the Ghost of Downhill, sir,” was the cool reply.

“The Ghost of Downhill,” repeated Jeremiah, “what do you mean?”

Minter did not reply immediately, and Jeremiah, scrutinizing him keenly, saw that he was considerably perturbed by the unexpected interruption to him quest.

“I thought I saw a figure moving through the gardens here and I followed it.”

Jeremiah looked at him.

“But you’re fully dressed, Minter,” he said quietly. “Did you happen to be fully dressed when you saw the ghost?”

“Yes sir,” was the surprising reply.

Jeremiah led the way back to the sitting room and turned on the light, and this time his examination of his servant was more thorough.

“And did you happen to have changed your clothes before you went to bed.” He asked pointedly, for the suit the man wore was not the butler’s uniform that had encased his portly figure when Jeremiah had said good night to him.

Minter did not make any reply.

“I will see you about this in the morning,” said Jeremiah, and with a curt nod dismissed his servant.

The more he thought the matter over, the more puzzled he became. A faint glow was showing in the east before he eventually fell into a troubled sleep, to be awakened by the correct Minter, who came into the room with a preliminary knock, carrying the usual morning tea service.

The man filled Jeremiah’s bath and put his clothes ready before he spoke.

“I, daresay, sir” he said, after a moment’s hesitation, “that you think my conduct last night was rather strange,”

“I think it was extremely strange,” said Jeremiah, “and I tell you this frankly, Minter, that unless you explain what you were doing out in the middle of the night, and explain it to my satisfaction, I shall dispense with your services.”

Minter’s heavy head nodded.

“That I can quite understand, sir,” he said politely, “but if I tell you, sir, that I have seen the Ghost of Downhill three nights in succession, and that I was waiting last night to follow him, you will understand that there is nothing mysterious about my having changed my clothes for garments more suitable for an out-of-door chase.



This argument was unanswerable, Jeremiah, did not for one moment doubt the big man’s word. He also had seen the Ghost of Downhill, and it was quite possible that the man was speaking the truth.”

“Ghosts, sir,” the man went on, “do not as a rule impress me because I come from a long line of Wesleyan Methodists, who are not great believers in spiritual manifestations. But a ghost

with a theodolite and a measurers-rod seems to me to be little outside of the usual run of ghosts.”

“What do you mean Minter?” asked Jeremiah quickly, as he sat on the edge of the bed staring at the man.

“Two nights ago, sir, I saw the ghost, and he carried over his shoulder a small theodolite - I saw it in use later. He was making elaborate measurements, evidently starting from the big rock in the sunken garden below the house, for I saw the rod as distinctly as I see you. Before I could dress and ge out he was gone.”

Jeremiah whistled. All doubt as to his servant’s story was now dissipated. He knew that the man was speaking the truth.

“You must have found his footprints?”

“I found them immediately after, sir, but was unable to make a very careful observation in the morning because another fall of snow fell during the night,” said Minter, shaking hs head, and Jeremiah had to laugh at the matter-of-fact tone of his servant.

“Aren’t you a bit scared, Minter?”

“No, sir, I am not very scared,” said the man with a smile. “Not so scared as the ghost would be if he knew that I took the revolver prize at Bisley for three years in succession.”

END OF CHAPTER V



CHAPTER VI

THE WARNG

“It is an extraordinary case,” said Lord Ilfran shaking his head. “One of the most extraordinary I have ever heard about.”

He was seated at his desk in the big room overlooking Whitehall and Jeremiah Jowlett was sitting on the opposite side of the table facing him.

Lord Ilfran ran his long, nervous fingers through his white hair, and stared out of the window.

“You say that this man Carter was a member of the Flack gang.”

Jeremiah nodded.

“I don’t think there can be any doubt about that,” he said, “His finger prints have been taken and identified; moreover, he didn’t seem to disguise his name. He went to prison at the same time as John Flack, the head of the gang, and they were released from prison within a few days of one another.”

“Has Flack been discovered?”

“No, sir,” replied Jeremiah. “We have put a call out to all stations, but up to now we have not been able to pull him in.”

“It’s curious,” said the Public Prosecutor again, “and what a terrible shock for that poor girl.”

“She stood it splendidly,” said the enthusiastic Jeremiah. “Most women would have fainted, but she was a brick.”

“There were no footsteps in the snow?”

“No. The garden path had been swept clear of snow, and the only clue we have is the one supplied by Mr. Stuart. He said he thought he heard footsteps a few minutes before the tragedy was discovered.”

Lord Ilfran leant back in his chair.

“The ghost suggestion is, of course, absurd,” he said. “Somebody is masquerading for a purpose of his own. By the way, have you seen the ghost?”

“Twice,” said Jeremiah to his chief’s surprise. “The fact is sir - “ he leant across the table and lowered his voice “-so far as a house can be said to be haunted, that description applies to my bungalow. I haven’t told Miss Panton because I did not want to alarm her, but the Ghost of Downhill is a very real quantity, and although my glimpses of this midnight wanderer have been more or less sketchy, yet the descriptions Miss Panton gave me of the man in the monk’s robe with a grinning skeleton face are identical with what I saw.”



Lord Ilfran was seldom surprised. A lifetime spent in the law had removed the novelty even from the bizarre, but now he was genuinely amazed, for Jeremiah was a hard-headed young man who had few illusions.

“How long has this been going on?” he asked curiously.

“About six months,” was the reply, “or about three months before Mr. Stuart returned from the Brazils. The first time I saw the ghost was one late summer night when a storm was working up from the sea. I was sitting in my study reading a law book, when I heard a tap-tap at the window. I thought that a shutter had worked loose and took no notice. Presently it was repeated. I walked to the window and looked out; it was a pitch black night and I saw nothing until suddenly there came a blinding flash of lightning, and there, standing in the middle of the path, I saw the figure of a monk. By the time I had got outside it was raining heavily, and the fitful flashes of lightning failed to reveal the visitor.

“The second time was a month ago, and on this occasion the visitation was a little more serious,” said Jeremiah quietly. “I had gone to bed and was asleep when Minter woke me to tell me he heard a noise in the cellar. We have a cellar beneath the house where I keep a small stock of wine. When I went to investigation I discovered the cellar door wide open and on going down I found that somebody had dug a deep hole in the floor of the cellar.”

“You saw nobody?” asked Lord Ilfran, intensely interested.

“Nobody,” replied Jeremiah. “at that moment. Behind the house is a covered passage-way which communicates with the kitchen, and affords me storage for my bicycle and a side entrance to the garage. In my search of the house I reached the passage-way, carrying a petrol lantern and then I saw the visitor for the second time. He was at the far end of the passage near the side door, and I am willing to confess that the sight of that fleshless face startled me. Before I could reach him, he was gone.”

“Has there been any other manifestation?”

Jeremiah smiled.

“It is curious you should used that word sir,” he said, still smiling. “It is a favourite one of Mr. James Stuart, who implicitly believes in spirits, and has asked me to give him permission to spend a night alone in the house in order that he may lay the ghost. I might add,” he went on, “that Minter, my servant, has also seen the figure - a fact which I learnt only last night.”

Lord Ilfran rose from his table and paced the room slowly.

“That will not bring us any nearer to the discovery of the murderer of Sibby Carter,” he said. “Are you going to fall in with Mr. Stuart’s suggestion?”

“I don’t know why I shouldn’t,” said Jeremiah. He did not explain that he was particularly anxious to be on good terms with the uncle of Margot Panton, and that as Mr. Stuart had offered him the use of his own house during the period of his ghost laying, he was all the more willing and ready to humour the old man in his whim.



“Yes, sir,” he said. “I am taking Minter down to Mr. Stuart’s house the day after tomorrow.”

“That is Christmas Eve,” interrupted Lord Ilfran, “and a very excellent time for ghosts. I am sure I wish Mr. Stuart luck.”

Jeremiah Jowlett went home that night a little earlier. He was anxious to see the girl who had made so profound an impression upon him, and more anxious to learn whether any new evidence had come to light. He found Margot amazingly cheerful. Perhaps it had been her first shock which had steeled her to the subsequent tragedy, but at any rate, she was less distressed than he had dared to expect,

“Uncle is out,” she said, “Will you have some tea with me?”

Jeremiah did not want a second invitation. He lingered over the repast till it was nearly dinner time, but Mr. James Stuart had not returned, and at last he reluctantly took his leave.

It was a beautiful night, despite the cold and they stood for a moment talking at the garden gate. From where they were the outlines of Downhill house stood clear against the dying light in the western sky.

“I have allowed Minter to go home to see his sister,” explained Jeremiah, when the girl had remarked upon the darkness of the bungalow. “Please don’t worry about me, Miss Panton; I am an accomplished bachelor, who can grill a chop and boil a potato, with the best cook in Arthurton,”

“It seems horribly lonely for you,” said Margot. “Won’t you stay to dinner?”

“I’d like to,” said Jeremiah in all sincerity, “but I don’t want to annoy your uncle by living on the premises.”

He could only stare in speechless amazement.

Of a sudden every window in the little building was glowing redly, as though simultaneously every room was on fire. Fiercely it gleamed across the snow-white hill, and then as suddenly the red glow died down.

“I must investigate this,” said Jeremiah.

“Let me come with you,” she said, and he felt her grip tighten on his arm, and hesitated.

“I think you had better stay here,” he said, and a minute later she heard the thunder of his car as it took the steep hill road.

Jerry jumped from the machine at the entrance to his demesne, and raced along the garden path. Switching on a pocket lamp he tried the side door. It was locked. He thrust a key into the lock and a second later was in the covered passage-way. He did not meet any intruder, nor did he expect to. There was a strong smell of sulphur and the dining room, the first he entered, was hazy with smoke. A small fire, which Minter had lit before he went out, glowed on the hearth; but the room was empty, as was his bedroom where another small fire was burning.



He searched every inch of the bungalow without finding the slightest trace of a visitor. It was impossible that anybody could have made their escape, for all the doors, except the side

door, were locked on the inside, and the side door had a lock which had recently put on, which he knew it was impossible to pick.

He came back to the dining room, and then, for the first time, saw a document which lay upon the table. It was not of paper, but of old fashioned vellum, and the words were written in quaint old English characters:

“Thy presence on this hallowed spot is a profanation. Leave thy house, lest the lonely monk of Down Hill bring thee a terrible death.”

END OF CHAPTER VI



CHAPTER VII

THE LAST

Margot Panton never knew the story of her uncle's past. She simply heard that he had gone abroad, and did not even know that wreckage of his motor boat had been picked up in the Channel four days later. To her John Stuart is still that pleasant memory of a pleasant and eccentric old man who left England hurriedly and unexpectedly on a wild winter night, and has not returned.

Jeremiah saved her from the knowledge, and when he sold his house at Arthorton, and without authority disposed of James Stuart's property, handing the proceeds to the girl, she never dreamt but that he was acting under Mr. Stuart's directions.

Even when they married, as they were three months later, Jeremiah never showed her the letter which Inspector Leverett sent to him a week after the girl had been whisked off to town.

"DEAR MR. JOWLETT," the letter began.

"I feel that I owe you an apology and an explanation beyond the few incoherent remarks I made on the night when you undoubtedly saved me from death, for I should have been frozen by the morning.

You probably know as much about the Flack gang as I do. The gang was organized by one of the cleverest crooks in the world; his real name was James Stuart. Stuart had been in the hands of the police many times, but always under the name of John Flack. He was a clever bank smasher and for his crimes he served three terms of penal servitude. His long absences from home, when he was supposed to be engaged in tours of Brazil and South America generally, are explained by the fact that he was serving terms of penal servitude during these periods.

Nobody knew that the white bearded gentleman who lived at Arthurton was Flack, and I had no suspicion of the circumstances until some six months ago. Flack, or Stuart's last job, was the burglary of the strong room of a liner. He and his two companions got away with nearly a million dollars in paper currency, with the police hot on their track. The third man of the gang was drowned in an attempt to swim a river, but Flack and the man named Sibby Carter went their several ways, agreeing to meet in London at a certain rendezvous. The police picked up Sibby Carter, and from him learnt the direction Flack had taken, and started off in pursuit of the leader of the gang. Flack or Stuart, must have known what was happening, for he made a bee-line to the country he knew best, namely the country about Arthurton where he lived, respected by his neighbours, who had not the slightest idea that they were harbouring one of the greatest crooks in the world.

He dare not go home, however. His biggest asset was his identity as Stuart, and he had a shrewd suspicion that the police would not be shaken off. He arrived at Arthurton in the night, and his first step was to bury his plunder. He chose a spot on the top of a hill, the site of an old monastery which was supposed to be haunted. There, deep in the ground, he buried a steel box containing his loot.

After carefully marking the place, he went on to London, hoping to baffle his pursuers, but was arrested at Charing Cross station, two days later. He swore that the money was lost, and was sent to a term of penal servitude for seven years, as also was his confederate, Carter. The two men were released within a few days of one another, but unfortunately Flack was

released first. Carter, who wanted his share of the loot, and who knew that his chief had hidden it, began a search to discover the hiding place of his former leader.

He must have known something about Stuart's identity, for the man appeared in Arthurton a short time after his release. It was his arrival at Arthurton which brought me, for I was trailing Sibby Carter in the hopes that it would bring me to the stolen property which had been hidden. Carter was anxious to get the money, but he was also in some fear of Stuart, for I have no evidence that he had ever spoken to the man, except on that night when he lost his life. But here I anticipate.

Stuart, released from gaol, came back home and discovered to his horror that a bungalow had been erected on the very spot where his money was hidden. His first suspicion was that the builder, or the Clerk of the Works must have found the money and said nothing about it. He paid a visit to the Clerk of the Works, who by this time had an appointment with the municipality of Eastbourne, and holding the man up at the point of a pistol, he examined his pass books, his object being to discover whether any large sum had been paid into the account at the time the building was in course of erection. Failing to make this discovery he next called upon the builder, a man named Staines, and submitted him to the same search. When these had failed, he was certain that the money was still under the house, and began his carefully considered plan of frightening the occupant away so that he could pursue his search without hindrance.

Unfortunately for him, I had already arrived at Arthurton and knowing that Sibby Carter was in the neighbourhood, and more than suspecting that James Stuart and Flack were one and the same person, I had contrived to be taken into your employment as a butler - in which capacity I trust I have given you no cause for complaint.

I shaved off my beard and moustache, and it was fortunate for me that I did so, otherwise Stuart would have recognized me.

On the night that Sibby Carter was killed I was watching the house with a pair of powerful night glasses, and I saw the two men in conversation. They must have walked to the porch, and there undoubtedly James Stuart, who was a tremendously powerful old man, had broken the neck of his erstwhile companion in crime, in order to silence him. Possibly Carter had threatened to expose Stuart. The motive for the murder is not at all obscure; there were many reasons why it was necessary that Carter should be put out of the way.

The rest of the story needs no telling. Stuart, posing as a spiritualist, got admission to your house. On the night he dug deep into your cellar and unearthed the tin box, I was watching him. I followed him down the hill road through the storm, hanging on to the back of the car, knowing that he was making his final getaway, and that the tin box on the seat by his side contained the money he had stolen from the liner.

When we reached the road I thought it was time to reveal myself, and jumping on to the step, I put a revolver under his nose and demanded his surrender. At the same time I gripped the steel box and jerked it from the car. Before I knew what had happened he had shot me down - that is the story.

The money is now recovered, and I should not think it is necessary that Miss Panton should know any more than she already knows.



One thing I think you can tell her - it is that her uncle, definitely and finally, has laid the Ghost of Down Hill.

Yours very sincerely,

FREDERICK LEVERETT”

* * * * *

END OF CHAPTER VII

END OF THE GHOST OF DOWNHILL