Based on ABC-TV's
DARK SHADOWS

Barnabas, Quentin and Dr. Jekyll's Son

Has Barnabas accidentally unleashed a mad-dog killer at Collinwood?

by Marilyn Ross
“THERE WAS A DEVIL HERE LAST NIGHT,” EMILY COLLINS’ MAID TOLD HER, “AND POOR SUSIE WAS KILLED!”

Horrified, Emily realizes that the killer must be someone living at Collinwood. A heavy snowstorm has isolated the old mansion; no one can get in or out.

She knows that suspicion will fall most heavily on the three newest arrivals at Collinwood: her mysterious cousin Barnabas; his quest, Dr. Henry Jekyll; and the man who calls himself Paul Faron but who may be Quentin Collins in disguise.

“We’re all likely to be murdered in our beds,” the maid continues. “Cook claims the killer must be one of the Collinwood ghosts!”
Other Books In This Series
By Marilyn Ross

Barnabas, Quentin and the Body Snatchers
Barnabas, Quentin and the Magic Potion
Barnabas, Quentin and the Serpent
Barnabas, Quentin and the Scorpio Curse
Barnabas, Quentin and the Frightened Bride
Barnabas, Quentin and the Haunted Cave
Barnabas, Quentin and the Witch’s Curse
Barnabas, Quentin and the Crystal Coffin
Barnabas, Quentin and the Nightmare Assassin
Barnabas, Quentin and the Avenging Ghost
Barnabas, Quentin and the Mummy’s Curse
Barnabas Collins and the Gypsy Witch
Barnabas, Quentin and Quentin’s Demon
Barnabas Collins and the Mysterious Ghost
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The Phantom and Barnabas Collins
The Foe of Barnabas Collins
The Secret of Barnabas Collins
The Demon of Barnabas Collins
The Curse of Collinwood
Strangers at Collins House
The Mystery of Collinwood
Victoria Winters
Dark Shadows
Barnabas Collins
BARNABAS,
QUENTIN AND
DR. JEKYLL'S SON

by Marilyn Ross
To the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson
to whom I am indebted.
A cold wave descended on all New England during the first week of January in 1908. No sooner had the holiday festivities ended than a raging blizzard crossed the region, followed by temperatures dipping as low as 20 below zero. And though the cold brought fine weather, the winter sun did little to ease the chill. All activity slowed to a near halt and people huddled in their houses stoking the fires and venturing out into the bitter weather only when necessity demanded it.

And in the stately mansion of Collinwood, on the outskirts of the tiny Maine fishing village of Collinsport, the Collins family shut off many of the forty rooms in the great house in an effort to combat the unusual cold. At twenty-one, golden-haired Emily Collins had never experienced such a winter before. But her middle-aged, graying father, Charles Collins, intrigued her with stories of a great blizzard and cold spell of the eighties.

Standing before the blazing log fire in their elegant living room, he now told her about that earlier winter with a grim smile on his stern face. He was a thin, austere man with a nasal twang to his voice.

“I was in Boston when the storm began,” he said, his hands folded behind his back. “The side-wheeler that was due to leave was so blurred by the snow I could scarcely see it from the wharf. And the dockman told me the sailing had been postponed until after the storm. I had dismissed my carriage, so there was nothing for it but to struggle back through the snowstorm on foot until I found my hotel.”

Rebecca, Emily’s mother, a buxom woman with a round face and a pleasant smile, looked up from her high-backed
chair and nodded. “That was the year before we were married. I was in Portland and I remember being worried about you.”

“Well you might have been,” Charles Collins said with a chuckle. “I very nearly didn’t make it to my hotel. I was near collapse when I reached the shelter of its lobby and I didn’t venture from the place until thirty-six hours later when the storm ended.”

“And then were you able to take the coastal boat back here?” Ada, his foster daughter, asked. A dark-haired girl with dainty features, she was the daughter of a former manager of the family fish-packing plant, and less than a year older than Emily. At the death of her father, she had been adopted by Charles and Rebecca Collins and brought up as a sister to Emily.

Charles Collins gave her one of his rare smiles. “The boat didn’t start out along the coast for another two days. It took that long to get the city partly cleared of the snow and the passengers and freight gathered. And by the time we left, the cold spell had set in. When I reached Collinsport it was at least as cold as it is here tonight.”

Rebecca Collins shivered and gestured toward the fireplace, saying, “I think you should add another log, Charles. We mustn’t let the fire die down.”

“Very well.” He obediently selected a good-sized birch log from the stack beside the fireplace and thrust it into the blaze.

Emily knew that her father’s stern ways masked a kindly heart. He was anxious to keep the family together and fearful that his only son, Frank, should turn out to be a drunken weakling like Stephen Collins. A constant source of trouble and worry to Charles Collins was his younger brother, Stephen. In his early thirties, Stephen was a confirmed drunkard who did little to help with the fish-packing business and who had bothered Charles in another way by showing a romantic interest in Ada. Unhappily, Ada seemed to be falling in love with the curly-haired, rather good-looking Stephen.

“Where is Frank?” Charles asked, brushing a bit of birchbark from his sleeve.

Rebecca looked uneasy. “He said he was going skating.
I told him it was too cold, but he merely laughed and said he wouldn’t be gone long.”

Emily came to her mother’s support. “He promised some of the stable boys he’d meet them at the pond,” she said.

Charles Collins raised his heavy, gray eyebrows in his austere fashion. “It seems he doesn’t mind the cold,” he observed. And glancing at Ada, he told his foster daughter, “I wonder that Frank wasn’t foolhardy enough to invite you along, my dear.” He never lost an opportunity to encourage interest between the pretty dark girl and his son. It was almost too obvious to the rest of them that he was attempting to stop the romance between Ada and the drunken Stephen by doing this.

Ada blushed and avoided his eyes. “Frank knows I can’t stand the cold and I don’t skate well.”

“Then it would have suited him better to remain here in the house and keep you company,” Emily’s father said. “You and he and Emily could have entertained yourselves with my lantern slides of my visit to Europe.”

“We’ve seen them dozens of times before!” Emily protested.

Her father gave her a chilly glance. “There is always new interest to be found in them. And if you are so bored by them you might have done some reading. This cold weather is ideal for the enjoyment of good books.”

Emily’s mother gave him a pleading look. “I’m sure the young people can find ways to amuse themselves without your continual suggestions, Charles.”

He withdrew a large gold watch from his vest pocket and studied its face. “No doubt,” he said in his nasal twang. “And is my brother also out?” he added as he returned the watch to his pocket.

Rebecca Collins hesitated, then said, “Yes. I believe he’s gone to the village.”

“Of course,” Charles Collins said with sarcasm. “And not to check on whether the cold is doing damage at the factory. My brother will instead be sampling the alcoholic delights of the Blue Whale Tavern.”

“Please don’t start on that again!” Emily’s mother begged.
Looking stern, he said, "I will not hide the fact this younger brother of mine is a disgrace to the family. It is time all of you realized that. You’re too tolerant of him—so much so that it amounts to encouragement." His glance moved to Ada, who again looked down to escape his eyes.

Emily felt sorry for the girl, who was truly like her actual sister. She said, "You are too hard on Stephen. There is much about him to be commended."

"The virtues you allude to seem to have escaped me," her father said severely.

Just then the front door slammed and there was the sound of someone stamping snow from his boots in the hallway.

Charles took a step forward and called out, "Frank, is that you?"

There was a moment’s silence before the well-muffled figure of his younger brother, Stephen, showed in the doorway of the living room. He was weaving slightly and there was a drunken smile on his face.

Emily felt an instant despair for this uncle who was almost young enough to be her brother. Her mother and Ada also looked distressed.

"Good evening, all," Stephen said with an exaggerated bow and almost stumbled.

"You’re drunk!" Emily’s father said furiously.

Stephen raised a protesting hand. "I have merely fortified myself against the zero night."

"Go to your room!" Charles Collins ordered.

Stephen smiled at them all and shrugged. "What a pity Charles has to be such a boor!" he said. "Goodnight, all." And he turned and rather unsteadily made his way out into the hall again.

Emily’s father came back to them still shaking from anger. He told Rebecca, "I’m not waiting up for Frank. It is much too cold to remain down here. It’s time we went to bed."

"Very well, Charles," Rebecca said, rising hastily. She spoke in the placating voice all too familiar to Emily. She had heard her mother try to help control her father’s temper on so many similar occasions.
Her father eyed her and Ada, saying, “I would suggest that you two young women also retire.”

“In a moment, father,” Emily said. “First, we’ll enjoy the fire here a few minutes longer.”

Her father frowned. “I’ll expect to hear you coming up the stairs shortly, then.”

The moment he and her mother left the room, Emily turned to Ada and said, “Let’s sit close to the fire before we go to bed. So we’ll be really warm and won’t mind our cold bedrooms so much.”

“All right,” Ada said vaguely. It was clear that the scene between her foster father and Stephen had troubled her. She sat on the rug before the blazing fireplace, across from Emily.

Emily reached out and took her hand. “You musn’t worry about Stephen. He’ll be sober in the morning and father won’t say anything more.”

Ada’s dark eyes were full of fear. “The hatred between them is coming to a head,” she said. “You can feel that each time they meet. I can’t help being upset.”

Emily studied her sympathetically. “You love him, don’t you?”

“Yes,” the pretty dark girl said, looking down.

“And father feels the match is wrong for you,” Emily went on. “He thinks Stephen is doomed by his drinking. And he feels responsible for you.”

“He shouldn’t interfere. I know I can help Stephen.”

Emily sighed. “It would be wonderful if you could. But maybe it’s too late to change him. Father would be much happier if you decided you were in love with Frank.”

Ada looked shocked. “But I think of Frank as a brother, even though I’m not related by blood. We were all brought up together as a family. I can’t think of him as a husband.”

“I can understand your feelings,” Emily agreed. “But perhaps they will change. I have an idea Frank likes you. I mean in a truly romantic fashion. But he’s too shy to reveal his feelings.”

Ada stared at her. “Do you honestly believe that?”

She smiled sadly. “Yes. I think Frank loves you.”

“I hadn’t dreamed of it,” Ada protested. “Hasn’t he seen that it is Stephen I love?”
“Like father, he probably thinks Stephen will either leave Collinwood or destroy himself before anything can come of the romance between you two.”

“But that is so cruel. How can they be so unfeeling?”

“He has given the family a lot of trouble,” Emily reminded her. “You must try to see it from father’s point of view.”

The dark girl looked into the flames of the great log fire and murmured, “There are time when I wish I had never seen Collinwood.”

“Please don’t talk that way,” Emily said emotionally, moving close to her and placing an arm around her. “You have been such a wonderful sister to me. Don’t sound as if you hate us all!”

Summoning a wry smile, Ada looked at her. “Of course I don’t. It’s just that I’m so discouraged.”

“Don’t be,” Emily consoled her. “You’re tired. Let’s go up to bed. In the morning you’ll feel differently. And perhaps this awful cold spell will come to an end.”

They left the living room and went up the broad stairway to the bedroom floors. Emily left the lamps on. One of the servants would make the rounds later and carefully extinguish all but a few of the lamps to leave the big mansion in near darkness. She said goodnight to Ada at her bedroom door and went down the hall to her own room.

There the fire had been already lighted, and was giving off a comforting warmth. Her fourposter bed had been neatly turned down and there was a covered jug of hot water on the commode. The old house creaked from the cold, making a weird snapping noise. With a thoughtful expression on her oval face, she moved across to the window overlooking the lawn.

As she parted the drapes a pattern of frost was revealed on the window panes. Just a small area at the top of the window remained clear. Bending close, she breathed on the frost and then hastily wiped some of the melted pattern away with her fingers. Now she could see out. A pale winter moon cast its chill beam on the great trees rising from the snowy lawns, their bare black trunks and branches glistening with ice and occasional spots of snow.
A kind of vapor hung over the bay. It was caused by
the air being so much colder than the water. As she stared
out at the wintery scene the house snapped with frost
once again, giving her a start. And then surprise crossed
her face as she spied a moving figure. At first she thought
it was her brother, Frank, returning from his skating on
the pond, but then she saw that it wasn’t. This was a
broader figure and dressed differently in a long fur coat and
matching cap. Head bent against the cold, the man came
closer to the mansion. Watching with some uneasiness, she
tried unsuccessfully to identify the muffled figure.

From somewhere on the grounds the weird howling of a
stray dog cut through the cold night air with a mournful
intensity that set her nerves on edge. The figure crossing
by the mansion also had heard it. He halted and glanced
back over his shoulder apprehensively. The strange, mel¬
ancholy howl came once more and Emily uttered a fright¬
ened gasp as she saw a huge, wolf-like dog come bounding
across the frozen crust of snow toward the stranger.

The man stumbled back as if in fear. The huge dog
crouched and bared its fangs, seeming ready to spring on
the stranger. As the man backed away the furious animal
snarled and leaped toward him. The stranger dodged and
so only was struck a glancing blow by the lithe body. But
the fur cap went flying and the scarf covering half his face
was brushed aside so that his face was fully revealed in
the pale moonlight.

Emily’s eyes widened. It was the face not of a man, but
of an animal! A beast’s face, so ugly and distorted that it
went far beyond her wildest imagination. And from this
half-man, half-animal there came a low snarling sound.
It had an instant and eerie effect on the wild dog.

With disbelief Emily watched as the huge animal hesi¬
tated and then slunk away with its tail between its legs.
As it vanished in the shadows, the ugly bestial face of the
man in the fur coat registered satisfaction. Then he slowly
bent down, retrieved the fur cap and placed it on his head
and wrapped the scarf around his face. After that he
turned and walked off in a direction opposite to that which
the wild dog had taken. In a moment he had also disapp¬
peared to leave the moonlit winter landscape empty.
Emily stepped back from the window, almost ready to believe she’d had some kind of a waking nightmare. The phantom scene played out on the snow-covered lawn must have been some sort of hallucination.

What had she seen? Who was the stranger in the fur coat with the ugly, animal face? She walked slowly over to the fireplace and stared into its dying embers. She had been brought up at Collinwood, a mansion of strange legends and troubled history. She had listened at her father’s knee to the weird accounts of vampires, werewolves and the ordinary variety of ghosts which were said to infest its dark maze of corridors. But this was the first time she’d seen anything for which she’d not been able to find some explanation.

She recalled a whispered story concerning a member of the Collins family who was supposed to have fallen under a werewolf curse. It seemed to her he had been named Quentin. And after causing a near panic in the neighborhood he had suddenly vanished one night. Could this be the unfortunate Quentin come back to plague the area once again? She hoped not. Her father took his position as head of the family seriously and would feel personally responsible for the depredations of a returned Quentin.

With a sigh she decided she must have let her imagination run away with her. No doubt this stranger in the fur coat had a perfectly ordinary face which had been distorted by his fear and the night shadows. Better to leave it at that. Better not to look for fresh trouble; they had enough as it was. She remembered that her brother, Frank, had not yet arrived home, and wished that he was there to talk to her. Only in the twenty-five-year-old Frank would she dare confide her strange experience.

Impulsively she decided to go back downstairs and wait for him. She went to the closet and got herself a heavy wool shawl which she draped over her shoulders. Then she left her room for the shadowed corridor and the midnight quiet of the stairway. She’d reached the first landing when she heard the front door open and the mingled voices of Frank and some stranger. The second voice was deeper and more resonant than Frank’s, with a hint of an English accent.
Emily hurried down the stairway to run across and greet her brother. "I came down to wait for you," she told him at once.

Frank, in a heavy red-and-black plaid jacket and woolen cap, smiled and placed a protective arm around her. "You look terrified!"

"I am," she admitted, then glanced rather shyly at the stranger. At once she had the feeling she knew him. She turned her gaze from his smiling, gauntly handsome face to the dark oil portrait on the foyer wall. It had to be a painting of this man.

He smiled at her. "I see you have already noticed the resemblance between me and my ancestor."

"You do look like the painting," she said, awed.

Frank laughed easily. He was blonde like herself and robust. "This is our cousin Barnabas from England. You were away at school when he visited us before. So this is your first meeting with him."

Barnabas Collins came to her and held out his gloved hand. "You have the beauty traditional among the Collins women," he said. "I'm happy to know you, Cousin Emily."

She accepted his hand shyly. "How do you do, Barnabas."

Frank said, "We all noticed the likeness between Barnabas and his ancestor when he was here last time. Barnabas, his servant, and a friend are already installed in the old house."

"The old house?" she said with some surprise. "I didn't know it was open."

"I have my own keys," Barnabas explained. "Your father was kind enough to give them to me when I was here last time."

"Oh?"

Frank came to her aid, explaining, "For several generations the British branch of the family have been given the use of the old house. Barnabas is the latest to make it his headquarters when he is visiting Collinwood."

"You must have found it terribly cold," she said to Barnabas. "We've had below-zero weather for days now."

Barnabas smiled. "My servant Hare is a very efficient and active fellow. He soon had most of the fireplaces
blazing and when I left the house it was gradually becoming comfortable."

"I'm glad," she said.

"I was walking back from the pond when I met Barnabas," Frank told her. "You can imagine my surprise."

"It is a cold night to be out walking." Emily was still thinking of the strange figure she'd seen from her window and wondering if either her brother or this cousin might have seen him.

Frank asked, "Is Uncle Stephen back from the village?"

"A while ago."

"Drinking?"

Looking embarrassed, she said, "Father seemed to think he was. Everyone is upstairs in bed but me."

Her brother looked grim. "I'll wager Ada was upset. She hates to see Uncle Stephen in trouble."

Barnabas Collins spoke up. "I believe I met both of them on my last visit. Stephen is thirtyish with charm and Ada is your adopted sister, black haired and pretty."

"You describe them correctly," Emily said.

"Ada is like a true sister," Frank said with a warmth in his voice. "She has been with us since she was only three years old. Her father was manager of the factory for a while until father took over."

"I didn't know that," Barnabas said.

"Yes," Frank went on. "It was after my grandfather's death. And then her father died very suddenly." He said this in a quiet manner that hinted there was more to it than that.

"And since she was an only child and without a mother," Emily explained, "my father decided to adopt her."

"A worthy thing to take an orphan into his home." Barnabas gave Frank a questioning glance. "What was the cause of her father's death?"

Frank hesitated. "He took his own life."

Barnabas raised his heavy eyebrows. "Indeed? Why?"

"After my grandfather's death, at the time he was in charge of all the operations, he took money from the company. When my father assumed control he discovered the thefts and faced Ada's father with them. He confessed
and before any action could be taken against him he shot himself.”

Barnabas looked sad. “An ugly business.”
“Yes.”
“Does the girl know about it?”
“Yes,” Emily said with a sigh. “I think it would be better if she didn’t. But father felt it was his duty to be honest with her. I’m afraid it only made her unhappy and resentful of him.”

“I agree,” Frank chimed in. “Ever since then she’s been uneasy with father. And I’m sure it’s the reason she’s given her affection to Uncle Stephen. She knows father dislikes him and it pleases her to annoy him in this manner.”

Barnabas smiled grimly. “I can see that things are no more settled at Collinwood than they have ever been. This seems to be a house dedicated to tensions and intrigue.”

Emily blushed. “I’d hardly say it was that bad.”
“No,” Frank said. “Stephen does make a nuisance of himself with his drinking but he’s basically a good fellow. I can talk to him easier than I can with my father. He’s nearer my age, being father’s youngest brother.”

“The other brother is dead, isn’t he?” Barnabas enquired.

“Drowned at sea,” Frank agreed. “Only father and Uncle Stephen are left. I have nothing against Uncle Stephen except that Ada prefers him to me. And maybe I’ll be able to change that one of these days.”

Barnabas nodded approvingly. “I like your attitude,” he said. “Since everyone else in the house is in bed I will go and come to pay my respects at another time.”

Frank turned to her. “What brought you down here at this hour?”

She took a deep breath. “I wanted to talk to you about something. Something I saw from my window just a short time ago.”

“Oh?”

Emily suddenly felt embarrassed. Avoiding Barnabas’ gaze, she told her brother, “I saw a stranger from the window of my room. A stranger in a long shaggy fur coat and hat. Did you by any chance meet him?”
“Not I.” Frank glanced at Barnabas. “What about you?”

“You were the first person I met,” Barnabas said carefully. “Please go on, Cousin Emily. Tell us all about this stranger.”

She was blushing. “He seemed to be headed toward the house. I heard a dog howling in the distance. And then it came after him and attacked him. But he repulsed it. It was then I saw his face. And it wasn’t an ordinary face.”

Barnabas was staring at her. “What do you mean? Not an ordinary face?”

“Just that,” she said, meeting his deep-set brown eyes. “He had the face of an animal. A snarling animal!”

There was a silence in the murky hallway. Then Frank spoke up. “You must have imagined it.”

“I was afraid you’d say that,” she told him wryly.

Frank’s youthful face showed disbelief. “It’s a pretty fantastic story, you’ll have to admit.”

“It was a fantastic experience.”

Barnabas Collins seemed interested. “Your story is an unusual one,” he said in his pleasant baritone. “But then, occasionally the unusual happens.”

Frank looked at him in amazement. “You don’t believe her?”

The man in the caped coat shrugged. “I really don’t know enough about it.” He eyed Emily sharply. “You say this man was a stranger? Someone you’d never seen before?”

“Yes,” she said.

“I have brought a stranger to Collinwood with me,” Barnabas said carefully. “But I’m positive it couldn’t have been him you saw. For one thing, he is still at the old house. And for another, he is a good-looking man with no hint of the bestial about him.”

Emily was beginning to have doubts about that moment at the window. She said, “Perhaps I did make a mistake—about his face, I mean. He was a distance away. The shadows could have caused the distortion. But I did see a stranger and the wild dog. And he somehow made it cower and run from him.”

“It couldn’t have been anyone from the village wander-
ing out here on a cold night like this,” Frank commented.

Barnabas said, “Perhaps a stranger whose sleigh was nearby and who had taken the wrong turn and arrived here instead of at the village. He’s probably safely on his way to Collinsport by now. I wouldn’t worry about it.”

“Barnabas is right,” her brother agreed. “Best not to think anything more about it.”

“I suppose not,” she said, still dubious.

Barnabas smiled. “I must be on my way. My guest will be wondering what has happened to me. I’ll send him over here in the morning. He’s a young doctor from London anxious to open a practice here.”

Emily said, “He should be welcome. We need another doctor in the area.”

“I told him there might be an opening,” Barnabas said. “I’ll be occupied during the day tomorrow. But he can come to meet you on his own. His name by the way is Jekyll. Dr. Henry Jekyll.”

She stared at the handsome face of her cousin. “Dr. Jekyll! That name sounds familiar. Where could I have heard of it before?”

Barnabas looked enigmatic. “Possibly you have heard of his father,” he said quietly. “He was a specialist who gained a worldwide reputation.”
Barnabas bade them goodnight and went out into the wintery cold. Frank Collins closed the door after him and then turned to Emily. He had a preoccupied expression on his youthful face.

“I’m still thinking about that beast man you saw.”

“Perhaps it was all imagination,” she said.

“Perhaps,” he agreed. “I didn’t say anything while Barnabas was here, but when you described the stranger I started thinking about Quentin Collins. You know the stories they tell about him.”

“The good-looking young man who was given the werewolf curse,” Emily said. “Yes, I remember.”

Frank looked at her solemnly. “Do you think he could be back?”

“No. At least I hope not. We have problems enough here as it is.”

“True,” Frank said, unbuttoning his plaid jacket as they started for the stairway. “I don’t think we should mention anything about it to father.”

“I was thinking of that.”

“At least not until one of us sees something of the sort again,” Frank said. “And we can hope that we won’t.”

As they started up the stairs together, he added, “It will be shock enough for father that Barnabas has returned. Having him on the estate always seems to make father uneasy.”

“Why?”

“Because it makes people remember the legend of the original Barnabas. No family is happy to have a vampire among its ancestors.”

“I’ve never believed it,” she said.
"A lot of the villagers still swear they have seen the ghost of the first Barnabas," Frank told her. "And the last time this Barnabas visited Collinwood there was talk about several of the village girls being attacked for their blood."

"Mass hysteria!"

"Whatever it was, it caused father a good deal of embarrassment," Frank told her seriously. "The police even went to the factory and questioned him. You weren't here so you didn't experience it."

"Barnabas seems very nice."

"He is," Frank said. "At least, he can be when he wants to. But he has peculiar living habits. He rarely shows himself during the day and he likes to wander around most of the night on his own. That kind of behavior always starts gossip."

They halted at her door. "The gossips of Collinsport are always ready for any new excitement," she said. "No doubt the arrival of Barnabas will start them again."

Frank nodded. "I wonder what his doctor friend is like. I hope he's a lot more normal-seeming than Barnabas. He'd better be if he wishes to start a practice here."

"Dr. Jekyll," she said with a tiny frown. "That name has a certain ring to it. I'm sure I've heard it before."

"Ask him when you see him," was her brother's suggestion as he gave a wide yawn. "I'm exhausted from skating. See you in the morning."

She went on in to her own bedroom filled with thoughts of the evening behind her. So many things had happened that she was sure she was going to have a hard time getting to sleep. For a moment she considered going to Ada's room and asking to share her bed with her, then decided against it. Ada was probably asleep and it would mean waking her up. So she slid between the cool sheets of her own bed and attempted to relax.

But sleep did not come easily. She was haunted by the bestial face of the figure crouched in the snow. Her dreams that night were disturbing. Once she awoke with a start, convinced that Barnabas Collins had been standing by her bedside gazing down at her in his special way. But the room was empty and, since the fire had gone out, cold.
She snuggled back into the bedclothes and slept again until Molly, her personal maid, came in the morning to start the fire in the fireplace and give her some hot water.

Molly was a tiny girl with titian hair rolled up in a knot on her head. She was very prim in her black uniform and white apron, but her eyes were wide with excitement as she announced, “There were lights in the old house last night!”

Emily smiled at her. “I know. Cousin Barnabas has returned from England again.”

“Oh?” The maid looked disappointed. “One of the stable boys came by the old house after midnight and they saw lamplight at the windows and figures moving around inside. They were sure it was haunts!”

“I’m sorry to be disappointing,” Emily told her as she brushed her long, blond hair. “It was Barnabas, his servant and a guest he has with him.”

“Why is he staying at the old house, Miss Emily?”

She began putting up her hair and coiling it at the nape of her neck. “The old house was left to that branch of the family in my grandfather’s will or maybe my great-grandfather’s,” she said lightly. “Barnabas enjoys it over there.”

“More than I would, in this freezing weather,” Molly observed as she turned back the bedclothes to air.

“He said he had all the fireplaces working.”

“They say in the kitchen that Barnabas has a curse on him just like the one that lived long ago.”

“Backstairs gossip,” Emily reproved her.

“I dunno, Miss Emily,” the redhaired maid worried, “there are those that say they saw him wandering in the cemetery dark nights.”

“That doesn’t make him a vampire.”

“No. But Jemmy, the kitchen girl, claims that when she was strolling along one of the village streets when Barnabas was here before, he came up to her and kissed her on the neck. Only it was more like a bite than a kiss and sent her into a faint. When she came to she was all weak like and there was a red mark on her throat.”

Emily gave the maid a sharp glance. “Did this Jemmy actually see Barnabas?”

“He was wearing a black cape and he carried a cane
like the one Mr. Barnabas has. A cane with a silver head."

"There are thousands of canes with silver heads! Did the
girl see his face?"

"No, miss," Molly said unhappily. "He swooped down
on her too quick like. But she knew it was him."

"She decided it was Barnabas because of the silly gossip
they've repeated about him," Emily said in a chill voice.
"I'd be careful about telling such a tale and you'd better
warn Jemmy as well. Mr. Barnabas could call his lawyers
and at least have both of you discharged!"

"Don't tell him what I said, Miss Emily!"

"I'll overlook it this time," she said. "But I don't want
to hear such talk again."

"No, miss," the little maid said, completely flustered.

Emily finished dressing and went downstairs, still an-
noyed at the girl's idle talk. She hoped that she had put
an end to the story for at least a little while. As she came
to the first landing she found her foster sister, Ada, and
her uncle Stephen in furtive conversation in a murky cor-
er of the hallway. They turned to her guiltily.

Pretending not to notice, she said, "Good morning. I'm
late getting down. Has father left for the village yet?"

Ada answered, "Yes. He's gone and so has Frank.
Mother was still at the table when I left."

"Thanks." Emily started down the stairway.

"Don't mention seeing us together up here," Stephen
called urgently after her.

She turned with her hand on the banister. "I never
carry tales," she said calmly.

Stephen took a step toward her, a troubled look on his
prematurely-aged but still pleasant face. "Thanks, Emily.
I didn't mean to offend you."

"You didn't." And she continued on down, leaving the
two to whatever they wished to discuss. It was sad that be-
cause of her father's dislike of Stephen they had to carry
on their romance so covertly.

The sun streamed in through the colored glass of the
dining room windows as she joined her mother at the
breakfast table. She bent to kiss Rebecca on the cheek
and then sat across from her.
Her mother remarked, “So Barnabas has returned.”
“Frank told you?”
“Yes.” A shadow crossed her mother’s broad face. “I only hope we have no trouble. Your father was less than pleased. And what about this young Dr. Jekyll he has along with him?”
“What about him?” Emily asked as the maid brought in her cereal and set it before her.
“I can’t imagine a London doctor wanting to come here and set up a practice in this isolated part of the world if he has any ability.”
“Perhaps he prefers the country to the city.”
“I suppose so,” her mother said dubiously. “I only trust he’s not another eccentric like Barnabas.”
“I think Barnabas is charming.”
Rebecca flashed her a warning glance. “You’ve only just met him. Wait and see how you feel later.”
“I’m sure we’ll get along splendidly.”
“That’s more than I can say for your father and him,” her mother said with a sigh. “It’s not enough that we have this truly dreadful weather; now Barnabas has to show up with that ugly, mute servant and a mysterious young man.”
She gave her parent a vexed smile. “Why do you call him mysterious? You haven’t even met him yet.”
“Anyone who is a friend of Barnabas is bound to have some mystery about him.” Her mother sighed. “I remember the gossip when Barnabas was here last time. And I begged him to stop going to the family cemetery after dark and he only laughed at me and told me he found the company there more pleasing than in many places. Now I ask you!”
“He was teasing you,” Emily said, looking up from her plate.
“It’s much too serious a matter for that.” Her mother stood up indignantly. “You’ll find out!” And she marched out of the room.
Left to finish breakfast alone, Emily considered her mother’s remarks. Her rueful conclusion was that where gossip and superstition were concerned there wasn’t much difference between the backstairs help and her parents.
The day passed and Dr. Henry Jekyll did not make the
promised call at Collinwood. Emily decided it must have skipped his mind or perhaps he was too busy becoming acquainted with the area. In the late afternoon she bundled herself up in a long, heavy brown tweed coat with a thick fur collar and a matching fur muff, and tied a shawl over her hat to protect her ears. Thus fortified against the weather, she started out for a short walk around the grounds.

Outside, the cold air stung the exposed portions of her face, and she saw that the foglike haze still hung over the bay. She walked briskly to the place where she’d seen the nightmare figure the night before and searched the white, shining surface of the snow for tracks. The tracks were there!

Human footprints mingled with the smaller tracks of the huge dog. This proved it hadn’t been her imagination. She lifted her eyes for a moment to the window from which she’d seen the strange incident, then she strolled on.

As she passed the snow-covered garden and walked by the house she had the feeling, all at once, that unseen eyes were watching her. Fear raced through her and she paused to stare around. Standing in the shadow of a side entrance to the mansion was a slim young man in a long black coat and a black soft hat. He had earmuffs on to protect his ears and heavy woolen gloves on his hands. Aware that he’d been noticed, he stepped out from his place of concealment and bowed.

“I hope I didn’t frighten you,” he apologized in a voice with a British accent.

“You did,” she gasped, staring at his pale aristocratic face.

“I stepped in there for shelter from the cold,” he said. “I’m not used to such severe temperatures.”

“I sensed you were there before I actually saw you,” she said. “It gave me a fright.”

“I’m sorry,” he said politely. “I didn’t mean to upset you. May I introduce myself? I’m Dr. Henry Jekyll, a guest of Mr. Barnabas Collins.”

At once her fear vanished. “Of course,” she said, “I’ve heard about you. I’m Emily Collins. Barnabas and my father are cousins.”
The young man bowed and then studied her with gentle gray eyes. "Barnabas suggested that I stop by and pay you a visit. But I found myself not wanting to intrude."

"Nonsense," she said. "We're all anxious to meet you and find out if you plan to remain here."

He gave her a thin smile. "That's still very much up in the air."

"Let's not stand here in the cold," she said. "Come into the house and have tea with me."

Ten minutes later they sat by the living room fireplace with the tea service before them. Emily had wanted her mother and Ada to come down and meet the young man, but her mother was having her afternoon nap and Ada hadn't finished dressing.

Refilling his teacup, she asked him, "What prompted you to come to this faraway place?"

"My friendship for Barnabas was one reason."

"I understand that," she said. "And you want to practice in a small village like Collinsport? Surely it would be very dull after London."

He frowned slightly. "I'm not too fond of cities. London can be a very cruel place. That's a side of it I'm all too familiar with. And also, my health has not been all it should be."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I trust it's nothing serious."

It seemed to her that the cup and saucer he held trembled just a little. "I think not," he said. "Over a period of a few months I had several fainting spells. I always recovered quickly but they were worrisome. I decided it might be wise to give up my practice in the city and find a quieter life."

Emily was at once sympathetic. "If London did not agree with your health, you were very wise to decide leaving it. I hope you may set up as a doctor here. The only one we have is very old and lives closer to Ellsworth than the village."

He nodded his patrician head. "I'll surely give the idea serious consideration."

"Your name struck me when Barnabas mentioned it," she said.

He looked startled. "It did?"
"Yes," she said. "Dr. Jekyll! I'm positive I've heard it somewhere before and yet it isn't a common name."

He put down his empty cup and saucer. "No, it is not a common name."

"More tea?" she asked with a smile.

"Thank you, no. I must leave soon. Barnabas will be expecting me."

"Barnabas mentioned that your father was a famous specialist, and suggested that was why your name seemed so familiar to me."

"Perhaps."

"Is your father still alive?"

He shook his head uneasily. "No. My father died some time ago."

"I'm sorry."

The young doctor stood. "I really must be leaving."

She rose with him. "I'm so sorry. My sister, Ada, and my mother will be disappointed in missing you. Ada should be down soon."

He took a step towards the door. "I'll be visiting again."

"You must promise that," she said, escorting him to the hallway. "You and Barnabas must come see us together."

"We shall."

Emily found herself liking the attractive young doctor more and more, and she felt genuinely sorry that he'd not been well. Looking directly into his eyes, she said, "I want you to feel that you are among friends."

"Thank you," he said sincerely.

"If you should decide to remain here we'll introduce you to all our neighbors," she promised.

"That is too good of you."

"Not at all." Hearing footsteps on the stairway, she turned to see Ada descending the steps. She had her hair fixed in an especially attractive upsweep and was wearing a becoming dress of dull crimson.

"Dr. Jekyll?" Ada said from the stairs.

"Yes," Emily said, and smiled at the doctor. "So you are going to meet my sister after all."

"Delighted," he said politely, though he remained nervous in manner.
Ada came on down to greet him. As she shook hands, she said, “So you and Barnabas are friends?”

“Yes.”

“Unlike Barnabas, you do visit around in the daylight hours,” Ada said with a knowing smile. “How do you account for his strange habits, Dr. Jekyll?”

He hesitated, then said, “Barnabas is one of those people who happen to be night-oriented. And having independent wealth, he is able to gratify his whim and live as he pleases.”

“So true,” Ada said demurely. “I wish we could all do the same. I hear you may establish yourself in an office in Collinsport.”

“It is a probability.”

“I think that would be most interesting,” Ada said with a smile and a note in her voice that confused Emily.

Dr. Jekyll slipped into his coat, thanked her for her hospitality and bid them both a polite goodbye. Emily saw him out and then turned to face her foster sister. It was already growing dark and the lamps had not been lit so she had difficulty reading the expression on Ada’s face.

“How do you like him?” she asked.

Ada smirked. “He’s very good looking in a genteel way.”

“He is,” she agreed, not sure that she liked Ada’s way of referring to him. “And he seems a nice person as well.”

“I can see you are impressed.”

“Why shouldn’t I be?”

Ada shrugged. “No reason. But perhaps there are a few things you should know about young Dr. Jekyll.”

Emily stared at her in astonishment. “What are you hinting at?”

“Come into the living room,” Ada said. “I have something to show you.”

Feeling uneasy, she followed her pretty foster sister down the length of the living room until they came to a halt before the blazing log fire. There Ada drew out a folded piece of newspaper from the pocket of her dress and held it out to Emily. “Read that. Stephen gave it to me as soon as mother told him the name of Barnabas’ guest.”
Emily gave her foster sister a troubled glance and then read the headline of the yellowed newspaper: “Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.” The words wavered before her eyes; of course she remembered then.

“It brings it back to you,” Ada said triumphantly. “Now you know why the name Jekyll is so familiar to you. Dr. Henry Jekyll is the son of a criminally insane murderer!”

“No!” she protested, lowering the piece of newspaper. Ada snatched it from her. “I tell you it is all here,” she said with urgency. “Including the fact that the notorious Dr. Jekyll had an only son named Henry.”

“It can’t be the same one!”

Ada tucked the clipping in the pocket of her dress. “I’m only telling you this for your own good. Stephen knew all about it at once. And he said to warn you quietly without upsetting father or mother.”

“There could be other Dr. Jekylls?”

“And if so, why would they be so anxious to leave London?” Ada demanded. “I’ll tell you why this one wants to bury himself here. He’s running from his father’s scandal. And he’s even been recognized in this isolated place.”

“You’re jumping to a lot of conclusions.”

“None that I can’t prove,” Ada said with a bitter smile. “I can see that you’ve lost your heart to the handsome doctor. Better if you were to lose it to Barnabas. At least he isn’t a murderer’s son.”

“He may not be that Dr. Jekyll’s son,” Emily argued. Ada ignored the argument. “His father was worse than a murderer. He was a madman! Made mad by his own Satanic experiments with drugs! You know the story. It was in all the papers. He began taking the drugs and they changed him into another person. An evil creature named Hyde who left a string of dead bodies in his wake!”

“If his father was a victim of drugs, why blame the son?”

“Because it’s my guess he is also tainted,” Ada said in a warning tone. “If you remember, in the end Dr. Jekyll lost control and couldn’t prevent himself from turning into Hyde. He ran out of the drugs he needed to restore him to
sanity. He murdered old Sir Danvers Carew and a lot of other innocent people before he took his own life."

"Henry Jekyll can’t be held responsible for what his father did."

In the nearly dark room, the firelight playing on her face gave Ada an almost fanatical look. "I should be the last to blame anyone for their father’s deeds."

Emily was at once remorseful. "I wasn’t thinking of that."

"But let us face facts," Ada continued grimly. "I have grown up under the shadow of a scandal. My father took his life because he’d committed a crime of more modest proportions. So I know what it feels like to have a suicide for a father."

"All that is forgotten," Emily protested.

Her foster sister turned to stare sadly into the flames. "Not by me," she said. "I can never forget." She looked earnestly at Emily. "That is why I want to protect you, to prevent you from becoming involved with this young man."

"I hardly know him!"

"Already I can see that you care for him!" Ada insisted. "Not really," she said, but she knew there was truth in what her foster sister was saying. It had almost been a case of love at first sight with her.

"Remember the horror of what happened in London on those foggy nights," Ada said earnestly. "Think of the victims struck down by Hyde’s walking stick and then trampled on by him until they were dead. People were afraid to walk in the streets after dark!"

"That is all in the past," Emily protested. "Suppose his son suffers from the same taint as his father?"

"No! I can’t believe that!" Emily said desperately. "Why?"

"You’ve met him. You saw his face. It surely is no criminal’s face!"

Ada smiled sadly. "You have lost your heart to him!"

"I say he is fine looking, that he has an almost noble countenance. One that suggests suffering!"
"You must have read the description of his father," Ada told her. "He was also a handsome man with delicate features. But when he changed into the evil Hyde he was bestial, so ugly he reminded people of some kind of ape. His very ears were pointed like the Devil's! He was a shriveled, wicked creature that shuffled along in the foggy night to attack and kill!"

"Please!" Emily begged. "I don't want to hear any more about it!"

Ada took her firmly by the wrist, her eyes were fixed on hers. "You must promise me not to become too involved with that young man."

"I promise," she said. "But I don't believe all that you've said about him."

"You'll find out soon enough," Ada warned her. "In the meantime we must talk to Barnabas and ask him to be sure that Dr. Jekyll doesn't remain here."

"First you should be sure of your facts."

"I am sure," Ada said. "And so is Stephen."

"You can't depend on Stephen," Emily found herself saying. "His head is muddled with drink most of the time."

Ada let her wrist go and stared at her. "You're like all the others! You hate him as they do! I'm the only one he can trust. The only one who loves him."

Emily was again contrite. "I didn't mean to offend you. But you've been warning me about Dr. Jekyll and it seems someone should warn you against Stephen. He'll do nothing but ruin your life and make you unhappy."

"Let me decide about that," Ada said quietly and turned and walked off into the darkness of the other end of the living room.

Emily continued to stand by the blazing log fire with a tormented expression on her lovely face. She watched vaguely as a maid entered the room and set about lighting the lamps under the ornate cut glass chandeliers that hung from the beamed ceiling of the elegant room.

Numbly, Emily recalled some of the things Henry Jekyll had said to her. He'd mentioned wanting to escape from London because of its cruelty. And he'd told her that he'd lately suffered from mysterious fainting spells. Re-
membering his father's condition, she found herself fearing that these spells might also transfer the son into the same kind of evil identity. Was Henry Jekyll trying to hide in this isolated village the same sort of madness which had turned his father into a murderer?
CHAPTER THREE

The tall white candles flickered in the great silver candelabra set out on the long white-clothed table of Collinwood's dining room. Lost in her thoughts, Emily found herself paying little attention to what was being said. Stephen, her uncle, sitting across from her, had a look of smug satisfaction on his dissipated face. Ada, in the chair next to him, looked pale and grim.

Emily's father, at the head of the table, spoke out in his nasal twang. "You are all aware, I assume, that Barnabas has chosen this time to visit us again. It is a visitation I greet with little enthusiasm. To add to the complication, he has brought along a guest. So we must be especially cautious."

She had no idea what her father meant; she doubted if he really knew himself. He was simply voicing his annoyance at this return of a British cousin about whom he had grave misgivings. Since she had been impressed by both Barnabas and the young Dr. Jekyll, she didn't want to hear her father's tirade.

As soon as dinner ended, she hurried from the dining room and started up the stairs. She was part way up the first flight when she heard Stephen calling her name from below.

"Emily!" he called after her. "Just a moment."

She turned with a frown, her hand still on the stair railing. "Yes?"

He came up to her. "I just wanted to talk to you for a moment."

"Well?"

"Let's go up to the landing," her uncle suggested with a wise wink. "We won't attract so much attention there. If
your father sees me talking with you he’s bound to interfere.”

“Very well.” She moved on up to the landing to a place where they could not easily be seen from below.

Uncle Stephen looked knowing as he said, “I hear you and Ada had a kind of argument before dinner.”

“What about it?”

“I’m sorry if I was the cause of it,” he said. “But I thought you should see that newspaper piece.”

She studied him defiantly. “It proved nothing.”

“Nothing about the young man Barnabas has here as his guest,” Stephen said. “But it did serve to remind you where you’d heard the name Dr. Jekyll before. And you’ll agree it has become a notorious one.”

“If Henry Jekyll should be his son, there is no reason to make him suffer for something his father did.”

“Not if he is a completely innocent party.”

She stared at him. “Why do you say that?”

Her uncle shrugged. “Remember that Barnabas is a strange sort of person. And he seems to collect oddities around him—that mute servant of his, for example. And now he brings Dr. Jekyll on the scene. It makes me wonder if the young doctor hadn’t some good reason for leaving London.”

“He may have found it difficult to live down his father’s notoriety.”

“Very possibly,” Stephen agreed. “And it also occurred to me he may be giving Barnabas some needed medical treatment.”

“I didn’t know he was ill.”

Stephen offered her that wise smile again. “There are a great many things you don’t know,” he said. “Barnabas has suffered from a serious condition for years. He’s apt to seek aid from anyone offering a new treatment. Dr. Jekyll may be doing just that.”

“I don’t want to talk about it any more,” she told Stephen. “I’m perfectly willing to accept Barnabas and the doctor on their own merits.”

“Good luck, then,” her uncle said with a sneering smile. “It is all too possible you’ll be needing it.”

Filled with misgivings, she hurried down the shadowed
corridor to her bedroom. She decided to remain alone in her room for awhile, hoping that Barnabas might soon call and perhaps bring the young doctor with him. The minutes passed; soon an hour had gone by and still Barnabas had not arrived. She began to think he wasn't coming. It was then she made up her mind to journey to the old house herself. She would talk to Barnabas and the doctor, warn them of the suspicions concerning them.

Dressing against the cold, she quietly made her way down the dimly lighted stairway. From the living room came the thin music of a phonograph recording of a noted opera star. Her father was indulging in his latest hobby, Mr. Edison's phonograph. She had seen him take several new cylinder records into the living room earlier in the evening.

Satisfied that the family was giving the talking machine their full attention, she quietly let herself out into the bitter January night, and shut the door easily after her. Hunching against the cold, she went down the steps with their covering of ice and snow and set out in the direction of the old house.

A slight breeze was making the intense cold all the more disagreeable. It cut into her face like a knife. She bent her head to get some added protection and followed the snowy, slippery path around the corner of the mansion and past the stables.

Suddenly she realized how dark and lonely it was. But she had to make the visit to the old house; she could not let her fears block her way. After a little the somber outline of the red brick house showed against the sky.

Emily hesitated as she came to the steps leading to the entrance of the ancient building. No lights showed from any of the windows—but perhaps all the shutters were closed. She knew she daren't stand there in the terrible cold long. So she mounted the steps and knocked on the door.

When there was no immediate response, her spirits sank. She glanced over her shoulder into the shadows apprehensively and then she knocked on the door again, a touch of panic in her action this time. Her efforts were rewarded by the sound of footsteps from inside. A moment
later the door was opened a fraction and she saw an ugly face with a stubble of beard. She guessed this was Hare, the servant.

"I wish to speak with Mr. Barnabas Collins," she said anxiously.

The reply she got was an animal-like snarl.

"Please let me in!" she begged. "I'm freezing out here!"

Hare's reaction to this was to quickly close the door. But as Emily stood there in astonishment, the door opened again. This time it was Dr. Henry Jekyll who stood there, looking at her in surprise. "What are you doing here?"

"I've come to see Barnabas."

"He's not here at the moment."

"Then let me talk to you," she said. "I'm frozen."

The young doctor hesitated, then opened the door wider. "Very well," he said. "Come in. Though I'm not sure that Barnabas would approve of your being here."

She entered the dark hallway before he could alter his decision. "I know he won't mind."

"We'll go to the living room," the doctor said, taking her arm. "It is warm there. We have a good fire going."

She allowed him to lead her into a room smaller than Collinwood's great living room, but which was still rich in its own way. The walls were paneled in fine dark wood and the furniture was antique and elegant. She sat in a tall-backed chair by the fire and stretched her hands out toward the flames.

She smiled up at the young doctor. "Thank you."

"Happy to be of some help," he assured her. "I'm a little surprised that your family would allow you to go out wandering on this below zero night."

Her eyes twinkled with a mischievous light. "They don't know I've left the house."

Henry Jekyll attempted to look severe. "I'm surprised that you should do such a willful thing and endanger yourself."

"I wanted to talk to you and Cousin Barnabas."

"About what?"

"Something very important," she said, serious now. "I'd hoped that one or the other of you would call on us at Collinwood tonight."

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He stood with his back to the fireplace, his face shadowed. “Barnabas and I discussed it and decided against it.”

“Why?”

“Barnabas has an idea your father mightn’t be too glad to see us.”

“That is true,” she admitted. “But that’s all the more reason why you should have come. It’s important that you win him over. You need friends here.”

The young doctor studied her. “You seem sure of that.”

“I am,” she said quietly. “I have heard them talk. And I now remember where I heard the name Dr. Jekyll.”

“Indeed,” he said tautly.

“Yes. I read the entire account of your father’s ordeal.”

“You’re assuming it was my father.”

“Wasn’t it?”

He made no reply for a moment. There was only the crackling of the logs in the fireplace, the roar of the draft in the chimney. His voice sounded bitter when finally he said, “Why should I deny it? It was my father.”

Emily got to her feet and gazed at him with sympathy in her blue eyes. “Thank you for being honest with me.”

“I’m probably a fool for that.”

“No,” she said. “You’re doing the right thing. I want to help you.”

“Why?”

She smiled ruefully. “It’s hard to explain. From the moment we met I’ve had a special feeling for you—call it sympathy or warmth. I’d like to think we could be good friends.”

He was staring at her in amazement. “You sound sincere,” he said in a tone of disbelief.

“Believe me, I am.”

His eyes were fixed on her. Slowly he said, “I find that amazing as well as touching. Being my friend could get you in a lot of difficulties.”

“Barnabas isn’t afraid to show friendship for you.”

“Barnabas is a special sort of person.”

“Let me be one as well.”

The young doctor reached out and took her by the arms. “You’re far too young and lovely to sacrifice your
life for anyone like me. But I’ll always remember what you’ve said. Wherever I go and whatever may happen to me.”

“I thought you planned to remain here and set up a practice.”

“Not now.”

“I wish you would,” she said earnestly. “If you leave I may never see you again.”

“Which would be the best thing that could happen for you.”

“No.”

His solemn gray eyes searched hers. “I fear that it would be very easy for me to fall in love with you.”

“Perhaps that is what I’ve been waiting for all my life,” Emily told him, a dreamy look in her eyes.

He drew her close to him and gave her a fervent kiss. The rightness of the moment made her forget all her doubts and fears. The lips pressed tight to hers and his arms around her served as a barrier to cut off all the alien world. It was an interlude of pure bliss. But of course it had to end.

Young Dr. Jekyll let her go almost abruptly. He turned from her and brushed a hand across his sensitive face. “I’m mad to think there is anything possible for us.”

“Why do you say that?” she asked, forlorn again.

He turned to her. “Sit down,” he ordered gently. When she obeyed, he lowered himself to the floor beside her and sat with his hands around his knees. Staring up at her, he said, “I have to be completely honest with you. I left London because I’m afraid I may be losing my mind. I may be going the way of my father.”

“Oh, no!” she protested.

He raised a hand to silence her. “Listen to me. I was only a boy when my father began taking the drugs that eventually turned him into a monster. Through the family solicitor, Mr. Utterson, I learned what had happened to my father. One night I saw him in his other identity.”

“How awful that must have been for you,” she said in horror.

The sensitive, pale face revealed a haunted look. “Mr. Utterson called for me and told me he was going to take
me to one of the evil districts of London. And that I must be brave. What he was going to show me was for my own good. I knew my father was in serious trouble and that it must have to do with him.”

A log burned out and toppled in the fireplace. She stared at the tormented face of the man. “Go on,” she said quietly.

“I don’t know the name of the street,” he said. “But I remember what it looked like. Mean houses, cobblestones, narrow sidewalks and a slimy yellow fog hanging over it all. Mr. Utterson grasped me by the shoulder and drew me back into the shelter of a small doorway. I stood there peering into the yellow fog and scarcely daring to draw a breath. Then I saw this woebegone young girl come running up toward us, her shoes clicking on the cobblestones and close behind her came the most evil-looking creature I had ever set eyes on. He was cursing the girl and trying to get near enough to her to hit her with the cane.”

“Yes.” The young man paused, then continued painfully, “It was the respected Dr. Jekyll in his other role of Mr. Hyde. I saw the rage-distorted face under the tall black hat, the thin, emaciated body in the black suit as he pursued the unfortunate girl. I can still hear his shriek of glee as he brought the cane down on her and her screams for help. He struck again and again. Each time it bruised and cut her flesh. And when she was unconscious on the cobblestones before him, he began to trample her. Only the appearance of Mr. Utterson with me at his side made my father halt and turn to flee into the thick yellow fog and lose himself.”

“Did the girl live?”

“Thanks to Mr. Utterson. He saw that she was taken to a hospital and properly cared for. I was actually sick to my stomach on the spot. And that night prepared me for the suicide of my father, whose only alternative was to live on as the evil Mr. Hyde. The lawyer had readied me for what was to come. And with my father’s death I felt the nightmare was over.”

“And so it was,” she said. “You must forget it.”

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"No," he said, staring off into the distant shadows of the room. "There was more horror in store for me."

"How could there be?"

"People have long memories," he said bitterly. "They wouldn't allow me to forget that I was the son of that monster, Hyde."

"You are the son of the respected Dr. Jekyll," she corrected him.

"Jekyll lost his respectability. It is no longer an honorable name. I worked hard and managed to get my medical degree, but when I emerged from college I found that many doors were closed to me simply because of my name."

"You are strong enough to overcome that."

"I felt that I was," he agreed. "But it gradually wore me down. I took a post in a charity hospital where my name didn't matter and worked myself mercilessly for a pittance of a salary that almost left me on charity as well. Then I began to have the fainting spells I mentioned to you this afternoon."

She studied him sympathetically. "You were working too hard and probably half-starving yourself in the bargain."

"I thought that at first," he said. "But when they continued I began to worry. Sometimes the fainting was accompanied by a lapse of memory. I would come to myself and find I was walking in a part of the city where I'd never been before. Usually some slum district. And I began to worry."

"About what?"

"About whether I was losing my mind and when I would really become violent and take on the murderous Hyde personality that had overwhelmed my father. I began to think that it was not the drugs which had afflicted him but a madness which had gradually destroyed his mind and body. And that brought on the thought that I might be similarly affected and would go the same way."

"It had to be the drugs," she protested.

"I tried to tell myself that," the young doctor said. "But this nagging doubt persisted. And so I went to find my father's lawyer, Mr. Utterson. I felt I needed his advice."
"Your father took the drugs and brought on his madness," she insisted. "There could be no question of your inheriting the weakness."

"That is what I wanted to talk to Utterson about," he said. "I found him living with a nephew. Poor old Utterson is a feeble wreck of ninety-odd today. But his mind is surprisingly alert and he recognized me at once."

"What was his reaction to your problem?"

"I told him about my fainting spells and I put it to him straight. I asked him whether he thought my father took to drugs because of a growing madness which I might have inherited, or whether the drugs had caused the mental and physical changes in him."

Emily's tone was anxious. "What did he say?"

"He couldn't make up his mind," the young doctor said in a tragic voice. "He admitted he had always been in doubt about it himself. And his advice was that I leave London and go to some remote place where, if I should be going insane, I would do less harm and cause less concern."

"But you shouldn't have listened to that old man," she cried. "He was probably senile. Not able to think it out properly."

Henry Jekyll looked resigned. "I was willing to take his advice. I couldn't risk remaining in London any longer until I was sure."

"You've never done anyone harm in your fainting spells."

"How can I be sure?" he asked her. "Unless they end, I'll remain convinced I'm following the descending path to violent madness my father took."

"No!"

"So I came to this place," he said with a wry smile. "And before I am able to work out my destiny I find you."

"I will be part of your destiny," she said, touching his face tenderly.

He took her hand in his and kissed it, then said, "Only if I can prove to myself that I am healthy in mind and body. That I am on the way to recovery."

"Of course you are."

"We shall see," he told her. "At least now you know the truth about me. There is nothing I've concealed."
“I’m glad you’ve been frank.” She sighed. “But you haven’t told me how you came to meet Barnabas.”
“We met in London.”
“Where?”
“In a small pub in one of the poor districts. It was late one night. I had suffered one of my fainting spells and come to in the street near the pub. I went in for a glass of ale since I still felt rather ill. There was a handsome man in a caped coat sitting alone at a table. It was the only table with an empty chair and I asked if I might join him. He was very pleasant about it so I sat down.”
“And you became friends?”
“Not right away. We talked a little. It was hard to conduct a conversation above the noise of the roisterers in the smoke-filled place. At last he invited me for a goodnight drink at his lodgings, which were only a few houses distant from the pub. I agreed; we paid for our drinks and left. His lodgings were on the second floor. I was still weak and as I made my way up the dark stairway I stumbled. He helped me up the rest of the stairs. And after we had our drinks he asked me if I was ill.”
“And you told him?”
He nodded. “There was something about Barnabas that made me feel I could confide in him. I told him who I was and what was happening to me. I expected him to gaze at me with horror. But there was only sympathy in his eyes.”
“He seems a fine man.”
“You can be proud to have him as a cousin,” Henry Jekyll said.
She smiled bitterly. “I wish my father felt the same way about him.”
“He doesn’t approve of Barnabas?”
“No. It goes back a long way,” she explained. “It has its beginnings in an ancient legend.”
“I see,” the young doctor said. “Well, after I had told my troubles to Barnabas he exchanged confidences with me. He explained that for many years he had suffered from a grievous health condition. And he asked me to try and help him. He offered to engage me as his private doctor and bring me over here to the United States. It was too good an opportunity to turn down.”
"And so you are here."

"Yes. Barnabas felt that I might, if I felt up to it, establish a practice here and gradually rebuild my own health. At the same time I could give full attention to him."

"And have you been better since you left London?"

"Strangely, yes," the young doctor said. "I have only had a single fainting spell. And it was of very short duration."

"You see!" Emily exulted. "I know you're going to be all right."

"I'll not be willing to say that until some time has passed," he said with a shadow crossing his sensitive face. "I must be sure."

"What about Barnabas? Have you been able to help him?"

He shook his head. "Not so far."

"What is his trouble?"

The young doctor gave her a peculiar glance. "I'd rather not discuss it," he said. "You must ask him directly. If he wants to tell you, he will. He may not want you to know."

"I only want to help him."

"Let him decide," Henry Jekyll said with a sad smile and he got to his feet. "It seems to me I should escort you back to Collinwood. It is getting late."

"It doesn't matter," she said. "They won't have missed me. No one is likely to check on my room. They'll think I'm in bed."

"But if you are discovered missing and they learn that you have been here it means more trouble for Barnabas, doesn't it?"

"I hadn't thought of that," she admitted. "There's no need for you to come with me. I can get back alone."

"On this freezing night? Along that lonely path? Never."

At the same instant there was the sound of the front door opening and a blast of freezing air came down the corridor to the living room. A moment later Barnabas appeared in the doorway, an expression of mild surprise on his handsome face.
“Emily! What are you doing here at this hour?” he demanded.

She smiled. “Waiting for you.” She noted that he wore no hat or protection for his ears in spite of the cold. His only concession to the below zero night was the gray scarf around his neck.

“That might have meant your staying here all the night,” Barnabas chided her. “You know I keep very strange hours.”

“I’m glad you’re back,” she said. “I can leave now. Henry and I have had a wonderful long talk.”

Barnabas raised an eyebrow. “So it is Henry now? You two haven’t taken long to become close friends.”

“Emily and I seem to have a special empathy for each other,” the young doctor said. “It was almost like the meeting between us all over again.”

“I’m glad you’ve gotten to know each other,” Barnabas said. “And now I think you should go home.”

“I was just leaving.”

“I was about to see her safely back to Collinwood,” the young doctor said.

Barnabas glanced at him swiftly. “Let me take her,” he said quietly. “I’m more familiar with the path and I’m already dressed for the cold.”

“Just as you say,” Jekyll said quickly.

Emily turned to smile at him. “Goodnight, Henry. I hope I’ll see you soon again.”

“You will,” he promised.

“Come to Collinwood and meet the others,” she said. “Of course,” he said, but there was no real promise in his tone.

Barnabas took her arm. “Come along.” And he led her from the living room with Henry Jekyll left standing by the fireplace.

They went out into the bitter cold of the January night. She bent her head and pressed her body close to Barnabas. He put an arm around her as they walked quickly along the snow-covered path.

He said, “You’re feeling the cold after being by the blazing fireplace.”

“I’ll be all right,” she said. “What about you?”
"The cold doesn’t bother me."
"I’m a nuisance," she worried, her breath showing in the crisp air.
"Not at all."
She gave him a startled look. "That’s funny!"
"What?"
"Your breath! Your breath doesn’t show as vapor in the air when you talk!"
His handsome face revealed a grim smile as they walked on in the moonlit winter night. "I said I was cold-blooded," he reminded her. "And that proves it."
"It’s weird," she said, her own breath showing again.
"Don’t worry about it. Did you have a long talk with Henry?"
"Yes." The snow crunched under their feet.
"He told you who he is?"
"The notorious Dr. Jekyll’s son."
"He must trust you," Barnabas said grimly. "Does it change your feelings toward him?"
"No. I think he’s a wonderful person. And he shouldn’t worry about what his father was or what he did."
"I completely agree," Barnabas said. "But he worries that he may be suffering from an inherited taint. Did he explain that to you?"
"Yes. I’m sure he’s wrong. That old Mr. Utterson shouldn’t have planted the idea in his mind."
"I don’t think you can blame Utterson for that," Barnabas said. "Henry had the idea before he went to talk with him. The best Utterson could have done was try to persuade him he was wrong."
"And he didn’t do that," she complained.
"Perhaps he saw that there wasn’t any use in his attempting it," Barnabas said. "At least he gave him good advice in telling him to leave London. It meant I was able to bring him here with me."
"He will get well, I know it," Emily said. "But what about you? Henry says you have some mysterious complaint he hasn’t been able to cure. Are you in any danger?"
Barnabas smiled down at her in his melancholy way. "My condition has no urgency," he said. "I have suffered it
a long time. I look for no quick miracle cure. I'm satisfied that Henry has done his best for me."

She gazed up at him fondly. "I'm so glad you've returned, Barnabas. I've already decided you are my favorite cousin. I was so unlucky to miss you when you were here last time."

He laughed. "We'll make up for it this visit."

"The cold can't last like this many days longer," she said. "And it's really not bad here in winter in ordinary weather."

"I'm sure of that," Barnabas said as they reached the front entrance of Collinwood.

She smiled up at him. "Don't stand here in the cold. Goodnight, Cousin Barnabas."

"Goodnight, my dear," he said and he touched his cold lips gently to her forehead. "Now, in with you!"

Emily quickly opened the door and went inside. He was still standing there with a smile. She waved goodnight and he waved back, then she closed the door and stood in the dark hallway for a long moment. It had been an exciting evening.

She was about to move quietly to the stairway when a strange, slow rapping came on the front door. It came three times at measured intervals. She wheeled around to stare at the door with fear on her pretty face as she wondered if something might have happened to Barnabas.

Next there came what sounded like a groan and she was overwhelmed by panic for the safety of her British cousin. Without thought for her own security, she flung the door open quickly. And then she stumbled back with a frightened cry. There in the doorway stood the apparition which had terrified her so the night before—the figure in the long, shaggy fur coat. It reached menacingly out for her!
"No!" she screamed, shrinking away from the phantom figure.

And then it spoke to her. A cultivated male voice asked, "Why are you making all this fuss? Surely you don't expect me to stay outside and perish in the cold!"

Emily stared at the shadowy figure. "Who are you?"

"Is that more important than whether I freeze to death?"

He removed the scarf from his face and she saw that he was actually a handsome young man.

"What do you want?" she faltered.

Smiling, he closed the door after him. "No need to let all the cold air in Maine inside, is there?" he inquired with a mocking smile. When he took off his fur hat, she saw that he had a fine head of curly light brown hair and heavy sideburns flanking his interesting face.

"You terrified me," she told him.

He showed surprise. "By merely knocking on the door? I was very cold out there."

She continued to stare at him, bewilderedly linking him with the similarly clad figure she'd seen the previous night, whose face had turned out to be that of an animal. "I thought you were someone else."

His eyes mocked her, laughed at her. "Not a welcome visitor, I assume."

"No."

"I assure you I mean no harm. I'm a traveler who has lost his way."

From the stairway came the irate voice of Emily's father. "What is all this going on down here?" She turned and saw her father descending the stairway, wearing a dark dressing gown over his nightclothes.
The young man in the fur coat seemed not at all taken aback. He smiled up at him and said, "I'm afraid I'm the culprit. I was heading for the village and lost my way."

Charles Collins came scowling down to face the young man. "You're traveling rather late, aren't you?"

"Yes," he admitted readily. "The weather has been dreadful. I'm not used to this cold. And I had no idea the last lap of my journey here would take so long. The roads are treacherous."

"Did you come by sleigh?"

"Yes. My horse and sleigh are outside. I feel it is hopeless to try and reach Collinsport tonight. I felt you might be kind enough to provide shelter for my horse and myself."

Charles Collins studied the young man for a moment and then cleared his throat. "Collinwood has always been known for its hospitality," he said. "I'll certainly not turn you away at this hour of the night. My name is Charles Collins and this young woman you frightened is my daughter, Emily."

The young man extended his hand. "I'm Paul Faron. And I'm happy to meet you and your daughter."

"It is time we all were asleep," her father said. "You'll find the stable door unlocked. Put your horse inside and I'll wait to show you to a guest room."

"Kind of you," Faron said. "I'm happy to get settled for the night. It's starting to snow."

"Good," Emily's father said. "The snow may bring this dreadful cold spell to an end."

"Yes, sir." He nodded to her. "Goodnight, Miss Collins. Sorry I scared you." And with a smile he went out.

When they were left alone in the hallway Emily's father told her, "Go up to your room. I'll take care of Mr. Faron." He gave her a questioning look. "I thought you were in bed and asleep. Where have you been?"

She knew it was no use lying. "I paid a visit to the old house. Barnabas escorted me home just now."

Charles Collins looked bleak. "You didn't ask my permission to go over there?"

"I didn't think you'd mind."

"I consider it extremely indiscreet," her father said.
“Barnabas is something of a character and we know little or nothing about his friend.”

“He’s very nice.”

“I’ll decide that for myself when I meet him. We’ll talk about this tomorrow.”

“Very well, father,” she said quietly. She knew it was a dismissal and she had no wish to annoy him further by disobeying him. So she meekly went up the shadowed stairway to her bedroom, thinking about their new visitor.

Was it possible that there could be another dressed in the same kind of fur coat and hat as the young man who’d just introduced himself? Unless her vision had been distorted by the night shadows, he couldn’t be the bestial figure she’d seen in the moonlight the night before. If it had been he, what had he been doing there on the previous night? According to him, he’d found his way to Collinwood by accident and just a little while ago. It was all very strange.

As she undressed before the warmth of her fireplace, she heard the voices of her father and the young man in the corridor as Charles Collins escorted the stranger to one of the guest rooms. It struck her that Paul Faron was an odd type to make a visit to Collinsport in the middle of winter. He seemed a polished, city sort and more like one of the summer tourists. What could have brought him there at this time?

Her sleep was filled with mixed-up, crazy dreams in which Faron, Henry Jekyll and Barnabas figured, and she tossed restlessly all night under the heavy covering of sheets and blankets.

At last it was morning—a gray morning with a heavy snowstorm in progress. She hurried to the window and gazed out to see that a lot of snow had fallen while she slept and the storm was still in full swing. The absence of heavy frost on her windows also told her that with the snow had come more moderate temperatures. Not that it mattered. Judging by the heavy snowfall, there would be little movement out of Collinwood during the day. They were all snowbound!

Hastily washing and dressing, she went downstairs. Stephen and Frank were still at the breakfast table when
she joined them, but apparently she had missed all the rest.

"You’re the last one to come down!" Frank teased her with a boyish smile.

Stephen gave her a knowing glance. "But she has such a good excuse. You were out visiting last night, weren’t you?"

Emily resented the interest her dissipated uncle took in her affairs. "What if I was? It has nothing to do with you."

"I had no idea you’d be so touchy on the subject," he apologized.

Her brother said, "Did you meet our visitor?"

"Yes. I let him in last night."

"He’s a strange one," Frank said. "Wonder what he’s doing in this part of Maine?"

"I can’t imagine," Stephen said, touching a napkin to his mouth as he finished his coffee. "But I can promise you he won’t get outside Collinwood until this storm ends. We’re all trapped." And he got up from the table and left the dining room.

Frank’s youthful face showed a grimace of displeasure as he glanced in the wake of the departed Stephen. "He thinks he knows everything."

She smiled wanly. "He can be annoying."

"Just because Ada thinks he’s wonderful, he gets the idea he can lord it over the rest of us," Frank grumbled.

"He’s always overbearing when he’s drinking."

"He’s sober enough this morning and he’s acting just the same," her brother said. "I wish father would tell him to leave. Then Ada might come to her senses and see him the way the rest of us do."

Emily eyed him sympathetically across the table. "I wish that would happen," she agreed. "You’re very fond of Ada, aren’t you?"

"What good does it do?" Frank mourned. "She’s in love with him."

There wasn’t much Emily could say in reply. It was too true. Frank left her alone after a few minutes and she finished her breakfast in silence. When she went out of the dining room she encountered her father in the hall.
“Ah, Emily,” he said with a trace of awkwardness. “I'm glad we've met this way. I want to talk to you.”

“You won't be able to get down to the village until the storm ends, I suppose.”

“No. It would be foolhardy to attempt it,” her father agreed. “Come into my study. I have a few things to say to you in private.”

Emily followed him, convinced that he was going to question her about her visit to the old house the previous night. She had no wish to tell him who Dr. Henry Jekyll was, since it seemed her father had not yet connected the name with that of the notorious murderer. And she didn't want to hear a lot of criticism of Barnabas.

They entered the comfortable, book-lined study and her father closed the door so their conversation would not be overhead. Then he waved her to a leather easy chair. At the same time he stood facing her with his hands clasped behind his back.

“About last night.”

“Yes?” She looked up at him meekly.

He was frowning. “I don’t wish to be severe,” he said, “but I think you did wrong in going to visit Barnabas at the old house. Aside from the possible danger in being out alone on these isolated grounds after dark, it isn’t appropriate for a young girl to visit a bachelor’s household unaccompanied.”

“I meant no harm,” she said.

“I believe that,” he agreed. “And fortunately you came to no harm. Were you well entertained by Barnabas and his doctor friend?”

“Yes. They told me about London and their travels.”

He nodded. “Well, please remember for the future. You do not want your mother and me worrying about you.”

“I’ll remember, father,” she promised.

He rubbed his chin with his hand. “There is this other matter of our visitor, Paul Faron.”

“Yes?”

Her father looked at her very directly. “I feel I can trust you with a confidence concerning him.”

“Of course.”

“I had a long talk with him this morning,” her father
explained. "And I have learned the nature of his business. He is a private detective sent here to track down a criminal. Of course he wants it kept a secret. But I know I can trust you."

Emily was filled with concern for Henry Jekyll at the news. She tried to present a calm exterior as she said, "I'm glad you decided to confide in me."

He coughed lightly. "The fact is, I have a very sound reason for that. This Paul Faron has not seen fit to tell me who the criminal is he has followed here. And I suppose I can hardly expect the full information until he has made an arrest. But I'm almost certain I know who the culprit is."

"You do?" she asked weakly. Visions of the pale face of Henry Jekyll crossed her mind again. And she trembled at the possibility that his judgment of himself had been correct. If his fainting spells were the forerunners of the same madness that had turned his father into a killer, perhaps the young doctor had already committed some dreadful crime during one of his blackouts.

"And that is why I'm risking telling you Faron is a detective,"

"I understand."

"I know you are fond of Cousin Barnabas," her father went on, "but you don't know the dark shadow which hangs over him or the crimes he may be guilty of."

"Cousin Barnabas!" she exclaimed.

"Yes. I'm sure it must be he who this detective has been sent to follow."

"I'm sure you're wrong!"

Her father looked grimly patient. "I expected you to say something of that sort. But believe me, I'm more familiar with the history of Barnabas than you are. So in the future you must be wary of him. Don't seek him out."

"I say you're condemning him unfairly," she protested.

"Who else could this detective want?" her father demanded.

Feeling in a difficult spot, for a moment she floundered in silence. Then she said, "Perhaps someone we've never heard of here."
“I doubt that,” her parent said grimly. “It could hardly be any of the villagers. And how many strangers come to Collinsport in January?”

It was a difficult question to answer. She said, “Barnabas can’t be guilty.”

“Wait and see.”

“Of course we must do that,” she sighed. “But we have no right to brand Barnabas a criminal until we are sure.”

Her father’s stern face was set in a gloomy expression. “There are things about Barnabas I don’t care to mention,” he said. “When he was last here there were several incidents.”

“You mean the village girls who claimed they were attacked by him?”

Her father looked surprised. “You have heard those stories?”

“You could hardly live in this small town and avoid hearing them,” she said.

“And you still want to be friendly with him?”

“I discount those stories.”

“I’m afraid I can’t be equally generous,” her father said stiffly. “I had the humiliation of the police coming to my office at the factory and questioning me.”

“Those girls blamed Barnabas only because of the vampire legend associated with his ancestor.”

“I won’t argue with you,” her father said, “but I have given you fair warning. Don’t be surprised if this detective brings the trouble concerning Barnabas to the surface.”

“How long will he be here?”

“At least until the storm ends,” her father said. “Then he will probably take up residence at the hotel. But he probably won’t be there long. I imagine he’ll want to try and settle whatever his assignment is as soon as possible.”

“Is that all, father?”

“Yes. And remember. Don’t repeat what I’ve said to anyone.”

“You can count on that,” she told him and got up.

Her father opened the door for her, and filled with un easiness, she went out into the corridor. Her parent had still not realized who the young Dr. Jekyll was, so he’d
jumped to the conclusion it was Barnabas the good-looking detective was pursuing. She went to the nearest window and stared out at the heavy snowstorm. She felt imprisoned and wished there was some way she could get to the old house and warn the young doctor.

She felt rather than heard someone come up to stand silently beside her. She glanced around and saw that it was the stranger, Paul Faron.

All assurance and smiles, he said, "Well, it seems I'm destined to spend a while here."

"Are you anxious to be on your way?"

"Not particularly," he said. "I find this old house and the people in it most interesting."

"Indeed?"

His eyes searched her face. "Why were you so frightened when I appeared last night?"

"I told you. I thought you were someone else."

"I have a double, then?"

"No. It was someone who happened to be dressed in a coat like yours. I suppose they are not all that uncommon."

"I'm afraid not," he said. "Whoever it was must have left a bad impression on you."

"Yes."

"I find that mysterious and yet you don't seem to want to explain yourself further," Faron said. "Are you so fond of mysteries?"

"Aren't you?"

He laughed lightly. "I suppose everyone is—as long as they have a chance of finding the answer to the mystery. When that isn't possible, I'm sure interest wanes."

"I don't know the answer to this one," she said. "So it shouldn't continue to interest you."

"That isn't so."

"It should be, according to your theory."

"Unfortunately, my theories are as often wrong as they are right. At any rate, I'm glad I stopped here since it allowed me to meet you."

"Is that important to you?"

"Fairly."

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Her eyes met his. “But there are more important things, such as your true reason for being here. You haven’t told me that.”

His face bore a mocking expression. “That is my mystery. I’m also entitled to one.”

“I didn’t realize that.”

Paul Faron nodded. “Except in my case I believe I know the answer. I will eventually be able to offer you an explanation.”

“I’m interested,” she said. “Was last night the first time you were ever here?”

He looked wary. “Why do you ask that?”

“I have an idea you may have been here before.”

“You’re wrong. I came this way by accident.”

“So you told me.” It was now her turn to mock him.

Paul Faron turned to stare out the window. “The storm should soon end.”

“Sometimes they last a few days,” she warned him.

“I hope it isn’t that way this time,” he said. “I have a lot of things to do.” And he moved away from her as silently as he had come.

The day dragged for her. But as evening came the snow began to ease and the scraping sound of shovels could be heard as the servants went to work clearing up the walks and roadways.

As darkness settled Emily stood before the dresser mirror of her room in a new green dress with a high white lace collar before going downstairs. She touched the long ivory earrings which she had selected to wear with the dress and realized she had gone to special trouble about her appearance because she hoped that Henry Jekyll might call now that the storm was over. Perhaps Barnabas would bring him.

But the detective would still be a house guest! This worried her. She would have to warn Henry who Paul Faron really was.

The silence of her lamplit room was broken by a soft rapping on her door. She went to answer it and found her foster sister, Ada, waiting in the doorway. She was wearing a wine dress that became her.
Ada said, “I hoped I’d catch you before you went down to dinner.”
“I was about to go,” Emily said, stepping back so the other girl could enter.
Ada gave her a meaningful look. “I have something to show you.”
“Oh?” She was puzzled by the girl’s tense manner.
“Stephen has been wondering about this stranger,” Ada went on. “The one who calls himself Paul Faron.”
“Isn’t that his name?”
“Possibly not.”
Emily stared at her foster sister. “Why do you say that? Do you know his reason for visiting Collinsport?”
“I don’t think anyone can be certain about that.”
Emily decided with relief that her father had confided only in her. “Does Stephen know anything about Paul Faron?”
“Stephen thinks he’s an impostor.”
“An impostor?”
“Yes.”
“Why?”
Ada reached in her pocket and brought out a small square of some stone with a miniature head sketched on it in black India ink. She passed it to Emily to examine, asking, “Does that face seem familiar?”
She studied the sketch. It was tiny and not too detailed, yet it did bear a resemblance to the young man who called himself Paul Faron. She glanced up from the miniature and said, “It looks like our guest.”
“Exactly.”
“Where did you get this?” she asked, passing the stone to Ada again.
The dark-haired girl looked mysterious. “Stephen found it. It was in a packing box in one of the attic rooms. It must have been there for years.”
“For years?”
“Yes.”
“I’m afraid I don’t follow you,” Emily said, puzzled.
“According to Stephen, this is a sketch of a member of the Collins family,” Ada said. “Someone who lived years ago and who vanished.”
"Well, Paul Faron certainly bears a strange resemblance to him," Emily admitted willingly.
"He does."
"Whose sketch is that?"
"It's Quentin Collins."
There was a dramatic silence. Then Emily gasped, "Quentin Collins! But he must have died years ago!"
"Everyone thinks that," Ada said. "But this Paul Faron could be him brought back to life."
"Impossible!"
"Stephen doesn't think so!"
Emily was shocked. "Stephen is so often wrong! You know how he rants when he's drinking."
Ada said, "I believe he's right about this."
"What do you intend to do?"
Her foster sister shrugged. "Nothing."
"But what if Paul Faron should be Quentin Collins? What does it mean?"
"It means Collinwood could be in for additional trouble," Ada warned her. "It's not enough that Barnabas is here. Now we may have the other member of the family bearing a curse to plague us."
"You believe in those legends?"
"They must have some basis of fact," Ada said. "They claim that Quentin turns into a kind of wolf under a full moon. The curse was placed on him long ago."

Emily stood there pale and rigid. It all fitted in! The strange drama she'd seen from her window the other night when the figure in the fur coat and hat had been approached by the snarling dog. The revelation of his face like that of an animal's, and the dog's slinking away. When Paul Faron had first arrived at the door of Collinwood in the same kind of fur coat and hat, she'd been sure he was the creature of her nightmare experience. Then he'd shown his face and it had been normal. But if he should truly be Quentin Collins, and the legend had any meaning, then he could be the same person.

Ada broke into her thoughts, saying, "Why are you suddenly so silent?"
She swallowed hard. "Your news has upset me."
"I thought you didn’t believe in the legend of Quentin and the curse," her foster sister mocked her.

Emily gave her a frightened look as they stood there in the shadows of her bedroom. "In this house," she said, "I’m beginning to think that anything is possible."
CHAPTER FIVE

When dinner that evening was over, Charles Collins served brandy at the table for the men. Emily went with her mother and Ada into the living room for sherry and conversation before the fireplace.

Her mother settled comfortably in one of the easy chairs and with a placid smile said, “I must admit that I find this young Mr. Faron quite charming. Don’t you agree, girls?”

Emily stood near the fireplace. “He is good-looking,” she said quietly.

Across from her Ada stood with a mischievous gleam in her black eyes. And she asked Rebecca, “Don’t you find his features familiar? As if he might be someone we’ve met before?”

Emily’s mother lifted her eyebrows in surprise. “No. I haven’t felt that.”

“I have,” Ada went on. “He seems to remind me of someone I’ve known before. Or perhaps some photo or portrait I’ve seen.” She gave Emily a teasing glance. “Do you have the identical feeling, Emily?”

“Not really,” she said in a faint voice. She wondered how long Ada would go on with her little cat and mouse game.

“Perhaps I’m wrong,” the dark-haired girl said.

“I’m sure you must be,” Emily’s mother agreed.

Ada smiled slyly. “I’ll give it some thought. If I remember who he resembles I’ll tell you.”

“Please do.” Rebecca Collins sounded slightly impatient. “I wonder how Barnabas and his guest survived the storm.”

“I imagine they’re all right,” Emily said. “They have lots of wood for the fireplaces and food.”

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"What an interesting man this Dr. Henry Jekyll must be!" Ada remarked.

Emily knew she was taunting her again; it had been Ada who had shown her the newspaper clipping about Henry's father. It seemed that Stephen and she were always the first to discover things.

Emily's mother said, "I hope that Barnabas will soon bring him here to meet us all."

"He probably will at the first opportunity," Emily ventured.

"I wonder," Ada said archly. "It may be that Dr. Jekyll doesn't want to meet people. I wonder if his father was a doctor also?"

Emily's mother frowned. "I must confess I don't see how that could have any bearing on whether the young man cares to meet people or not!"

"I agree with mother," Emily said desperately. "I wish you wouldn't speculate so about Dr. Jekyll!"

Ada smiled. "Just as you say, sister. Perhaps it would be best not to discuss him until we know him better."

"Know who better?" It was Charles Collins who asked this question as he entered the living room with Paul Faron, Stephen and Frank.

Rebecca looked up at him. "We were discussing young Dr. Jekyll," she said. "It seems that Barnabas should soon bring him here to meet us."

Paul Faron smiled at Emily. "Jekyll! Where have I heard that name before?"

"I couldn't imagine," Emily's father said. "I find it an uncommon one."

As conversation went on, Stephen gravitated to Ada's side and they talked in quiet voices that couldn't be overheard by the others. Emily saw that her father and Paul Faron were getting along well. Whether he was really a detective on the trail of Henry Jekyll, or Quentin Collins there to cause trouble, she had no desire to be questioned further by him. So she carefully kept her back to him.

Frank drifted away somewhere, annoyed at the attention Ada was paying to Stephen. By the time the talk turned to the storm Emily's father had experienced in the eighties,
there was a rapping at the entrance door. A moment later Barnabas was ushered in by a maid.

Emily's father turned to greet his British cousin. "We were wondering how you weathered the storm?"

"Very well," Barnabas said. He had on his caped coat but wore no hat. He carried his black cane with its silver wolf's head.

From her chair Rebecca Collins inquired, "And where is your doctor friend? We are all anxious to meet him."

"I regret he has a slight fever," Barnabas said. "When he is feeling better I'll have him come over here."

Ada turned from Stephen to smile and say, "Yes, please do. Jekyll is such an odd name. I'm curious to see if he fits it."

"He fits it very well," Barnabas said with a somewhat disdainful look on his handsome face.

Charles Collins said, "You must meet our guest, Mr. Paul Faron."

"Good evening, Mr. Faron," Barnabas said, extending his hand.

The young man with the sideburns shook hands with him. "Delighted. You are from London?"

"Yes."

"Is your friend Dr. Jekyll from London as well?" Faron asked.

Emily held her breath at the question. She felt sure it must mean that Faron was truly a detective.

Barnabas' deep-set eyes fixed on the young man thoughtfully, calmly. "Yes. Dr. Jekyll lived in London."

Faron said, "The name is more common over there."

"Possibly."

"I'm sure of it," Faron went on. "I would like to meet and talk with your friend Jekyll."

"Are you familiar with London?" Barnabas asked.

"I am," the young man replied. "I have friends there. Several of them with Scotland Yard. Wonderful institution!"

"It is," Barnabas said grimly.

"We could do with something like it over here," Emily's father said.
Paul Faron nodded. "I've been thinking exactly the same thing."

As Charles Collins and Paul Faron took up the topic eagerly, Barnabas was free to move across the room to Emily. There was a strange, grim expression on his face as they moved deep into the shadows of the corner where she'd been standing.

Anxiously, she asked him, "How is Henry?"
"He's all right."
"But he has had another of his fainting spells?"
"Yes. The first in a long while. It needn't mean anything."
"Of course it has distressed him."
"He is worried," Barnabas admitted.
"I wish I could go to him."

He gave her a look of caution. "Not now. He hasn't fully recovered yet."
"Everything you say upsets me more," she worried.
"You mustn't let your nerves get the better of you," Barnabas cautioned. "Not if you want to help him."
"You know I do!"

He turned to make sure the others weren't paying them too much attention. Then he said, "When did this Faron arrive?"
"Last night."
"I see," Barnabas said, studying him over his shoulder again.
"There's something strange and sinister about him," she said.

Barnabas turned to her with a grim smile. "I felt that he was more than a little hostile to me and Jekyll."
"He meant to be. Father says he's a detective. He thinks he has come to Collinsport after you."
"Charles always did have an excellent opinion of me," Barnabas said bitterly.
"But father is wrong! I'm sure he is. If Paul Faron is a detective he's after Henry. You heard how he repeated the name Jekyll."
"It wasn't lost on me."
"What do you think?"
Barnabas studied her with those deep-set eyes. “It all depends on whether he actually is a detective. To the best of my knowledge young Jekyll has not been involved in any crimes, but there have been those memory blanks. We can’t be positive.”

“You do think Paul Faron is a detective then?”

“Maybe. If he is, he bears a remarkable resemblance to someone else.”

A thrill of excitement went through her. Looking up at Barnabas, she asked, “Quentin?”

Barnabas seemed startled. “How could you know that?”

“How would she know? Quentin hasn’t been around for years.”

“Uncle Stephen told her. He found a miniature of Quentin that had been sketched ages ago. I’ve seen it. There is a real resemblance to Paul Faron.”

“You’re right,” Barnabas agreed. “I was struck by it as we shook hands.”

“Could it be Quentin?”

“I’m not sure.”

“I’d almost rather it was Quentin than a detective,” she said worriedly. “At least then he’d be no threat to Henry.”

“Don’t count on that!” Barnabas warned her. “Quentin is a troublemaker. Not that he means to be. It’s his nature. He’d consider it a good joke to trap Henry into admitting to everyone here he is a murderer’s son.”

“But that would be cruel!”

“Quentin mightn’t think so,” Barnabas said. “We mustn’t talk too long or we’ll make them suspicious.”

“I want to talk to Henry,” she said. “Somewhere away from the house.”

Barnabas frowned. “Don’t come to the old house in the daytime. Hare is always on guard and he can be nasty.”

“There must be some place.” Then it came to her. “The chapel!”

“The chapel?”

“Yes. You know where it is. Beyond the stables on this side of the house. My grandfather had it built for family
services. But father doesn't approve of a private church, so we worship in the village now. He considers it more democratic. But the chapel is never locked; it'd be a perfect place for a secret meeting."

"Won't it be cold?"

"Not like outside," she said. "And I only want to see Henry for a few minutes and know he's all right. Ask him to meet me there tomorrow!"

"What time?"

She considered. "About four in the afternoon. That's a quiet time. All the men are away from the house. And mother takes her nap in the late afternoon."

"Very well then," Barnabas said. "I'll tell Henry four o'clock."

At that moment Stephen and Ada came to join them. Stephen slapped Barnabas on the shoulder and with a laugh said, "What are you two up to? You're behaving like a pair of conspirators!"

Barnabas turned to him coolly. "I wasn't aware of it."

Ada pushed forward. "I don't think it's fair of you to waste all your London charm on Emily. I may only be a foster sister but I'm entitled to some of it, aren't I?" She said it with too much archness.

Barnabas smiled. "I promise I won't neglect you in future."

Stephen now took on the role of jealous lover and said jokingly, "Be careful, Barnabas. I regard her as promised to me."

Barnabas smiled thinly. "How does Charles feel about it?"

Stephen's bloated face flushed a deeper purple. "You don't even have to ask that."

Ada was holding onto Stephen's arm tightly. "It makes no difference with me. I'll marry Stephen when the time comes, no matter what father thinks."

"Rebellion in the family?" Barnabas said in an amused tone. "It's always been like that at Collinwood. Well, I must be on my way. I promised my friend I'd return as soon as I'd paid my respects here. He's still not quite himself."
Ada looked at him directly. “Dr. Jekyll.”

“Yes. Dr. Jekyll,” Barnabas said. “Does the name have a fascination for you? You seem to enjoy repeating it.”

“Perhaps it interests her for other reasons,” Stephen suggested with a sneer. “She may have read it somewhere.”

Barnabas regarded him somberly. “That is quite possible.” He then turned to Emily and said, “I will be seeing you soon again and I’ll let Henry know you were concerned about him.”

“Do that,” she urged.

Barnabas left her to say goodnight to the others. As he was about to leave Charles Collins gave him a stern look and said, “I trust you are not going to the village tonight?”

Barnabas frowned. “Why should I?”

“You would know that much better than I,” Emily’s father said.

Barnabas remained calm. “I believe I mentioned that my friend is not feeling well. I’m returning to the old house to be with him.” And with that he left the room, stalking out in his proud fashion without looking back at any of them.

There was an awkward silence and then general conversation resumed. Emily, upset, kept a little apart from the others and said nothing. She hoped that Barnabas had been truthful, that it was only a minor setback for the young doctor.

At last Rebecca Collins said, “I’m weary. If you will excuse me, I’m going up to bed.”

Emily hastened to her mother’s side and said, “I’ll go with you. I have a headache.” It was an easy way to leave the rest of them.

Her mother sighed as they made their way to the first landing. “I do wish Ada would wake up to the sort of man Stephen is. It worried me to see her hanging on to him tonight. Sometimes I feel I don’t know her at all.”

“Stephen seems to be a romantic figure for her,” Emily said.

“And poor Frank felt badly about it. He didn’t stay with us ten minutes,” her mother worried. “Well, I guess
that is the burden we parents must be prepared to bear. Our children rarely see life as we do.”

Emily saw her mother to her bedroom and then went down the long dark hallway to her own room. Her bed had been turned down by the maid, Molly, and the usual pitcher of hot water was on the bureau. She washed and then changed into her long flannel nightgown and got into bed. She extinguished the candle on her bedside table and this left only the faint glow from the dying embers in the fireplace to light the room with a ghostly air.

In spite of her worries she finally fell asleep. But it was a sleep tormented by frightening nightmares, in which she was continually pursued by some unseen assailant. She seemed to be racing along an endless cave and her pursuer was always close to her. All at once she awoke with a scream.

She half-sat up in her bed and stared into the total darkness of the room. And then she heard the slight sound from near the fireplace. At first she thought it was a log settling after burning out. But the fire had long ended; there wasn’t even a final ember showing from the fireplace. Listening intently, she heard a slight shuffling like footsteps dragging slowly across the floor. And they were coming closer to her bedside.

Then there was a feeling of motion, as if a hand was raised above her. And in the next second something came crashing down on the bed beside her. If she hadn’t dodged quickly she would have been struck. She screamed and slid across the bed and onto the floor. She couldn’t get to the door; her assailant was between her and it. And he was following her.

She screamed again as she heard something slice through the air by her shoulder. It must be thin, but heavy—a walking stick? She thought of the nearby closet. If she could get inside and close the door against her attacker—but she misjudged the distance in the pitch black of the room and ran into the door frame. Stunned, she slid down to the floor.

“Are you hurt?” The words seemed to come from a great distance. Opening her eyes she saw Paul Faron
standing above her with a lighted candle in his hand. He was wearing a black bathrobe.

She raised herself on an elbow. "Someone came into the room and tried to hit me with some sort of walking stick."

He bent down to help her to her feet. "There was no one here when I came in," he said.

She stared at him dully, then reached up and touched her forehead. She could feel a small bump and it was throbbing painfully where she’d run into the door frame. "They must have gotten away," she said.

He was studying her with a sceptical expression. "I came as soon as I heard you scream."

She sensed his disbelief and felt panic. "There was somebody in here. I was attacked."

"You’re sure it wasn’t one of the ghosts of Collinwood? Or perhaps a bad dream?" he inquired with a doubter’s thin smile.

"No. You heard me scream. You see how I hurt my head!"

"You did that damage to yourself," Paul Faron told her.

Her father appeared in the doorway looking sleepy and annoyed. "What is this hullabaloo all about?" he demanded.

"I was attacked," she said, going to him. And she repeated the story she had just told Paul Faron. To her dismay her father listened with a similar air of scepticism.

"You’ve been having too much excitement, my girl," was his comment.

She stared at him. "You don’t believe me either?"

Charles Collins sighed. "I think you had a bad dream, just as Mr. Faron suggested. The best thing we can do is all return to our beds and forget about it."

Emily regarded the two men with dismay. "I’m terrified. And there’s no lock on my door."

"All the main doors to the house are carefully locked every night," her father said sternly. "And you have nothing to fear from anyone in the house, so why should you have an extra lock on your door?"

"Someone could have found a way in," she protested.
Charles Collins eyed her grimly. "The intruder who disturbed you entered by way of your brain. You had a nightmare." He patted her on the arm. "Listen to a wiser and older head and try and get back to sleep."

"You're wrong," she said unhappily. "But I'll do as you say."

"Good girl," her father said.

Paul Faron gave her a sympathetic smile. "If you have any more of those frightening dreams don't hesitate to shout and I'll be here to rescue you on the double."

"Thank you," she said with a hint of bitterness.

She lit the candle on her bedside table. And when they left she placed a chair against the door. It wasn't much but it was all she could do. The attitude of her father and the charming stranger had humiliated her. They had made her feel like a stupid child. She pulled the bedclothes tightly around her and wondered if she'd sleep again that night.

Just as she was beginning to relax, a weird howl came from the area of the lawns. She listened with fear as the howl came again, more mournful than before. Was it a wild dog, or was it the legendary werewolf?

She lay there waiting to hear a third howl but it did not come. At last she fell asleep from sheer exhaustion and she didn't open her eyes until the morning.

It was another bleak, gray day, though it wasn't storming. She rose wearily and saw that the candle had burned out. She took the chair away from the door and then went to the dresser mirror to inspect the bump on her head. It showed only slightly but it was still very sore to the touch.

She was standing there when a knock came on her door.

"Come in!"

The door opened and it was the maid, Molly, carrying a jug of hot water and some towels. A single glance at the maid's troubled face told her that something was seriously wrong.

Staring at the girl, she said, "You look bothered."

"I am that, miss," the maid said, putting down the jug and standing facing her with the towels on her arm. "The whole house is in an uproar!"

"It's the first I've heard about it."
"You'll know soon enough," Molly said, near tears. "There was a devil loose here last night. And poor Susie is dead!"

"Susie?"

"Cook's helper, miss," Molly explained. "At least she was. Now she's as dead as can be. Murdered out there in the snow!"

Emily thought she might faint. She moved across to the bed and seated herself on the edge of it, gripping one of the posts for support. In a faint voice, she said, "Tell me about it, Molly."

Molly was on the edge of hysteria. "It's too awful! I can't bear to think about it! Poor Susie!"

She insisted, "When did it happen?"

"Sometime in the night."

"Where?"

"Between the stables and the old house. The monster must have dragged her out of her room on the ground floor next to cook's after he strangled her. And then he beat her and trampled on her. She was all battered and covered with blood when one of the stable boys came on her around six this morning."

Emily pressed her fingers to her aching head, thinking of what Henry Jekyll had told her about his father's crimes. And she was sure he'd said that as Mr. Hyde his father had always trampled on his victims after he'd killed them. Had the young doctor succumbed to his father's madness and committed an identical crime?

She said, "Have they any idea who did it?"

"No," Molly said miserably. "At least not that I know of. Your father has been out and around taking charge for the last hour. And they've sent for the police."

"And no one heard the girl scream for help?"

"No. But one of the stable boys claims he saw somebody walking toward the house in the middle of the night. Heading for the rear door, so he says."

"Did he get a good look at him?"

"From a distance. He says he was a small man, all humped over and in a black suit and wearing a black stovepipe hat. And the only glimpse he had of his face, it was ugly and covered with a stubble of beard."
"Was it anyone he recognized?"
"No. He never saw him before." The maid hesitated, then added, "One other thing, this man was walking with a cane. A black cane!"
"Why didn’t the stable boy raise an alarm?"
"He was going to. But by the time he put on his pants and went down to the door of the stable the little man in black had vanished. So he decided it wasn’t important and went back to bed."
"What a pity!"
"Yes, miss," the maid agreed in distress. "We’re all liable to be murdered in our beds with that Devil loose."
"No doubt the police will find him."
"I wouldn’t count on that, miss," Molly lamented. "They fail as often as they manage to arrest someone. And maybe it wasn’t a human did this."
Emily stared at the girl. "What do you mean?"
"Cook claims it was one of the Collinwood ghosts," Molly said with wide eyes. "She says there are a lot of them. And every so often they do something like this to show their powers!"
"You can’t believe that!"
"I don’t know what to believe," the maid said. "Is there anything else I can do for you, miss?"
"No. I’ll manage all right."
Molly hesitated. "I’m sorry to be the one to break the news. But you had to find out."
"It’s all right, Molly. Of course I had to find out."
"Yes, miss," the little maid said. And she went out and shut the door after her.
Emily’s head was reeling and she still clung to the bed post. She was thinking of her own experience in the night. She might have been the one found out there covered with blood in the snow!
Would her father still think she’d merely had a bad dream or would he be awake to the danger that had brushed so close to her? It was doubtful. He had been so condescendingly obtuse when she’d summoned him in the night. And Paul Faron had been equally sceptical. What would the handsome stranger have to say about it all now?
And if he was really a detective, what action would he take to find the killer?

As she sat there staring off into space, a vision of Henry Jekyll's tortured pale face formed in her mind. Had she lost her heart to a madman and a murderer?
Gloom and fear shrouded the great mansion of Collinwood. When Emily went downstairs, she felt that the brooding atmosphere pervaded every corner of the ancient house. She wanted no breakfast but she had coffee brought to her in the living room. There she sat with her mother. Rebecca Collins, still in shock, sat slumped back in her chair staring ahead of her. "One of our girls murdered! And under this very roof! I can't believe it!"

"Try not to upset yourself," Emily pleaded.

Her mother gave her a reproachful glance. "How can you expect me to take this lightly?"

"I don't expect that," she said. "But you mustn't allow yourself to be prostrated. Where is father?"

"Out with the police," her mother said. "They're searching the fields and woods. They arrived only a little while ago."

"At least they are here."

Her mother's broad face was a mask of grief. "Do you think they'll find out who did it?"

"I'm sure they will," she said soothingly, trying desperately to control her own nerves.

"It's so awkward with Barnabas here," Rebecca Collins said. "Of course your father wanted to blame it on him at once."

"Barnabas isn't capable of such a crime!"

"I know. But tell your father that," Rebecca grieved. "Fortunately one of the stable boys came forward with the word that he had seen the killer, and the man in no way resembled Barnabas."
"I'm thankful for that." She wondered how long it would be before the police recognized who Henry Jekyll was and he'd be put under suspicion.

"At least it shut your father up for a while," her mother said. "But the police will surely question Barnabas. And there's that mute servant of his. Though he doesn't fit the description of the murderer since he's much too broad. The stable boy said he was a shriveled little man."

"The boy's evidence will be important," Emily said.

"No question of that."

"But suppose the person he saw wasn't the killer?"

Rebecca Collins looked surprised. "But it has to be. Who else would be wandering near the rear entrance of the house at that time of night?"

"I suppose that does almost prove his guilt," she said. "But still it can only be circumstantial evidence."

"You mean no one saw the crime committed?"

"Yes," Emily sighed. "Though there may be other clues found to link the killer to the crime."

"I hope so," her mother said. "The monster must be punished."

Emily stared at her parent bleakly. "Suppose," she said, "the crime was the work of someone who is ill. I mean mentally ill. That they committed the murder while suffering from a madness. Surely then they should be entitled to some form of forgiveness?"

"Sane or insane, I cannot forgive whoever killed that unfortunate girl," her mother declared.

She knew that the verdict of her normally kind-hearted parent was only a hint of how the others would feel about the crime. If Henry Jekyll should be involved, despite his mental health, he would be given scant mercy. She could only pray that her fears concerning him were unfounded.

Ada came to the doorway of the living room. "You're in here," she said.

"Yes," Emily said, rising. "Do you want to talk to me?"

"It might be wise," Ada said, and her tone indicated she didn't want to conduct the conversation in the presence of their mother.

"You rest quietly for a little," Emily told her mother.
"I'll be in the study if you want me." And then she went out and joined Ada.

At once she saw that her foster sister was as much upset as everyone else about the brutal crime. Ada was pale and there were deep circles under her eyes.

As they went down the dark hall to the study Ada said, "Isn't it awful!"

"Mother is taking it very badly," Emily said.

"It's hard on us all."

When they were in the study with the door closed, Emily asked, "What have you to tell me?"

"A number of things," Ada said quietly.

"I knew you didn't want to say them in front of mother."

"You were right."

"Go on," she urged.

"For one thing, our handsome detective has vanished;" Ada said with a grim smile.

"Paul Faron has left?"

"Without a word. He was gone within a half-hour after the body was discovered," Ada said with scorn. "So Stephen and I were right after all. He never was a detective."

"You can't be sure of that," she protested.

"It's plain enough. Father was so taken in he didn't keep any close watch on him and let him get away in the sleigh he arrived in."

"And he didn't tell the stable boys anything?"

"Not a word. He just drove off without an explanation to anyone."

"Perhaps he's gone to the village."

"Never," Ada said. "He skipped because he's really Quentin Collins. And the police would have soon found that out when they questioned him."

Emily stared at her with troubled eyes. "Still, you don't connect him with Susie's murder in any way?"

"No. But he couldn't afford to be found here because of his past police record."

"You're convinced he was Quentin."

"You saw the likeness. I showed you the miniature,"
Ada reminded her. “And his vanishing this way is typical of him.”

She sighed. “It’s too bad. I’d hoped that he might be of some help to us.”

“You might have known better,” Ada snapped.

“Well, whether he was Quentin or not isn’t too important at the moment,” Emily said. “We’re faced with a murderer and the need to see him caught.”

In the murky light of the book-lined room, Ada’s pretty face wore a strange expression. “Do you really want to have the killer apprehended?”

Emily’s heart began to pound, but she tried to keep her voice calm. “Why shouldn’t I want that?”

“I think you know,” Ada said insinuatingly.

“I don’t understand.” She wanted to rush out of the room but knew this would only make things worse.

“You understand well enough when you criticize Stephen and scorn him for being a drunkard even though you know I love him!”

“What has that to do with the murder?”

“Just this! You become very forgetful when it comes to the man you’ve suddenly fallen in love with. You find it convenient not to remember his name is Jekyll and he is the son of a homicidal maniac!”

“You’re not being fair!” she pleaded.

“As fair as you’ve ever been,” Ada said harshly. “Why shouldn’t young Henry Jekyll be tainted with the same madness as his father suffered?”

“His father’s change of character came about through drugs!”

“So they claim. But can you be sure?” Ada asked. “Didn’t the description of the killer sound remarkably like the description the newspaper gave of Mr. Hyde?”

“I won’t listen to your accusations!” Emily said, tears brimming in her eyes.

“Would you prefer to marry a murderer?”

“You shouldn’t say those things about Henry!”

Ada shrugged. “I’m not going to tell the police what I’ve just said to you. Let them find out for themselves. Unless they’re a lot more stupid than I suspect, they’ll soon put the pieces of the puzzle together.”
Emily felt a small relief. “Then you will keep your opinions to yourself?”
“I said I would.”
“Thank you.”
Ada eyed her coldly. “You can do that best by being more civil toward Stephen.”
“I’ve always tried to be fair to him. His drinking is his own fault.”
“He drinks because he knows well father despises him as a weakling,” Ada complained. “And it isn’t so. If we gave him more consideration he’d do better.”
Past experience told Emily it was useless to argue with her foster sister. So she said, “Where is Stephen now?”
“Out with father and the police,” Ada said. “I expect they’ll stop by the old house and question Barnabas and Dr. Jekyll. Then they may begin to get ideas as to who the killer was.”
“I’m sure it must have been some stranger.”
“I’d expect you to think that,” Ada replied derisively.
Emily gave her a pleading look. “Shouldn’t we try to help one another at this awful time?”
Ada had gone to the door and she turned with her hand on the knob. “I’ll do anything within reason,” she said, “except try to protect the killer.” And she went out, leaving Emily staring after her.
The minutes passed with painful slowness. Emily was tempted to put on her outdoor clothes and head for the old house. She could talk to Henry Jekyll and warn him—but Barnabas had particularly asked her not to go to the old house in the daytime. Hare had been given instructions not to allow visitors to enter and could cause trouble.
So it seemed better to wait. Her mother had gone upstairs while she’d talked with Ada in the study and so the living room was empty. Emily would have liked to have retreated to the sanctuary of her own room as well, but she feared she might miss some important developments. So she paced up and down in the living room.
She heard footsteps in the hallway and went to the door of the living room to see her brother Frank out there, still in his outdoor clothes. He gave her a worried look.
“You know what’s happened?” he asked.
“Of course,” she said. “Have the police found anything?”

“Some tracks in the snow,” her brother said. “But they merge with other footprints of people in the house and get lost.”

“It’s bad.”

“Poor Susie,” Frank sighed. “Why would anyone do such a thing?”

“They’d have to be insane!”

“I guess so,” Frank agreed. And then scornfully, “Stephen is out there being more important than the detectives. Practically telling them what they should do. And you can smell the liquor on his breath!”

She gave him a warning glance. “Ada thinks we’re not fair to him.”

“That’s pretty funny,” Frank said with disgust. “Where is our dear sister?”

“I don’t know. Probably upstairs. Please don’t annoy her. She’s in a nasty mood as it is.”

He looked glum. “All right. I don’t suppose we should be quarreling at a time like this.”

“We shouldn’t,” she said. And then she braced herself to ask, “Have they been to the old house? The police, I mean.”

“Sure,” Frank said. “They had some headache getting in. I thought that Hare was going to get in a battle with them.”

“He wouldn’t understand.”

“Barnabas’ friend, Dr. Jekyll, finally intervened,” her brother said. “And the police talked with him.”

“What about Barnabas?”

Frank gave her an odd look. “According to Jekyll, Barnabas had a bad pain in his head. So he gave him a heavy sleeping powder that would keep him asleep for hours. He said there would be no use their trying to question him until the evening when the tablets wore off.”

“So that saved them from bothering Barnabas until later.”

Frank nodded. “They’ll get around to him.”

“But they don’t think him guilty?”

“Not from the way they’re talking. They think it may
have been some tramp who’d been sleeping in one of the barns to keep warm. And they’ve also got some ideas about that slick Paul Faron. You know he got away from here right after the body was found.”

“I heard that,” she said.

“So they’d like to ask him some questions.”

“The description of the murderer doesn’t fit him.”

“The description of the man the stableboy saw doesn’t fit him, but that might have been only some harmless tramp and not the killer at all.”

“It’s very confusing,” Emily said.

“I know it,” Frank agreed. “I’m going out to the stables and talk to some of the crowd out there on my own. Maybe I’ll find out something else.”

“Let me know if you do.”

“Sure.” He gave her a sharp glance. “You look pretty bad. This thing has hit you hard.”

“Yes.”

“Don’t worry,” Frank said. “They’ll get whoever did it.” And with a reassuring nod he left her to go along the corridor to the rear door.

She went back to her pacing. Nothing in Frank’s news had been comforting. Apparently the police were suspicious of the missing Paul Faron. Or should she think of him as the missing Quentin Collins?

Her father joined her in the living room about twenty minutes later. As he removed his overcoat and fur cap, she asked him, “Where are the police?”

“They’ve all gone back to the village, except one who is standing guard near where the body was found,” her father said as he sank heavily into one of the easy chairs. “What a morning! They’re afraid it’s going to snow again and they’re trying to check all the footprints and see if they can find any other clues before it does.”

“I thought they’d want to talk to me,” she said, standing before him with an anxious expression.

He stared at her. “Why?”

“You surely remember about last night. Someone attacked me in my bedroom. You came with that Paul Faron.”
Her father's stern face showed a puffy weariness. "You mean when you had your nightmare?"

She became almost angry. "Dad, it wasn't a nightmare! There was someone in my room."

"We didn't see anyone."

"He was gone before you arrived," she said. "Whoever it was tried to beat me with some heavy object. Just the same as poor Susie was beaten to death."

Charles Collins shook his head dejectedly. "Things are bad enough here without telling the police about your nightmares. You know this is serious business!"

"Father, you're impossible," she said, her voice breaking.

He raised a placating hand. "Be reasonable," he said. "We don't want to confuse the issue. Whatever you happened to dream, you weren't hurt. And that's that!"

"I could have been!"

"You weren't," her father said. "So just do me a favor and forget all about it."

"It might help the police in their investigation to hear my story."

"It wouldn't do more than confuse them," Charles Collins said. "We tried to talk to Barnabas. But that doctor had him doped to the ears for some sort of head pains."

"Barnabas probably doesn't know anything in any case."

Her father scowled off into space. "That Hare gave us some trouble. And then we talked with the young doctor."

He gave her a glance. "Did you realize he is related to the London Dr. Jekyll?"

She tried to appear calm. "Oh?"

"You could have knocked me over with a feather," her father said. "When the police asked him about it he admitted it easy as you please. Said his father was the Jekyll-and-Hyde murderer so much was written about. And his father ended his own life rather than be taken by the police."

"At least he didn't try to conceal the truth," she said faintly.

"I'd forgotten all about that Jekyll case," her father
admitted. "But of course the police asked him as soon as they heard his name."

"He shouldn't be blamed for what his father did."

"I suppose not." Charles Collins sighed. "But you might guess that would be the sort Barnabas would drag back here with him."

"I've met Henry Jekyll and I found him very nice."

Her father gave her a warning look. "You'd do well to keep away from Barnabas and his friends. I think I mentioned that before!"

"Honestly, father!" she protested. "Why must you treat me like a child?"

"Maybe because I had my fill of what I saw out there this morning," her father said rising, his voice angry. "Maybe you should have been taken out there to see what Susie looked like! To see her blood spreading in the snow around her!"

"Father!"

"I know it doesn't sound pretty," her father went on. "But maybe it will make you realize that I only want to protect you and Ada. That's why I'm always so strict with you."

"I'm sorry," she said, looking down.

"I lost my temper," he mumbled. "I didn't mean to. But this is a bad thing that has happened and I'm confused. I don't know where to start looking for the criminal. You know that detective fellow lit out of here first thing after the body was found?"

"Ada doesn't think he was a detective."

Her father showed disgust. "And what does Ada know about it? Of course he's a detective. It was written all over him."

"Then why did he leave so mysteriously?"

"I'm sure it has to do with the killing," Charles Collins said with his usual stubbornness. "I believe he's gone off to follow whoever it was did it."

Emily was startled at the way her parent insisted on clinging to his ideas despite all the evidence against them. She said, "If that is so, surely he should have taken you into his confidence."
"He told me he was a private detective. I think that was as far as he felt he could go."

"Did you mention him to the police?"

Her father nodded. "Yes. They hadn't heard about him. But that doesn't mean anything."

"So you still have hopes he may solve the murder and return?"

"Yes."

She hesitated a moment and then said, "You don't think he could be merely someone pretending to be a detective? Could he be Quentin Collins come back?"

Her words had a strange effect on her stern-faced parent. He seemed extremely upset. "Why bring Quentin into it?"

"I think this Paul Faron resembled him a great deal."

"You never met Quentin."

"No, but I've seen sketches of him."

Her father's hands clenched and unclenched nervously as he held them straight down by his sides. "You can forget that idea," he told her. "Things are complicated enough already. Barnabas being here has created an unpleasant situation. I don't think the police are ready to form any opinions until they are able to question him."

She said, "I suppose we are only guessing at these things. It is best to let the police go ahead in their own way."

"Obviously that is what must happen." Her father picked up his coat and hat and started out of the room.

All day long the outdoor help continued clearing away the snow. By late afternoon there was a respectable road leading from Collinwood to the main highway and paths connecting all the buildings. As it neared four o'clock Emily found her tension increasing. This was the time she had set with Barnabas for her meeting with young Dr. Jekyll in the abandoned chapel.

No sun had shown itself during the long day and it was getting dark earlier than usual. Ugly black clouds hung over the estate as if symbolical of the evil that had taken place there during the previous night. She spent a good part of the afternoon in the privacy of her own bedroom. But as four o'clock approached she went downstairs.
There was no one in the hallway or living room. She could hear the voices of her father and Uncle Stephen coming from the study. It was significant of how shattered her father had been by the murder that he had not gone to the fish-packing plant in the village for his usual work day. And it was also unlike him to be in serious discussion with his brother, Stephen, whom he usually avoided whenever possible.

She put on her heavy coat and tied a scarf over her head. Then she quietly let herself out the front door. The path to the chapel was broken only part of the way, but the snow along the remaining distance had a hard frozen crust that supported her weight.

When she had arranged the rendezvous, she'd not anticipated the murder that had taken place. If she had, she doubted that she would have suggested a meeting in the remote, lonely place. The main building of Collinwood was not far from the chapel, but a planting of elms in front of the gothic brick building hid it from the great house, so it seemed much further away from Collinwood than it actually was.

The chapel had a peaked roof with stained glass windows over its arched oaken doorway. She had often sat in one of its front pews for the private services that had been held there when her grandfather was alive. It had been the rule then that family and servants gather there each Sunday afternoon when the vicar from Collinsport came out to conduct the weekly service.

A lean spinster aunt, now long dead, had presided over the organ and her grandfather had led the hymn-singing in a loud bass voice of which he had been inordinately proud. According to her father that had been his main reason for building the chapel. He'd not wanted any competition from the choir in the village church.

But times had changed. With the passing of her grandfather the services in the chapel had been discontinued, except that each summer on the anniversary of her grandfather's death a special memorial service was held there. And the chapel was available, unlocked and in good condition, for any of them to visit for private meditation.

For Emily it had always held an air of mystery, prob-
ably because she linked it with her mystical feelings toward religion. Its deathly silence and shadowy vaulted ceiling with the gothic columns reaching up to it had been awesome for her. And now as she approached its massive door behind the shelter of the elms she experienced the same eerie thrill which had always seized her when she'd entered it as a child.

The door groaned as she opened it hesitantly and glanced into its murky interior. It was empty. She stepped inside and then closed the door. The deserted chapel was only slightly less cold than the wintry air outside.

She stood there staring down the center aisle toward the altar and at the organ in the shadows behind it. High above the altar were three stained glass windows depicting a biblical scene. Unfortunately the forest behind the chapel shut off any light coming through them so they were fixed there like giant blind eyes.

There was no denying that she found it scary to be there alone, especially after what had happened. She wondered why Henry Jekyll had not come, and began to worry that his illness, or his link with the murder, might have prevented him.

Each moment the shadows in the ancient chapel seemed to increase. A chill ran through her and she clutched her hands against her arms to conserve her body heat. She wished fervently that the young doctor would soon come.

Suddenly the entrance door groaned again and she wheeled around with a fear written on her lovely face that vanished as soon as she saw it was Henry Jekyll in the open doorway.

"Henry!" she exclaimed and rushed to greet him.

He closed the door and took her in his arms. "You're shivering!"

"I was frightened and it's cold in here," she said, looking up into his pale, sensitive face. "I began to think you mightn't come."

"Barnabas gave me your message."
"So much has happened since then," she said.
Still holding her in his arms, he said gravely, "I know."
"What can it mean? Who would do such a terrible thing?"

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His expression was grim. “I’ve been questioned a good deal by the police. They’re coming after dusk to talk to Barnabas.”

“They know who you are.”

“Yes. That I’m a murderer’s son,” he said bitterly. “So that makes me a prime suspect.”

“That’s so unfair,” she protested.

His eyes met hers and there was a strange burning look in them. “Don’t be too certain,” he said in a taut voice. “I had a relapse last night. My fainting spells came back again.”

“Barnabas told me,” she said. “But that didn’t mean anything. You had the spell early in the evening.”

Henry Jekyll’s face was a study in despair. “You haven’t heard the whole story,” he told her. “I had a second spell after midnight. A complete blackout of memory. And Barnabas found me wandering in the snow near the old house. It must have been near the time that servant girl was murdered!”
CHAPTER SEVEN

Emily couldn't stifle the gasp this revelation brought from her. She stared up into his pale, stricken face and felt the full impact of the torment he must be undergoing.

“No,” she whispered hoarsely. “You didn’t do it!”

“I can’t be sure!”

“You must be!” she insisted. “You mustn’t allow yourself to think otherwise.”

“I can remember as a boy telling myself that my father was not the monstrous Mr. Hyde. I was fighting the thought that he could change into such a creature, just as you’re fighting the idea that I may have a dual nature now. But I turned out to be wrong.”

“Your father altered his nature by taking drugs!”

He gave a deep sigh. “Were the drugs the cause of his condition, or did he merely take them to seek forgetfulness? I wish I knew that.”

“You let that old Mr. Utterson plant the thought of hereditary insanity in your mind,” she protested. “You allowed a senile old man to shake your belief in yourself. Well, I believe in you even if you don’t.”

A sad smile flickered across his pale face. “Emily!” he murmured. “Emily, my darling!” And he kissed her.

When he let her go, she asked, “Have the police been very suspicious of you?”

“I can’t be sure,” he said in an agitated voice. “I think they still have an interest in Barnabas. You know that he was accused of having attacked some young girls when he was here at Collinwood once before.”

“I’ve heard rumors of it,” she said. “I was away then.”

“Barnabas is a man battling great odds,” the young doctor said soberly.
"In what way?"

He gave her a significant look. "Haven't you wondered why he brought a doctor here with him? Hasn't it occurred to you that he may have a grave health problem?"

"He seems so strong and handsome."

"Yet he has endured more than you can guess," the young doctor told her. "That is why he sleeps through the daylight hours."

"I understand you told the police you'd given him sleeping tablets."

"My way of putting them off until dusk and he awakes."

He paused, then said, "I couldn't allow them to find that he sleeps in a coffin."

Her eyes widened. "Sleeps in a coffin?"

"That seems very strange to you."

"Yes," she gasped. "Why?"

"I can't hope to explain it all to you now," he said hurriedly. "You'll have to take a good deal for granted. Years ago Barnabas suffered a curse. More than a century ago to be exact."

She stared at him. "You're saying Barnabas is more than a hundred years old?"

"Yes. He is the original Barnabas Collins who left Collinwood years ago after being the victim of Angelique's vampire curse."

"How could he live so long and not age?"

"Part of the curse. He is one of the living dead who walk by night. And he must have a regular supply of human blood to supply his needs. Without it he would become an aged horror. His only hope is to change his blood condition to return to normal. That is why I am with him. I have been trying experiments to help him. So far I've not met with any real success. But I'm sure, given time, I can succeed. The question now is whether I'll have the time."

She stood there in the cold and darkness of the chapel and tried to grasp the enormity of what he'd just told her. She said, "Then Barnabas isn't a normal human being. He's a kind of ghost! Maybe he could be the killer! Susie may have fought him off from taking blood from her and so he was forced to kill her!"
Henry Jekyll shook his head. "No, Barnabas is a gentle, kind person. He would only kill if it were forced on him, and then in self-defense. He has no trouble finding female throats to supply his blood needs without harming the young women. And during the hours between dusk and dawn you need have no fears about accepting him as a normal individual and your friend. He likes you."

"I can't begin to understand all you've said."

"You don't have to," the young doctor said. "Just keep in mind that Barnabas is on your side, and that he has a weakness that may expose him to danger from the police."

"But you don't believe he killed Susie?"

"I know he didn't," Henry Jekyll said grimly. "It is much more probable that it is I who turns out to be the killer."

"You two aren't the only suspects," she said. "It could have been a tramp or even that stranger who pretended to be a detective, Paul Faron."

"I'm glad you brought up his name. Barnabas recognized him when he visited Collinwood last night. That so-called detective is a black sheep of the family named Quentin Collins."

"Then Ada and Uncle Stephen were right!"

"Did they suspect that?"

"Yes. Father refuses to believe it."

"Maybe he has reasons for not wanting to," Henry Jekyll suggested. "Quentin is not exactly welcome at Collinwood."

"Are you going to tell me there is something in the werewolf legend associated with his name?"

"There is reason to believe that," the young doctor admitted.

"I've always regarded it as a fiction."

"Again, Quentin is not anyone you need fear. From what Barnabas tells me the unfortunate young man has been libeled through the years. Things have been laid at his door of which he has been entirely innocent."

"So you wouldn't expect him to be the murderer?"

"It's not likely," Henry said.

"You're so generous about others," she said, "and yet so ready to place the blame on your own shoulders."
"My own deeds are the ones for which I'm accountable."
"I don't want to hear you accuse yourself again."
"Very well."
"What do you plan to do?"
"I may leave here," he said. "I won't decide until after the police return to the old house tonight and question Barnabas."
"Don't leave!" she begged.
"I can't remain here if I offer a threat to your safety," he said in an unhappy voice.
"Someone did enter my room last night and try to attack me," she said. "But it wasn't you. I would have known if it had been you."
"How?"
"I can't explain clearly. But I'm sure I would have known. I need you to remain here to be my friend. And Barnabas as well. It's our only hope of solving the mystery."
He looked grim. "I'll think about it."
She suddenly heard a crunching in the snow outside the shadow-filled chapel, and grasped his arm. "Listen!"
"What?" he asked tensely.
She nodded toward the door. "Someone out there. I'm certain!"
"They shouldn't see us together," he whispered frantically.
"No!"
"What should we do?"
"There's a door at the other end of the chapel, leading out back. You leave that way. I'll go out the front door and if the police or anyone else should be out there I'll say I came here for a few minutes of quiet meditation."
"They won't believe you!"
"They will. That is why the chapel is kept open."
"I don't like to leave you."
"Hurry!" she begged him, pushing him down the aisle in the direction of the altar.
He vanished into the shadows and she turned and resolutely made her way toward the entrance door. In her
determination to protect Henry Jekyll she'd found a courage she'd not known before.

Reaching the door, she opened it to discover Stephen Collins standing out there. Her uncle gave her a questioning look. "What were you doing in there?"

"I was upset. I came to collect my thoughts," she said. His bloated face showed disbelief. "In that cold place?"

"I'm dressed warmly. I often come here."

"I thought I heard someone inside," he said. "I wondered who it could be. I was just about to go in. I never thought about it being you."

"I hope you're satisfied."

He frowned. "I wasn't trying to spy on you. I've been doing what I can to help the police."

She felt she should remain talking with him a moment longer, to be sure that Henry had plenty of time to get away. A new worry began to shadow her mind. What if that rear door were locked? With the chapel only in limited use her father might have had the rear door permanently closed. Was Henry Jekyll trapped in the chapel? She would have to find that out.

She said, "Well, now you should be satisfied."

"I am," he said. "I'm sorry I interrupted you."

"I can go back in for a moment." This would give her a chance to be certain Henry had made his escape.

"Do you want me to go with you?" Stephen asked. "It's getting dark and it's very lonely here."

"No. I want to be by myself."

He still hesitated, a blurred shadow in the twilight. "Then perhaps I should wait out here for you and walk you back to the house."

"Please!" she protested. "Allow me my privacy."

He hesitated, then with a shrug, he said, "Very well. But I don't think you're behaving wisely." And he slowly walked away and in a moment was lost among the trees.

She stood there until she was sure he had gone, then quickly let herself into the chapel once more. It was almost completely dark in there now. She paused part way down the center aisle.

"Henry!" she called out plaintively.

There was no reply. The full power of the ghostly
atmosphere of the place now closed in on her. Stephen’s warning words echoed in her mind. And she stood there frozen with a fear of the unknown she was unable to understand or combat.

And then the organ rang out! A reverberating cascade of phantom music filled the old chapel. Automatically her eyes searched the murky atmosphere of the altar, half-expecting to see the thin spirit of her long dead great-aunt bending over the organ, while her bony fingers made the eerie chords swell louder!

But it was not the spare figure of her great-aunt that was gradually revealed to her fear-stricken eyes. Seated at the organ was a crouched, shriveled man in a black suit and tall black hat with a face that was a cross between that of a grinning skull and the ugly countenance of an ape! A phantom who completely fitted the description of Susie’s murderer!

The organ chords rang out more wildly and she stood there staring at the monstrous figure until a merciful unconsciousness descended on her and she slumped to the wooden planks of the chapel floor.

Someone was shaking her and speaking to her urgently. She stirred and gazed up to see Paul Faron staring down at her, holding a squat lighted tallow candle so that it cast a glow over his head and shoulders.

“So you are alive! I began to doubt it,” he said.

She sat up with a cry of alarm. “The madman at the organ!”

The young man furrowed his brow. “What madman? And what’s this about the organ?”

“Didn’t you hear it playing?”

“No. I came in here and found you on the floor. I didn’t know what had happened to you.”

She was beginning to collect her thoughts. “You’ve come back?”

He smiled wryly. “Not officially,” he said. “Do you feel able to stand up?”

“I think so.”

“You’d better,” he said, using his free hand to help her. “That cold floor could be unhealthy for you.”
Her teeth were chattering from the cold and her nerves, and as she rose, great waves of nausea welled up in her. She grabbed the back of one of the pews to steady herself. When the worst of the sick feeling passed she gave him a frightened glance. “How long have you been here?”

“Just a few minutes.”

“Then you must have missed him! The murderer! He was sitting at the organ playing it!”

Faron seemed sceptical. “That’s a pretty tall story.”

“I can’t help it,” she said despairingly. “It’s true!”

“What were you doing here all alone?”

She hesitated, then said lamely, “I can’t explain. I have a habit of coming here. Sometimes I like the solitude.”

There was a hint of irony in his eyes as he said, “Evidently you didn’t find it here this afternoon.”

“I was wrong to come here today,” she admitted. “I was too upset to begin with.”

“You’d better go straight back to the house,” he said, holding the candle so he could observe her closely. “You still don’t look well.”

“Do one thing for me,” she said.

“What?”

“Try the rear door of the chapel and see if it is locked or open?”

He frowned. “Why?”

“I have a reason,” she said. “Please check for me.”

“All right,” he said, staring at her as if he thought she might be suffering from shock. Then, candle in hand, he went down to the altar and directly to the rear door of the chapel.

She waited, watching the distant glow of the candle as he went about his inspection of the back door. After a few minutes he marched back through the darkness to her.

“It’s not locked,” he said. “It was partly ajar. Someone must have used it not long ago.”

Emily gave a deep sigh. “He must have used it! The madman!”

“You’re sure you really saw this madman?”

“Yes.”

“Too bad I didn’t get here sooner.”

Relieved now to know that Henry Jekyll must have
gotten away safely, she gave her attention to her rescuer who she felt certain must surely be Quentin Collins.

"Why have you returned?" she asked.

"Unfinished business."

"You're not really a detective, are you?"

He raised his eyebrows. "Why do you ask that?"

"I've been told on good authority you are Quentin Collins."

He smiled thinly. "I wouldn't listen to everything told me if I were you. It can be an awful waste of time."

"Are you Quentin?"

"No matter what I say, you won't believe me," he said. "So what's the point of my answering? Let me do something useful. I'll see you to the entrance of Collinwood."

"Aren't you going in yourself? Father still believes you are a detective and he's expecting you."

"Good for your father. I'm sorry to have to miss talking to him," the young man said. "But I'm not ready for that just yet."

"What do you know about the murder?"

"Not enough to discuss it," he said, taking her by the arm. "Now let's leave this cold, dreary place."

She could muster no arguments against it. He walked with her across the snow-covered lawns until they were only a short distance from the front door of Collinwood. Dusk was at hand and lights showed from several of the windows on the ground floor of the mansion.

He halted. "Here is where we must part."

"You won't change your mind about coming in?"

"Impossible," he said. "Better be careful."

"Are you staying near here?"

"I hope to," he said. "It's hard to make promises. I might not be able to keep them."

"Thank you for what you did," she said gratefully.

He smiled again. "I was glad to be useful," he said. And with a nod he turned and walked away from her in the same direction from which they had come.

She watched after him for a moment with a concerned look and then went inside. There was no one in the hallway and so she hurried upstairs to her bedroom, eager to rid herself of her chill and fear. She sat before her bedroom
fireplace staring into the flames and trying to decide what it had all meant.

And a possibility more upsetting than any she’d entertained before came to her. Suppose in the few minutes between her conversation with Jekyll and her return to the chapel he had slipped into one of his spells? It was too horrible a thought to dwell on.

That evening the talk at the dinner table dwelt heavily on the murder and the activities of the police. Her uncle had much more to say than usual, but he made no mention of finding her at the chapel.

She ate little and tried to blot from her mind the dreadful moment in the dark chapel when she’d discovered the horrible creature at the organ. Surely the fiendish figure she’d seen could bear no relation to the pale young man she’d talked to earlier. She wouldn’t accept that.

When they left the table she found it impossible to get away from the rest of the family. It seemed expected of her that she should join them around the fireplace in the comfortable living room. She paused a moment in the hallway to study the portrait of Barnabas Collins on the wall there.

As she did so Ada came up to her and in a low voice asked, “Why were you so hateful to Stephen today?”

She turned to her foster sister in surprise. “I didn’t know that I was.”

“He only wanted to help you,” the dark girl complained. “And you were as unpleasant as usual with him.”

“Did he tell you that?”

“He mentioned finding you in the chapel.”

“I only asked him to leave me alone. I wanted to be by myself for a little.”

Ada said, “You know how easily hurt he is.”

“I’m sorry,” she said. “Apologize for me. Or I’ll do it myself if I get the chance.”

When Ada moved on, it was Frank who next paused to speak with Emily. Watching after their foster sister with a frown, he asked, “What was bothering her now?”

She grimaced. “She has the idea I was hateful to Uncle Stephen again.”
"We haven't enough problems without that," Frank said. "She can't think of anyone but Stephen. And I'm beginning to give him some thought myself . . . of another sort. If I'm not wrong he used to be very friendly with Susie."

Her eyes widened. "Oh, Frank!"

"Yes," Frank said. "She was the cook's helper and I know that more than once she stole some of the kitchen wine and took it to his room. She probably kept him supplied with any other liquor she had access to."

"You don't think Uncle Stephen would murder anyone?"

"He might if he had a strong enough reason."

"Such as?"

"Suppose he'd been flirting with Susie and she threatened to tell Ada. You know how deadly serious Ada is about Uncle Stephen. And marrying her is his only hope of getting any of the Collins money."

"Father will surely never give him any directly," she agreed.

"So that could be a motive."

Emily was doing some quick thinking. It was only a short while after she had talked to Stephen at the front entrance to the chapel that she'd gone inside and found the hideous madman at the organ! Suppose Stephen had quickly gone around and entered through the back door and donned some sort of disguise and then taken his place at the keys?

She gave her brother a frightened glance. "Are you serious in what you've said about Stephen?"

"Yes. And I'd like to be able to prove it and bring Ada to her senses," her brother said. "We'd better go on in with them or they'll wonder what we're discussing."

In the living room her father was regaling the others with accounts of the day's happenings. She sat near her mother while Frank took a stand at the far side of the fireplace, where he watched Stephen sullenly. Their uncle sat with Ada, unconscious of the evil glare he was receiving from his nephew.

Rebecca Collins listened to her husband's account of the discovery that Henry Jekyll was actually the son of the
notorious Dr. Jekyll with a look of intense interest on her broad face.

“This is most amazing,” she said. “Weren’t the police surprised?”

“I would say so,” Charles Collins agreed.

“Do they have a reason to think he is anything like his father? That he has a criminal taint?”

“I’d say not,” Charles told her. “Until the unfortunate drug-taking business that turned Jekyll into the ape-like Mr. Hyde, the family was regarded as a most respectable one.”

“Then you place all the blame on the elder Jekyll’s addiction to drugs?” Emily’s mother said.

“That came out plainly in the newspaper accounts. His son seems a nervous fellow, but that is understandable. Having to live down his father’s evil reputation can not have been easy for him.”

Ada suggested, “But isn’t it a strange coincidence that he should be here when this murder took place? And that the murderer should look so much like the description of the Mr. Hyde in the London murders. And the victim should be killed in an almost identical fashion.”

Charles Collins stared at his foster daughter. “I hadn’t thought about those aspects of the affair,” he finally admitted in a startled voice. “You have made some very good points, my dear. I must take them up with the police.”

Ada smiled; Emily was furious. She was sure her foster sister had done this deliberately, knowing how she felt about Henry Jekyll, as retaliation for the injury she imagined had been done to Stephen that afternoon.

Frank remarked, “I don’t think we can rely on the description given us by Ernie, the stableboy. He was half-asleep when he saw the figure crossing toward the house. And he was a good distance from the prowler.

Their father frowned. “Still, his account of the man’s appearance has been most detailed.”

“I wonder if the lad hasn’t been reading the newspaper stories about the Jekyll and Hyde murders in London?” Frank suggested. “He could find all the details in them. And they might have inflamed his imagination.”
Emily said quickly, “I agree with Frank.”

Her father gave her an irritable glance. “It seems to me you are always ready to leap at any new theory,” he said. “I doubt if the lad ever reads a newspaper, or if he ever saw an account of what happened in London.”

“It might be worthwhile to ask him,” Emily insisted.

“I agree,” Frank said.

Ada looked annoyed. “Why try to make the boy out unreliable?” she said. “Do you think someone else killed Susie? That this mystery man didn’t exist?”

“I don’t know,” Emily said. “I’d just like to be sure.”

Stephen gave her a scornful glance. “So would the police. And I’d say it was their job; leave it to them.”

Emily stood up. “I have a headache,” she said. “Please excuse me.” And she left the group, hearing Ada’s murmur that she seemed to be having an unduly large number of headaches lately. She hurried from the living room and up the dimly lighted stairs.

She entered her bedroom and walked to the fireplace. The maid had been there to prepare the room and her bed was turned down. She studied the flames and wondered what had gone on at the old house when the police arrived to question Barnabas. Had they also given Henry Jekyll a third degree again?

She was so absorbed by these thoughts that she didn’t notice the closet door behind her was gradually opening. Only when she heard a footstep directly back of her did she wheel around with shock and terror on her attractive face.
CHAPTER EIGHT

Before she could scream she saw that it was Barnabas standing there in his caped coat. He pressed a finger to his lips to warn her to be silent. All her fears left her and she gave a tremendous sigh of relief.

“Barnabas!” she said in a low voice.

“I’m sorry I had to startle you,” he said. “But I thought it best to wait up here. I don’t want to talk to the others at the moment.”

“They’re down in the living room trying poor Henry for the killing,” she said with distress.

His handsome, gaunt face wore a resigned look. “I’m not surprised,” he said. “Cruelty comes easily to people.”

“I’ve been so worried!”

“I knew that. It’s why I wanted to talk to you,” Barnabas said.

“Did the police come to question you?”

“Yes.”

“Were you able to satisfy them you had nothing to do with the crime?”

Barnabas shrugged. “Who knows? I gave them an account of what I did last night.”

“And what did they say?”

“They pressed me with questions concerning a young woman who works in the Blue Whale. She was found in a rear kitchen last night with a mark on her throat. She was unconscious for a half-hour or so and when she came to she talked of a stranger in a cape who attacked her. They seem to have an idea it might have been me.”

Her eyes met him. “Was it?”

He didn’t flinch from her questioning gaze. “Yes.”

“Henry told me something about you. About your
problem. I don’t fully understand but I know you have a kind of compulsion. But a harmless one."

His expression was ironical. "There have been conflicting views concerning that."

"I know you are not a criminal."

He smiled. "Thank you."

"Were they able to prove you attacked the girl at the tavern?"

"Not so far," Barnabas said. "And I doubt if they will manage it. There were no witnesses."

"Then you needn’t worry."

He took a few steps away from her and stood with his back to her for a few seconds. Then he turned, his long brown hair streaked loosely across his high forehead, and said, "I’m not sure about that. I’ll have to be extremely careful from now on. If they should find clear evidence of my attacking a young woman they might be quick to place the blame for the murder on me."

"You’re not capable of anything like that."

"I’m not." He frowned. "The person who killed Susie had to be vicious and cruel. It was a senseless murder. And trampling her poor body after she was dead was particularly despicable."

"You don’t believe Henry Jekyll did it in the second blackout he had around midnight?"

"He could have," Barnabas told her gravely. "He was gone from the old house some time before I missed him."

"Surely you would have known," she said. "There would have been blood on his clothing. Some clues as to what he’d done."

"I located him not far from the stables," Barnabas said. "He seemed in a fog. He’d thrown on his overcoat over his dressing gown and gone out like that. Not until after I had him back in the house did he begin to remember where he was."

"All that could be the result of mental strain," she said. "Without a doubt," he said. "And there was no trace of blood on his clothes."

Emily felt giddy with relief. "And what about the police?"

Barnabas’ deep-set eyes showed concern. "They’re not
aware that he had the blackouts. I managed to keep that from them, just as Henry contrived to stall them off from questioning me until this evening."

"Then it may not be so bad."

"I hope not," he said. "As a matter of fact the police must have some faith in him. The boy, Ernie, took sick with stomach pains tonight. And when I left Henry was over at the stables treating him at the request of the police."

This news buoyed her hopes a good deal. They must trust him, to employ him as a doctor for their chief witness."

Barnabas nodded. "Exactly. Now, what do you have to tell me?"

She quickly described her weird experience at the chapel and her later conversation with Frank. She wound up by saying, "My brother thinks that Stephen could have killed Susie."

The man in the caped coat stood silently in the shadowed room. After a moment of consideration, he said, "It's not entirely impossible."

"If he were angry and drinking he might be capable of it."

"So it was Quentin who rescued you in the chapel?"

"Yes. Otherwise, Stephen, or whoever it was at the organ, would likely have come down and finished me. I was in a complete faint."

Barnabas smiled grimly. "Your father would be in a state if he knew his private detective friend was Quentin. Charles would not be happy to think that both Quentin and I had returned to Collinwood at the same time."

"Why does he hate you both? Neither of you are truly evil."

Barnabas balanced the black cane with the silver wolf's head in his hands. "It might be hard to convince him of that," he observed dryly.

"I'm suddenly terrified of this house," she said.

"It could hold danger for you."

"There was someone in this room last night. Of course father won't believe it. And there is no lock on this door."

Barnabas frowned. "You should have one."
"You can't reason with father," she complained. "I'm aware of that."
"When will I see Henry again?"
"I'm not sure," Barnabas said. "It depends on the turn of events."
"Why don't you bring him here tomorrow night? Some of the others haven't met him yet. If they knew him they wouldn't be so ready to suspect him."
"We'll see what develops," Barnabas said. "And in an emergency you may feel free to come to the old house. I have instructed Hare to let you in as long as Henry is there."

Her face brightened. "That is good news. I don't want to have to arrange meetings at places like the old chapel again."
"Much too risky," Barnabas agreed.
"And I do want to keep in touch with Henry."
He gave her a penetrating look. "You are fond of him, aren't you?"
"Yes."
"He deserves someone like you," Barnabas said. "I trust that when this trouble is cleared up you may have a future together."
"What about you?"
His gaunt face looked sad. "I will continued on my wanderings."
"Henry says he feels sure he can help you. He thinks it's just a matter of time and trying different approaches to your condition."
"I know," Barnabas agreed. "He might have succeeded if we hadn't found ourselves mixed up in this."
"I hope the police find the murderer," she said. "Then the suspense will be over for all of us."
"Until then we will all be living under a certain tension," Barnabas said.

She sighed. "If there is anything at all I can do to help, please call on me."
His hypnotic black eyes fixed on hers. "Are you serious about that?"
"Of course."

The handsome, melancholy face showed new lines of
stress. Very slowly he said, “I may take you at your word.”

His eyes seemed to grow larger, brighter, until she was completely entranced by them. Everything else in the room faded to a blur. There remained only those hypnotic eyes!

“Barnabas!” she said, and it sounded faint and far away to her ears.

He was coming closer to her, his eyes fixed on hers. “You mustn’t have any fear of me,” he told her softly.

“I have no fear,” she repeated.

“Tonight you will save me a visit to the village,” he said, taking her by the arms and tilting her head so that her throat was exposed to him.

She was in a kind of trance now. “Barnabas!” she whispered.

“My love!” he said softly in reply. His lips parted to reveal his gleaming white teeth. With a quick movement he bent down and kissed her neck.

Emily groaned gently as he pressed the long white teeth hard against her skin until it punctured. She felt the flow of her blood as he drew it from her. But she had no thought of resistance. His embrace was a thing of bliss. She wafted off gently into unconsciousness.

She was on her bed. Alone in the room and stretched out with her head on the pillow. Her throat seemed to have a burning spot on it. She reached up and touched the place with her fingers and found a slight swelling. Idly she glanced around and saw that the lamp on her dresser hadn’t been extinguished and the candle on her bedside table was lit as the maid had left it.

She slowly sat up and realized she was fully dressed. Then she remembered those last minutes with Barnabas. After he had kissed her he must have placed her on the bed and left. She felt weak but relaxed and unafraid. Rising from the bed she went to the dresser. It was then she saw the red scar on her throat. And she knew!

She had offered Barnabas her unstinting aid and he had taken her at her word. Tonight she’d had the kiss of the vampire. And at this moment blood from her veins was sustaining him.

Slowly she began to undress and get ready for bed. She
fell asleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow. And she slept soundly until the maid came to wake her in the morning.

"There's more trouble for all of us, miss," Molly announced.

Emily yawned and stretched, hardly hearing the girl. "Is it a fine day, Molly?"

"It is and it isn't."

She now gave her more attention. "What do you mean by that?"

The maid nodded toward the window. "The sun is shining, as you can see for yourself, miss. But there's more gloom just the same."

"Don't talk in riddles. What's wrong?"

"Ernie has disappeared," Molly said with a frightened look on her pale face.

"Ernie? The stableboy who saw the murderer?"

"Yes, miss."

Thoroughly upset, she swung out of the bed. "Tell me all about it."

Molly looked flustered. "There's not much to tell. Ernie just can't be found."

She frowned. "He was ill last night, wasn't he?"

"Yes, miss, he had the stomach pains real bad. And that doctor who is staying at the old house with Mr. Barnabas went to tend to him."

"I heard that," she said gravely.

"One of the other lads was sleeping in the room with him," Molly went on. "He claimed that after the doctor had given Ernie some medicine he went straight to sleep."

"So the doctor must have helped him."

"I suppose so," Molly said. "But when the other boy woke up Ernie's bed was empty and he was nowhere in the stables."

"And they haven't found him yet?"

"No," Molly said. "They're searching for him at this minute. And everyone backstairs is in a state."

Emily put on her dressing gown as she prepared to wash up and dress. "Surely he must be all right."

"I don't know, miss," Molly said unhappily. "Some of the others think it has to do with Mr. Barnabas having the
vampire curse. They say there is always trouble when he is around. And then the doctor with him is a son of the mad Dr. Jekyll.”

So even the servants knew about it now! Emily gave Molly an impatient glance, and said, “That’s nonsense talk. You’re a foolish girl to listen to it or repeat it!”

“Yes, miss,” Molly said, abashed. “Is there anything else?”

“No. I can manage.”

The girl hurried out of the room, no doubt anxious to return to the kitchen and the latest gossip concerning the strange disappearance of Ernie.

When Emily went down to the dining room her mother and Ada were still at the table. Her mother at once said, “You’ve heard the latest, I suppose.”

Emily seated herself. “Yes. The maid told me.”

Her mother looked perplexed. “Whatever can have happened to the lad?”

Ada glanced up from her coffee. “He’s probably been murdered just as Susie was.”

“Don’t say such things!” Rebecca cried with distress.

Emily glanced across the table at her foster sister. “Why did you say that?”

Ada looked uneasy for a moment. “Isn’t it the logical thing to expect? We’ve had one murder. Until the killer is apprehended we’ll have others.”

“I don’t agree.”

“That’s not a surprise,” Ada said. “We rarely see things the same way.”

“Now don’t make things worse by quarreling,” Rebecca told them. “I’m sure Ernie will turn up.”

Emily made no further comment. But she knew that unless Ernie was found alive, things looked worse for Barnabas and Henry Jekyll. Somehow she managed to down some toast and a single cup of coffee. Then she went out to the hall. The sun was shining brightly and she could tell it was milder than it had been. But with all that was happening, good weather seemed unimportant.

She’d only been standing by the hall window a few minutes when she saw her father coming striding across the lawn toward the entrance door. Something in his posture
made her throat constrict. She had a sudden fear she was about to hear more bad news.

The door swung open and Charles Collins entered, a blank expression of shock and despair on his face.

“What is it, father?”

He stared at her dull-eyed and silently for a long moment, then said heavily, “We found Ernie.”

“Where?”

“Down by the cemetery.”

“Dead?” Her question hung in the air without a reply.

At last her father nodded. “Just like Susie. He was all battered and trampled on. Whoever killed Susie is the one who finished him.”

“How awful!” she gasped.

Her father looked at her. “We have to find that killer.”

“Did you notify the police?”

“I sent one of the boys in to the village,” her father said. “And I’ll try to reach them on the phone now. The line wasn’t working when I left this morning. I wanted to let them know Ernie had disappeared. Now I can give them the whole story.”

He went off down the hall to the wall phone. Emily stood in the entrance way, too shocked to do anything. Then she saw Ada appear in the doorway of the living room. It was apparent from the expression on the dark girl’s face that she had heard.

Almost triumphantly, Ada said, “I told you.”

Emily was shocked. “You sound pleased!”

“No. But it does prove I was right.”

“I don’t think that’s as important as that boy’s life,” she said brokenly.

“Are you stricken for the murdered or the murderer?” Ada taunted her.

“What are you saying?” Emily’s voice raised.

“Aren’t you afraid that Henry Jekyll will be accused this time? He did visit the boy and give him some sedative last night.”

“That has nothing to do with his being murdered.”

“I can see that it might.”

“How?”

“Your Dr. Jekyll had only to make sure the sedative he
gave Ernie was strong enough," Ada said. "He'd leave and come back later when he was positive both boys were asleep. Then he'd silently drag the unconscious Ernie out of his bed and the stable and take him down by the cemetery. There he could go about beating him to a pulp without being disturbed. The same sort of crime his father committed as Mr. Hyde!"

Emily was thunderstruck. Ada had almost made it seem as if it had happened that way. If she should repeat this story often enough it would be bound to spread further hatred and suspicion against Henry Jekyll.

She said, "You've made all that up. You have no right to say such things."

Ada smiled bitterly. "How quickly you come to Jekyll's defense. And yet you condemn me when I stand up for Stephen. And the worst you can say about him is that he drinks too much."

"No one is against Stephen," Emily told her. "You imagine that. We've only tried to protect you."

"And now I'm trying to protect you, and you don't want to listen," Ada said. "Surely you don't want to side with a murderer like Henry Jekyll."

"He's not a murderer!" she protested.

"No doubt he'll have the chance to prove that," Ada predicted. "But you'll find a lot of people who'll think just as I do. I'm sorry for you."

"You can't be or you wouldn't taunt me so!"

Ada took a step forward and her eyes suddenly fixed on Emily's throat. "What's that red mark?"

She'd forgotten about it. Now she guiltily raised a hand to cover the spot. "What mark?"

Ada's expression was serious. "I'm not a fool," she said. "You are in this deep."

"What are you talking about?"

"That mark," Ada said meaningfully. "I know what it is. You were visited by Barnabas last night, weren't you?"

"I don't care to discuss it!"

"Of course, you wouldn't," Ada said. Her pretty face showed concern. "I'm sorry for you. I honestly am." And she left her and went up the stairs.

Humiliated and worried, Emily gazed after her sister.
with silent despair. She must go to the old house and talk with Henry Jekyll at once. She dressed for outdoors and quickly left Collinwood without waiting to find out whether her father got through on the line to the police or not.

As she passed the stables she saw the cluster of help gathered in the doorway of the large stable and knew they were surely discussing the latest crime. She moved on swiftly, blind to the beauty of the snow-mantled fir and pine trees along the way or the sparkling fields of white under the bright sun.

Reaching the somber red brick house, she mounted the steps and rapped on the door. After a moment it was open and she saw Henry Jekyll standing in the shadows of the hall.

“I had to talk to you at once,” she exclaimed and went in.

He shut the door and gave her a frightened look. “There’s been another murder, I know,” he said, standing with her in the near darkness. “I went out on the steps as they brought the boy’s body by.”

“Poor Ernie!”

“I went to the stable and treated him for stomach upset only last night,” the young doctor said. “He seemed unafraid and in good spirits.”

“And yet he was doomed to die.”

“Because he saw the killer the other night, I suppose.”

“Yes,” she said quietly.

“Come into the living room.”

He escorted her down the dark corridor to the large comfortable room. The shutters had been opened and it was pleasantly bright. A fire blazed in the fireplace to make it warm enough. He helped her off with her coat.

She turned to stare at him worriedly as he laid the coat on the back of a nearby chair. “You realize this is going to be very bad for you.”

He looked at her with a frown crossing his pale face. “Why should it be?”

“You saw Ernie at the stables. You gave him a sedative.”

“The police asked me to do that.”
“They didn’t know then he was going to be murdered.”
“Neither did I,” the pale young man said sharply. “Are you suggesting that I killed him?”
“You know that’s not true!”
“Then why are you talking this way?”
“I’m trying to prepare you for what is bound to follow.”
Henry Jekyll looked shocked. “You’re serious about this, aren’t you?”
“Very serious. Have you any doubts about your movements last night? I mean, did you have any more fainting spells?”
“Not that I know of.”
“Could you have a spell and not be aware of it?”
He hesitated. “I suppose it’s possible. But I’m almost sure I didn’t.”
“What did you do after you saw the boy at the stables?”
“I came straight back here.”
“Was Barnabas here?”
“No. He returned later.”
“So you were here alone?”
“Yes. Hare had gone off to the tavern in the village. The Blue Whale, I believe they call it.”
“So you were in this house by yourself for some time?”
He looked perplexed. “Why are you bearing down on that so? Of course I was alone until Barnabas returned. Hare came back after that.”
“I’m harping on it because it means that for quite a long period last night you have no alibi. No one to say where you were.”
“Is that important?”
“It can be if they try to say you killed Ernie and Susie.”
The young doctor came close to her, more agitated than she’d ever seen him. “You’re behaving as if you suddenly believe me to be guilty! Are you afraid to come out and say it?”
“Henry!” she said brokenly and fell into his arms. Pressing her face against him, she said, “You know I don’t think anything of the sort. I’m only warning you what to expect when the police arrive.”
His arms were around her. “Poor Emily! I’ve brought you nothing but heartbreak!”
“Don’t think about me,” she said, looking up at him in distress. “It’s you who are in danger.”

He looked stunned. “I wasn’t sure about myself the night the girl was killed. But I’m clear enough about last night. I didn’t harm that boy.”

“Then you’re not guilty of either of the crimes,” she said. “They were both committed in exactly the same fashion and by the same person.”

“Someone who would like to see either Barnabas or me blamed,” he said tensely.

“It’s you they want to implicate,” she told him. “That’s why the murderer imitated the crimes of Mr. Hyde and dressed like him. He’s trying to make out you suffer from the same strange madness that destroyed your father.”

“He’s managed very well.”

“I believe it’s Stephen,” she said. “He knew who you were from the beginning. And I’ve always suspected there’s something worse wrong with him than just his drinking. I believe he’s slightly mad.”

“He’d have to have a motive, even at that,” Henry argued.

“He had one. He and Susie were more friendly than master and servant should have been. He wants to marry Ada and the girl may have threatened to expose their relationship.”

“So he silenced her.”

“Yes. But Ernie saw him. And even though Stephen was disguised, this would worry him. He’d be afraid that sooner or later Ernie would realize who he’d seen.”

“That meant Ernie had to die.”

She nodded. “ Doesn’t it sound plausible?“

“Too plausible. I doubt if you have the answer.”

“I don’t care,” she said bitterly. “Just so long as we can take the suspicion from you for a little. Until we find the true murderer.”

“That may never happen.”

“We need advice from Barnabas,” she said. “Is it possible to waken him?”

The young doctor shook his head sadly. “Not until dusk.”

“There must be some way!”
"He's asleep in his casket in a cellar room," Henry Jekyll informed her. "To all intents he is a dead man. Dead until the sun sinks. Until then we'll get no help from him."

"What can we do?" she asked in desperation.
"Wait. Not lose our heads. It may not be as bad as you think. I made a good impression on the police yesterday. And I cooperated when they asked me to."
"But the second murder will change that!"
"Perhaps," he admitted.

As he finished speaking there was the sound of sleigh bells outside. She gave him a frightened glance. A moment later there were loud voices at the front door followed by a heavy rapping on it.
"That will be the police," she whispered.
He looked down at her with resignation. "I suppose so. I'll have to let them in."

It was a strange company of people who entered the old house at his invitation. Simon Donovan, the balding, bearded sheriff, dominated the scene. Donovan was more than six feet tall and broad as well. He had been a woodsman before taking over as law officer for the area. The very sight of him was usually enough to send the town drunks and pranksters scurrying for cover, so he had an easy time of it.

At least until the murders at Collinwood had begun. Now he stood glaring at those gathered in the room. Emily's father was there, along with his younger brother, Stephen, Frank and a number of the stable employees. The sheriff had brought along two part time deputies; Emily doubted if either knew how to conduct such an investigation. Emily was the only woman in the room.

Hare, Barnabas' mute servant, loitered in the hall, watching with hostile eyes. The argument at the moment was about why Barnabas could not be instantly summoned for questioning.
"Why can't I talk to Barnabas?" Simon Donovan thundered at a pale Henry Jekyll.

The young doctor didn't falter. "I've told you. Barnabas is sleeping. He always sleeps in the daytime. And it will be impossible to rouse him."
“You told me that yesterday,” the big law man roared. “It’s just as true today,” Henry Jekyll said.

“Seems to me you mess around with drugs a lot,” the sheriff said darkly. “You doped him so yesterday he didn’t wake until night. Then you gave that boy who was murdered heavy sedation. And now you have Barnabas drugged again today.”

“You asked me to treat the lad,” the doctor said. “I did so to the best of my ability.”

“And because he was drugged he was an easy murder victim,” Simon Donovan said, thrusting his beard angrily at Henry.

Henry shrugged.

“So you’re telling me I can’t talk to Barnabas until night again?”

“Yes.”

“You must think I’ve got little to do with my time,” the sheriff raged. “I can’t come running back here at every whip stitch.”

“Barnabas is not a well man,” the young doctor explained quietly. “The daily heavy sedation is part of his treatment.”

Sheriff Donovan scowled at him and then turned his rage on Emily’s father. “This whole thing has been bungled. You’ve made a mess of it from the start. You didn’t get me on the telephone soon enough.”

“Our service here is very primitive,” her father said. “For a long while I couldn’t get any answer on the line. Just a humming noise.”

“And then someone moved the body before I got here,” the sheriff raged on.

“There was confusion,” her father said, wetting his lips nervously with his tongue. “The men misunderstood my orders.”

“Just like I say,” Donovan complained as he swung his huge bulk around to include them all in his indictment. “You’ve made every mistake in the book!”

“We’re all upset!” Charles Collins said. “A second murder within a few days! You should understand that, Sheriff.”
“No excuse for your negligence. Now I’ve got to piece things together as best I can.”

Charles Collins ventured, “The crimes seem to have been committed by the same person. The condition of the victims were identical.”

“I’ll decide that,” the sheriff told him loftily. And then he turned his wrath on Henry Jekyll again. “You haven’t been much help either!”

“I’m sorry.”

“You can tell Barnabas I’ll be back and have some questions for him.”

“I will,” Henry replied politely.

The sheriff glared down on the slender young man. “These murders are more like the ones you have back in London.”

Henry looked surprised. “Why do you say that?”

“Here the weapon is usually a knife or a gun,” Donovan informed him. “Our murders are mostly fast and clean. Not like what has been going on here.”

“The victims were beaten to death,” Henry said. “Isn’t that a kind of violence common all over the world?”

Donovan was scowling. “These two were beaten in a special kind of way,” he said. “They were struck down with some heavy stick first and then trampled on until they were dead. The only place I ever read of a crime like that taking place was in London.”

“Really?” Henry Jekyll was very pale.

The big man nodded his bald head. “And you want to know who used that method? A famous mass murderer! Your father!”
The young doctor replied stiffly, "Let's keep my father out of this!"

"Maybe that won't be possible," the sheriff warned him. "You and me will discuss this some more later. Right now everyone can get out of here."

The crowd began to slowly filter out of the big room, murmuring as they went. Emily's father stopped to tell her, "You'd better do as the sheriff says and come along with me."

"No," she replied firmly. "I have some things to say to Henry."

Her father looked upset. "You think that's wise?"

"I'm going to stay."

Henry Jekyll joined them and told her father, "You needn't worry about her, sir. I'll make sure she gets back safely to Collinwood."

Charles Collins gave him a haughty stare. "I'm sorry," he said. "I don't value your reassurances." And turning to Emily again, he added, "I think you're behaving very foolishly." And he went on out with the others.

Sheriff Donovan was the last to leave. He gave her a sharp look. "You're Charles Collins' daughter?"

"Yes."

"You're a friend of the doctor's?"

"I am."

"What do you know about the murders?"

"Nothing I haven't told you," she said.

"Why are you staying here?"

"I want to talk to Henry about some things important to me," she said. "They have nothing to do with the murders."
The sheriff studied her with a grim expression, then told Henry Jekyll, "Let Barnabas know I'm coming back. I'm far from finished with either of you yet."

"I'll tell him," the young doctor promised.

The sheriff went out and a moment later the door slammed after him. They were alone again except for Hare, who had lumbered out into the kitchen. Henry Jekyll slumped into one of the antique chairs with an exhausted sigh.

"That was quite a show," he said.

She touched a hand to his shoulder. "I was proud of the way you stood up to them."

He smiled ruefully. "It was mostly bluff."

"I don't think so. You gave Barnabas the protection he needed."

"I had to," he said. "Did you take a look at Hare when he was standing in the hall watching us?"

"Yes. He was very tense."

"All it needed for him to explode was to have the sheriff start going down to the cellar. Then we'd have another murder and maybe more."

"You prevented that," she said.

"It's about all I did," he said in a forlorn voice. "You heard what he said about the murders. This time I have an idea he's going to blame me—or both Barnabas and me."

She knelt by the chair and looked up into his wan face with troubled eyes. "They can't just say you're guilty. They'll have to produce proof."

"They'll make a good try."

"Barnabas will have some suggestions," she promised.

"Maybe."

"He always does have," she said. "And then there is Quentin. I'm sure he's trying to solve the murders. And he'll do whatever he can."

"Quentin? You mean the other renegade member of the Collins family. The so-called werewolf?"

"He's actually charming. And he came to my aid the other day at the chapel."

"So I heard," Henry Jekyll said. "I'm almost jealous."

She smiled sadly. "You needn't be. And if I were going
to show interest in anyone else it would be Barnabas. He’s the most unusual person I’ve ever known.”
“I can’t argue about that.”
“He paid me a visit at the house last night.”
“I know,” Henry Jekyll said. “He told me about it when he returned here. You were kind to him.”
“I want to help him.”
“You have,” the young doctor said. “Now I must take you back to Collinwood. Your father made it plain he doesn’t want you here.”
They both got to their feet. She said, “I’m not listening to father any longer about this. I’m making up my own mind.”
“That might be hazardous for you.”
“I’m not afraid,” she said. “There’s one thing.”
“What?”
“Before I go I’d like to see Barnabas. I want to see him as he is in the daytime. Maybe it will help me understand.”
Henry looked upset. “No. It might frighten you.”
“I’m too fond of Barnabas for that.”
“I’ve warned you. He’s like a dead man.”
“I’m prepared for that. Just let me see him,” she insisted.
He still hesitated. “If it’s morbid curiosity I don’t think you should indulge yourself.”
“It’s more than that,” she told him. “Barnabas has only you and Hare to watch out for him. If anything happened to either or both of you he could be unprotected. I want to see where he is and how he is so I will be prepared should a crisis arise.”
The young doctor’s attitude at once changed. “I’m sorry,” he apologized. “Now your reasons make sense.”
“I shouldn’t have had to explain.”
“Perhaps I’m overly protective of Barnabas these days,” Henry said, taking her by the arm. “Come along with me.”
They went out into the shadowed hallway and down to a door at its end which led to a steep, narrow stairway. She could smell the dampness of the cellar as the young doctor descended into the darkness ahead of her. It was like being in the grave!
“Watch your step,” Henry warned her from the bottom of the stairs.
She shivered. “It’s so black down here.”
He took her by the arm. “Your eyes will adjust to it in a moment.”

“Where is Barnabas?” she asked, as she allowed him to lead her along the length of the great cellar.
“There is a room at the far end,” he said. “You can see the open doorway from here.”

Ahead of her was an oblong of ghostly light. Strangely uneasy, she asked, “What about when he was in London?”

“He spent his days in a darkened room at the rear of his lodgings,” Henry Jekyll said. “The shades were never opened.”

The damp, musty smell was more apparent as they moved further along in the old cellar. At last they reached the doorway of the lighted room and she gave a small gasp at the sight of the coffin on a stand and the flickering candles at its head and foot.

Henry Jekyll gave her a stern look. “You said you were prepared for this.”

She nodded. “I’ll be all right.”

They went on in and she moved to the side of the open gray casket. Barnabas lay in it, his hands crossed and his eyes closed. In the flickering candlelight his skin gleamed with the waxy pallor of death.

“At dusk he’ll promptly revive,” the young doctor assured her.

She stared at the gaunt, handsome face and in a hushed voice said, “Anyone seeing him now would find that hard to believe.”

“True,” Henry said. “Yet he carries the casket with him wherever he goes. It and a packet of Maine earth. They are musts for his survival.”

She turned from Barnabas to study the pale face of the young doctor. “And yet you think there is hope of a cure?”

“I’m positive of it.”

She sighed. “In the meantime he must have every protection. Shouldn’t this room be locked?”
"It is his wish that the door remain open. Hare is on guard all the time."

"I suppose Barnabas knows best how to handle it."

"His routine has worked for a good many years," Jekyll replied quietly. "I have let you see him. I don't think you should linger down here."

"Perhaps not," she agreed. She took a final glance at the handsome, rigid face and then turned to leave the weird underground room.

Henry saw her safely upstairs and to the front door. "I'll walk back to Collinwood with you."

"No," she said, as she tied the scarf around her head again. "I'll manage very well alone. And I think it's important you remain here with things as they are."

"I don't expect the sheriff back until evening."

"But you can't be sure," she warned him. "He might decide on a surprise visit."

"That is possible."

"Do be careful," she said, looking up at him worriedly. He smiled and drew her to him for a kiss. "It will be all right," he said. "They will find who committed these cruel murders and everything will return to normal."

She did not attempt to argue the point, though she was by no means convinced that it would be that simple. She walked back in the direction of Collinwood under the midday sun. It was much warmer than it had been and pleasant enough for her to stroll along slowly. A good many of the workers were still clustered in the doorway of the stables as she passed, a reminder of the latest murder and the tension that hung over the ancient estate.

When she reached the front entrance of the mansion, she stood on the steps for a moment staring out at the distant blue of the bay and inhaling the fresh air. She happened to glance toward the elms that hid the chapel from the house and was startled to see a lone figure, almost hidden among the tree trunks, gesturing to her to join him.

It took only a moment to recognize it was Quentin Collins. Without hesitation she left the steps and quickly made her way across the snow-covered lawn to the line of trees. Quentin was wearing his fur coat and hat. As she
joined him he greeted her with a smile. “I was worried that
you wouldn’t notice me.”
“I didn’t for a moment,” she admitted.
“You’ve been to the old house?”
“Yes. How did you know?”
“I was watching from the bushes.”
“You don’t miss much that happens here.”
“I missed preventing that second murder last night,”
he said, his face shadowing. “I blame myself for that.”
“Isn’t it dreadful!” she said. “That poor boy!”
“It’s a pattern,” Quentin said with a frown. “My fear
is that other murders are still to come.”
“Oh, no!”
His youthful face was gloomy. “You must be prepared
for it. Was the sheriff difficult? Do you think he is going
to try and blame the crimes on Jekyll?”
“I’m worried,” she admitted. “I’d say it was leading to
that.”
“Exactly what the real murderer wants.”
She nodded. “And that’s why the crimes have been
committed in this weird fashion. I mean, they’ve both re-
sembled the murders that Henry’s father was guilty of.”
Quentin gave her a shrewd glance. “Of course you’re
right. Someone has carefully read the accounts of ‘Dr.
Jekyll and Mr. Hyde’ and they are modeling the murders
here in the same way. The killer is even wearing a disguise
to suggest Mr. Hyde.”
“With the sole intent of having Henry blamed,” she
said.
They were standing in the shadow of the trees so that
they could see Collinwood without being seen by anyone
in the old mansion. Quentin looked at her with troubled
eyes. “You are sure Henry Jekyll isn’t suffering from his
father’s madness? That he isn’t the criminal?”
“I’m positive of it!”
Quentin arched an eyebrow. “Is he also so positive on
the question?”
Her cheeks went warm. She looked down. “He has
lived with the shame of his father so long he has come to
doubt himself. His health hasn’t been perfect and he is
almost too ready to look for defects in his character.”
"In other words, he has some doubts about whether he has the same affliction as his father?"
"Yes. But he is wrong."
"I hope that is so," Quentin said with a frown.
She stared up into his good-looking face. "Are you going to show yourself at the house again?"
He smiled bleakly. "Is your father expecting me?"
"Yes. He's still sure you're a detective of some sort."
Quentin laughed. "I'm afraid Paul Faron, private investigator, has vanished for all time."
"He even spoke to the sheriff about you."
"That won't be helpful," Quentin said dryly. "I should really get away from here with all this trouble. Unfortunately, I've taken a liking to you and I'm worried about what may happen to you and Jekyll."
"You're a strange person."
"That I can never argue," he said lightly. "Never try to understand me. I'm not an uncomplicated character like Barnabas, bent on doing good. In my day I've enjoyed being thoroughly evil."
"I hardly consider Barnabas uncomplicated," she protested.
"His character is much more stable than mine," Quentin warned her. "Surely you've heard the legends about me."
"I've heard about the wolf curse put on you. I don't believe it."
His expression was one of ironical amusement. "I wish I didn't. For a little I was very bitter. Those were my truly criminal days. Now I attempt to enjoy the existence allowed me and make amends for some of those past actions."
"And that is why you have decided to help Henry and me?"
"Yes."
"I'm grateful," she said, "and I trust you. But why can't you return as Paul Faron?"
"The sheriff might see through my little act," Quentin said. "And it might make it awkward when I want to get away. I expect to leave in a hurry as soon as the murders are solved."
She said, "I think my uncle Stephen is the killer." And she went on to explain why.

Quentin listened carefully. "You might be right."
"If so, there should be no more killings," she pointed out. "Who else has he to fear?"

"The trouble with most murderers," Quentin warned her, "is that they never know when to call a halt to their killing. If Stephen should be guilty he may strike again without any reason other than his hatred for them. His success to date will have made him sure of himself."

Fear showed on her attractive face. "I'd say he hates my father and all of us. He's been treated like the drunkard he is and he resents it."

"You must be very careful."
"Should I tell my suspicions to the sheriff?"

Quentin considered. "I don't think that would help. But I am going to let you in on a secret that may prove valuable to you."

Her eyebrows lifted. "What sort of secret?"

"It has to do with the chapel," Quentin said. "Come with me."

She followed him through the thicket of trees to the entrance of the chapel. When they entered the shadowed, gothic structure she couldn't restrain a shudder recalling her eerie experience there such a short while ago. But with Quentin at her side she knew there was no need to be frightened.

"Down here behind the organ there is a hidden panel," he informed her as they marched along the center aisle to the altar. His voice sounded hollow in the empty, high-ceilinged structure.

"A hidden panel?" she questioned.

"It's unknown to most of the family," Quentin told her. "But it leads to an underground passage which connects with the main cellars of Collinwood."

They had stepped up by the organ now and Quentin was running a hand along the wood-paneled wall. All at once a section of the wall swung inward to reveal a secret door.

"No one ever mentioned it before!" she gasped.

Quentin smiled. "It's a fairly well kept secret of the
family. But it could come in handy should you be in trouble either here or at Collinwood and require a means of escape."

"The passage must be long, dark and scary."

"It is," he agreed. "But there is a shelf just inside the door here with a supply of candles and matches. And you'll find one at the other end of the passage, which opens in the wine cellar at Collinwood. There are matches and candles there also."

"Thank you for telling me," she said.

"I meant to do it the other day," he said, "but there was no time."

"I'll probably not have any use for it."

"You never know," Quentin said. "It is my suggestion that you use it to go back to the house now. I'll accompany you part way so you won't be too nervous."

She hesitated. "There's no need."

"I disagree. You should become familiar with the route," Quentin said.

"If you feel so strongly about it," she said reluctantly. "Fine," Quentin said. "Step inside."

She did and he followed her. The passage seemed to be lined with brick and had a rounded ceiling. He showed her the shelf inside the door and quickly touched a match to two of the short white candles. He gave her one and kept the other. Then he closed the panel after them.

"I'll go first," he said, and started along the low, narrow passage. She followed with pounding heart.

There were steps leading almost straight down and then she could tell they were walking underground, deep beneath the lawns and the frozen snow. The brick walls of the low, narrow tunnel were damp and cruelly cold when she touched them. They had a kind of slimy feel which revolted her.

"Is it very far?" she gasped.

"We're almost half way to Collinwood," Quentin said over his shoulder, his tall figure outlined by the candle's faint glow, his back bent slightly to accommodate his height to the tunnel.

They walked on a moment or two more and then he
halted and turned to face her. She stared at him anxiously, "What now?"

"You'll have to finish the journey alone. It's only a short distance," Quentin said.

Fear suddenly assailed her. "No!"

"You don't have to be afraid of this place," he told her. "I'd go with you but it might be risky for me."

"Can't I return with you?"

"You mustn't be childish about this," he reproved her. "I'll wait in the passage for a little. If anything should scare you just cry out and I'll come to your aid."

She listened without believing him, convinced that his words were meant simply to bolster her courage. Once he left her, he would quickly return to the chapel and vanish. But she edged past him, shrinking from the damp wall and found herself walking on in the silent, shadowed place.

She paused and looked back once. She saw the distant glow of his candle and was slightly reassured. Then she moved on. All sorts of visions of phantoms came into her head. Perspiration formed at her temples in spite of the cold dampness of the tunnel.

Continuing on, she came to a bend in the underground passage. She glanced behind her but there was no longer any possibility of seeing Quentin. He was lost to her view.

She forced herself forward, the hand holding the candle trembling. And then she came to a halt with a cry of alarm. There in the tunnel directly in front of her, with a bottle up to his lips, was her uncle Stephen. Uncle Stephen, who she was almost certain was the murderer.

He had heard her cry and now he turned to glare at her with a look of terrifying hatred! The look of a killer!
CHAPTER TEN

“How dare you spy on me?” he cried.
“I wasn’t!” she protested.
“What right have you to be down here?” Stephen went on with drunken dignity. “This is no place for you. Your father would forbid it!”

She was caught without an explanation. She couldn’t tell him that Quentin had led her into the tunnel. She could see that Stephen was enraged, but perhaps he was not ready to kill her yet.

“She said, “I came down to the cellar and found this passage. I decided to explore it.”
“It could be dangerous for you,” Stephen said sharply, hiding the bottle behind him as best he could.
“I had no idea you were down here.”
“Let’s not discuss it,” he said, slurring it a little. “Go back upstairs.”
“Yes. I will,” she agreed quickly. And she hurried by him to the opening that led into the wine cellar. She doubted if he had ever bothered to find out that the tunnel led to the chapel. He was too occupied with his alcoholism.

She quickly made her way through the main cellar and up a stairway to the rear hall. There she took off her coat and scarf and then went up the back stairs to her bedroom. When she entered her room she was startled to find Ada standing there.

Her foster sister seemed contrite. “I’ve been waiting for you,” she said.
“Oh?” Emily put her things down on a nearby chair.
Ada went on, “I suppose you’ve been to see Henry Jekyll at the old house.”
“What if I have?”

“Please don’t be angry because I’ve mentioned it,” Ada begged. “I don’t want to quarrel with you about it.”

Emily found this hard to believe. “You have before,” she reminded her.

“Only for your good.”

“I prefer to decide what is best for me.”

Ada looked unhappy. “I know this is very difficult for you. And I’d like to help.”

“You can best do that by not interfering.”

“I’ve felt that same way when you’ve warned me against Stephen,” Ada said. “So I know how you feel.”

“I still say Stephen is bad for you,” Emily told her. She could hardly denounce him as the murderer, but she was positive the proof of this would soon be available. She’d been lucky in the cellar that he was too sodden with drink to be ready to turn on her.

“Let’s not discuss Stephen,” Ada said. “Let’s concentrate on you. I was right when I said Paul Faron was Quentin. And you know how quickly he vanished. I’ll warn you about Barnabas and that Henry Jekyll now. When things become too warm for them they’ll disappear in the same way. You’re only opening yourself to heartbreak to fall in love with that Jekyll.”

“I no more want to talk about him than you do about Stephen.”

“I’m sorry,” Ada said sadly. “I’ll not bring it up again. But while we’re not blood sisters, I feel the same as if we were. I love you and want to help you.”

“Oh, Ada,” Emily said remorsefully, “I appreciate what you’ve been trying to do.”

Ada came to her and put an arm around her. “Nothing must happen to you!”

“Don’t worry.”

“Make Jekyll prove his innocence of the crimes before you give your heart to him.”

“I’m sure he had nothing to do with the murders.”

Ada frowned. “His father was a notorious killer. Can the son have entirely escaped the taint?”

“I think so.”
“The murders here so resemble the Jekyll and Hyde crimes in London. Have you thought of that?”

“You’ve mentioned that before.” Emily’s tone was again chilly.

“Doesn’t it worry you?”

“I believe the murderer is deliberately using that similarity to point guilt at Henry Jekyll.”

“Has he suggested that?”

“No. It’s my own thought.”

Ada for the first time showed interest. “I suppose you could be on the right track.”

“I feel sure I am.”

The dark girl gave her a questioning glance. “Then you must have some hint as to who the real killer is.”

“I have a suspicion. Nothing more.”

“No proof?”

Emily shook her head. “I’m afraid not.”

Ada hesitated, then she said, “If you want to confide in me perhaps I may be able to help.”

“I wouldn’t want to burden you with it.”

“I don’t mind.”

But Emily knew it would only result in bad feelings between them again if she revealed that she believed Stephen was the murderer. Ada would not listen to that.

She said, “I’m sorry. I’ll have to keep it to myself for the moment.”

“I see,” Ada said, disappointed. Then more cordially, she added, “Just remember I’m here to help you whenever you decide you need it.”

“I will,” Emily said sincerely. “And I agree we shouldn’t quarrel any more.”

When Ada left her, Emily speculated on what the next development would be. She had an idea that Stephen might soon decide to strike again and that this time she could very well be his next victim. She’d have to be especially cautious.

After dinner that evening Emily’s father gathered the family in the living room to give them his latest views of the terror that had come to shadow Collinwood.

Standing directly under one of the cut-glass chandeliers
he said, "The sheriff is turning from the belief that a tramp committed the murders. He now thinks they were done by someone on the estate."

Stephen was leaning drunkenly against the stone fireplace. "That does narrow down the field."

Charles Collins glared at his younger brother. "We are fully aware of that." He turned to the rest of them. "I may say he is very suspicious of Barnabas. And he also has serious doubts about this young Dr. Jekyll."

Frank said, "What about the rest of us? Or some of the servants?"

His father frowned. "I’m mentioning the most obvious suspects. Of course we’re all under suspicion until the killer is found."

Emily’s mother asked, "What ever happened to that pleasant Mr. Faron?"

Charles Collins looked embarrassed. "I’d say he was around. It wouldn’t surprise me if he turned up at any time."

"It would me," Stephen Collins sneered.

Ada, who had been silent until this moment, gave the young man a warning glance, then asked, "What about the skating party?"

Emily’s mother gasped. "Well, naturally, you won’t be having it."

Frank said, "The sheriff said we could. He thinks it’s a good idea to go on just as if nothing had happened. If we all huddle in the house by ourselves the murderer may not come out into the open."

Charles Collins was looking stern. "I heard his discussion with you about that," he admitted. "While I don’t see it his way, there may be some sense to the suggestion. So you do plan to hold the party at the pond tomorrow night?"

Frank nodded. "The ice is good and I have the sheriff’s permission."

"It seems cruel and heartless," Rebecca complained.

"Not if it offers an opportunity to trap the killer," Charles Collins said grimly. "We’ll have to take it for granted the sheriff knows what he is doing."

"I’m all for the party," Stephen said, his voice thick. 123
“We need to get some fresh air in our lungs. And we’ll have a bonfire by the lake and some good liquor to keep us warm!”

His older brother shot him an angry glance. “You seem able to find that inside or out.”

“My peculiar talent, Brother Charles,” Stephen jeered. Emily listened to the exchange with a sinking heart. Her father was needling Stephen too much. Didn’t he realize he was dealing with a killer?

She left the group and went over by the living room window. She didn’t dare hope that Barnabas would drop by. The police would be calling at the old house; that might take a long while. After a while she quietly made her way up to her bedroom, but she didn’t attempt to go to bed. She sat down to read, but wasn’t able to concentrate. She went to the window and stared out. It was a dark night without a moon. An ominous, brooding night. The feeling that some unknown danger was building continued to nag her.

After a little she heard the voices of her mother and father in the hall and knew that they had come up to bed. Then she listened as her brother Frank exchanged good-nights with Ada. Everyone had come upstairs except Stephen. His room was on the third floor.

Gradually an idea was forming in her mind. And it depended on Stephen remaining downstairs in his drunken state. His bedroom was on the floor above hers. If she could quietly go up and take a look around the room perhaps she might locate the crude disguise he had worn to make him resemble the murderous Mr. Hyde.

The more she considered this the more logical it became for her. She was sure he’d not come upstairs. And perhaps he’d remain asleep in one of the chairs in the living room for half the night. He often did. This was her chance. She went to the dresser and opened the drawer to get a candle and matches. Then she quickly crossed to the door and let herself out into the hall.

Only a dim lamp burned at the landing to give the silent and deserted halls a ghostly light. With a tense expression on her pretty face she mounted the stairs to the next floor. When she reached Stephen’s room she paused in the dark
hall to strike a match and light the candle she'd brought with her. Then very slowly she turned the door knob and opened the door.

His room was in darkness. She advanced inside with the candle giving only a weak guide to her surroundings. Everything seemed neat enough, with the bed turned down and ready. She saw the closet door and decided it would be the most likely place to locate the disguise. Her nerves on edge, she went over to the door and opened it. There was a rack heavy with clothing and she had to rummage through the items to see if there was any sign of the Mr. Hyde outfit.

She didn't find it. Next she gave her attention to a shelf above. But it contained only hats and none like the battered, black stovepipe hat which the murdered Ernie had claimed he'd seen on the killer. Feeling let down, she searched through some items thrown carelessly on the floor. Her only find was a half-filled whiskey bottle neatly hidden by a pile of dirty shirts.

Frustrated, she gave up the search. Stephen was too wily to leave the disguise where it could easily be found. Perhaps in one of the attic rooms or somewhere outside Collinwood he had it ready to use again. She crossed the shadowed room and went back out into the hall.

She'd taken only a few steps when the cold hand of fear touched her. She was being followed. As panic welled up inside her she quickened her step. When she was almost at the head of the stairs, she glanced around and saw the crouched figure of the monster close at her heels.

A scream escaped her lips as the creature sprang. Rough hands shoved her and sent her toppling down the steep stairway. She screamed again and then lost consciousness.

She came to before anyone reached her. Her head and side were aching and she moaned as she crawled to the bottom step and dragged herself up to a sitting position. One of her elbows was scraped and bleeding. She sat there gazing at it with dull eyes.

Her father was the first to arrive. "What happened?" he asked.

Now the shock began to fade and terror of that hideous monster surged through her. Sobbing, she told her father,
“Someone pushed me down the stairs. A small, ugly man. I’m sure it was the murderer!”

Charles Collins looked astonished. “Here in this house?”

She nodded and buried her eyes in a hankie she’d dug from her dress pocket. “Up there!”

“You’re sure?”

“Yes!”

Her brother Frank came up. “What’s all the row?”

“Emily says the murderer is up on the third floor,” his father said, staring up at the shadows at the top of the steep stairs.

“We’ll soon see!” Frank exclaimed and rushed up the stairs.

“Careful!” Charles Collins shouted and followed him.

Emily controlled her sobs and got to her feet as her mother and then Ada came to question her. She tried to convey what had happened in as few words as possible but they didn’t seem to understand. Meanwhile she could hear her father and Frank exchanging shouts on the upper floor.

They were still waiting for the two men to come down when Stephen came weaving up from the ground floor. He stood unsteadily on the landing, his hand on a newel post to balance himself.

“What’s the big commotion?” he demanded thickly.

“Keep on like this you’ll have all the servants roused!”

Ada gave him a placating glance. “It’s nothing.”

Staring at his red face and bloodshot eyes, Emily decided that if he were pretending he was managing it very well. If it had been he who’d pushed her down the stairs he must have gotten rid of his disguise and hurried down the back steps. Then after waiting for a suitable time he was putting in an appearance now.

Emily asked him, “Have you been downstairs all the while?”

“I have,” he said with drunken dignity. “Why?”

Her father came down the stairway with a stern expression on his lined face. “There’s no one up there,” he announced. “We made a thorough search. You must have imagined you saw someone and stumbled down the stairs.”

“I saw him,” she insisted. “A shriveled man with an ugly face!”

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“You’ve been hearing too many descriptions of the murderer,” her father suggested.

Frank rejoined them. “If anyone was up there, he got away.”

“He must have,” she said, looking to her brother for confirmation and some sympathy. “I know I saw him and I was shoved.”

“Are you all right?” Frank asked with concern, now that the search for her attacker was over.

“Aside from a few cuts and bruises, yes,” she said.

Ada said, “You could have been killed. That’s a steep fall.”

“It’s a wonder you weren’t,” Rebecca said. “What were you doing up there at this time of night?”

All at once Emily felt trapped. She saw the bloodshot eyes of Stephen fixed on her with hatred, daring her to admit that she had gone up there to search his room.

After a second, she said weakly, “I was in the hall and thought I heard a moan from up there. I went up to investigate.”

Stephen smiled at her nastily. “That’s a good story,” he challenged her. “You sure it wasn’t your friend Barnabas you were up there to meet? He’s the one prowls around at night.”

Charles Collins gave his younger brother a threatening look. “I’ll thank you not to bother this girl,” he said. “We don’t need you here!”

“Excellent!” Stephen said. “Goodnight, everyone!” And he went on up the stairs to his room.

“We should all return to our beds,” Emily’s mother said unhappily. “I don’t dare think what may happen here next.”

Charles Collins frowned. “We’re letting our nerves get the better of us. Nothing will be gained by our panicking.”

“If Emily heard someone groaning up there, it wasn’t a question of her panicking!” Frank reproved his father.

“If she did!” Charles Collins snapped. “In my opinion she imagined the sound and then became terrified after she went up there. It’s an easy matter to stumble on the stairs.”

Emily felt crushed. “Must you insist that I stumbled, father?”

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"Yes," he said. "We'll talk about it more in the morn¬ing. Now I say we should take your mother's advice and go to our rooms and try and get some sleep."

She saw it would be useless to argue with him, so she meekly went to her own room accompanied by Ada. The dark-haired girl lingered at the door, all sympathy now.

"Do you want me to stay in your room with you for the night?" she asked.

Emily shook her head. "I'll be all right."

"I wouldn't mind," Ada said.

"No."

Ada stared at her as they stood in the murky light of the hallway. She asked anxiously, "Did you really see someone?"

"I did."

"And you were shoved?"

"Yes," she said bitterly. "Even though father refuses to accept it."

"Did you get a good look at the man's face?"

"Not really. It was yellowish and horribly ugly," Emily said. "It all happened in a second."

"I'm sorry," Ada apologized. "I didn't mean to bring it back to you." And she said goodnight and went back up the hall to her own bedroom.

Again Emily placed a chair against the door before getting into bed. It wasn't much protection, but at least she would hear the noise if someone tried to force the door. For a long time she lay awake, thoroughly shaken. And she couldn't get the vision of that malevolent figure out of her mind.

Barnabas had not gotten in touch with her. This also was a worry. She could only guess that the sheriff had visited the old house to question them again and this had prevented Barnabas from coming to Collinwood. Perhaps later in the night! He never slept until the dawn. With this thought giving her some small comfort, she fell into a restless sleep.

In the morning her father made no reference to the fall she'd taken at all. This did not surprise her. When Charles Collins couldn't explain anything he deliberately closed his eyes to it. He left soon after breakfast to go to his office in
the village. She didn’t bring up the incident either, except
to answer queries from Ada and her mother as to how she
felt.

She was standing staring out the living room window at
a lazy fall of snow when her brother, Frank, came up to
stand beside her. His boyish face showed that he was wor¬
ried.

“I’ve been thinking about last night,” he said.
She turned to him. “What about it?”
“I think father is wrong to insist that you stumbled
rather than being shoved by someone.”
“Thanks,” she said ruefully.
“I have an idea about who may have been responsible,”
he said, his eyes solemn.
“Really?”
“Yes.”
“Who?”
“I’d rather not mention any names yet,” he said. “Not
until I’m more certain.”
“I see,” she said, slightly disappointed. She had hoped
he was going to tell her it was Stephen he suspected.
“But I’m following my idea through,” he promised her.
“Maybe by tonight I’ll be able to say more.”
“I hope so.” Turning to gaze at the large flakes of fall¬
ing snow, she asked, “Will this snow spoil the skating
party?”
“No,” Frank said. “It isn’t the sort of storm to last.
I’m going down to the pond to help make preparations
when I leave here. It will take most of the day. There’s
firewood to be gathered and we have to clear some snow
away.”
“The sheriff really thinks you should have it?”
“That’s what he said.”

They talked about the events for the night. The kitchen
staff were providing hot drinks and food. The annual affair
had always been a high spot of the season, but the mur¬
ders were bound to cast gloom over the festivities. She
waited until Frank left and then she decided to go out for
a stroll.

Without realizing it, she walked in the direction of the
chapel. When she reached it she stood outside, not want-
ing to go in. It seemed to be always associated with some frightening episode. Suddenly she heard a crunch of footsteps in the snow and glanced to see that it was Henry.

In his dark coat and black hat he was an impressive figure, very much the professional man. His pale face showed satisfaction as he said, "I hoped I might find you here."

"I just happened to wander this way," she marveled. "Our minds must have somehow communicated."

"Perhaps."

"How did you make out with the sheriff last night?"

He looked unhappy. "He questioned us for ages. I'd say he spent more time with me than on Barnabas. He wanted to know a lot about my father and London. I have an idea he sees me as the murderer."

"He's wrong," she said. "The murderer attacked me in the house last night."

The young man looked shocked. "What happened?"

She told him, ending with, "Of course father insists it was all my nerves."

"So that won't be much help."

"Frank sees things my way, at least. And just a short time ago he said he thought he knew who the killer is. He's keeping on trying to get evidence against him."

"A pretty hopeless task."

"Barnabas didn't come to Collinwood last night."

"No," Henry replied with a sigh. "After the sheriff left it was late. He spoke of going to the village."

"Did he have any ideas about what we should do?"

"None that he mentioned," the young doctor said. "He seemed very upset."

"There's a skating party at the pond beyond the stables tonight," she said. "Everyone will be there. You and Barnabas must come. It will give us a chance to talk without drawing attention to ourselves. The sheriff is allowing the party because he thinks the murderer may show up there."

Dr. Jekyll's pale face showed perplexity. "I can't follow that thinking," he confessed.

"I'm not sure I do. But they're having the party anyway. I think it will be less fun than other years. Too many
of us will be thinking about what happened to Susie and Ernie."

"No question of that," he said. "But you will tell Barnabas about it and see that he comes?"

"I'll tell him," Henry promised. "I feel it is important he should be there," Emily said earnestly.

"Very well."

"At least the sheriff hasn't made any charge against you."

He shrugged. "He can do that at any moment. If things were different I'd leave here at once. My whole plan of losing myself where I wouldn't be known has been ruined. Everyone in the village has heard I'm the son of the notorious Dr. Jekyll by now."

"Do you think it's that bad?"

"After a second murder? And all the gossip that is bound to go the rounds about me. What chance would I have of setting up a practice here now?"

"If the real killer is found it would make all the difference," she pointed out.

"I can't see that happening," he said bitterly. "It's much more likely I'll be charged and perhaps convicted."

She frowned. "If you feel so sure of that, you ought to get away at once."

"I can't desert Barnabas," he said, "and I can't desert you."

"You should think of yourself first," she protested. "Barnabas will manage. He did before he met you. And I will be all right and I'll wait until this all is forgotten. Then you can have me meet you somewhere."

He shook his head. "It wouldn't do."

"You want to be a martyr?"

"No. But I have my own ideas of loyalty. I won't abandon them." He took her in his arms for a brief kiss. "Now I must get back to the old house."

"I'll see you at the skating party."

"Yes." He left her and in a moment had vanished in the bushes. He would use a circuitous route to make his way back to the old house unobserved. She watched him go
with a feeling of depression. So many of the things he'd said had underlined the desperation of their plight.

She was so lost in her thoughts that she was completely unprepared for what happened next. Without warning she was seized from behind and a hand covered her mouth to stifle any scream while another tightened around her body.
CHAPTER ELEVEN

Sheer terror showed in her tormented eyes as she attempted to scream and escape the powerful hands of her attacker. Being trapped this way in broad daylight had never occurred to her, yet this was an isolated place, hidden from the mansion by the barrier of trees. She had ventured there once too often and now she was about to pay for her indiscretion!

She pictured her attacker as the wizened, ugly monster of the night before and wondered at his strength. Then to her utter surprise she was released as quickly as she'd been attacked. A ripple of easy laughter rang out from behind her as she staggered forward, dazed but free.

Emily turned and saw the tall figure of Quentin Collins. His good-looking face showed a mocking smile. "I hope that will teach you a lesson, Emily. You're still taking too many chances."

She gasped with indignation. "You did that as a prank!"

"Something more than a mere prank. Call it a lesson," he said coolly.

She went up to him in a rage and began pounding her fists against his heavy fur coat. "You! You scoundrel!"

"I like a girl with spirit," he said, stepping back.

Emily was near tears. "How could you do this to me?"

"I found it easy after watching you play that touching romantic scene with Jekyll," Quentin said. "You made me jealous."

"They're right," she said. "You are a heartless scoundrel!"

"I have never denied it."

"I thought you were my friend."

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"So did I," Quentin said. "But you didn't give me an invitation to attend the skating party. Yet I heard you pressing Barnabas and your doctor to come."

"And that is why you scared me out of my wits?"

"Partly," he said. "And partly to remind you that a murderer is still loose on the estate. He could have been here instead of me. By now you would be stretched out on the snow a corpse."

She knew what he was saying was true. And in spite of her rage she couldn't help liking the devil-may-care young man. She said, "It was a cruel way to offer me a warning."

"Yet I wager you'll remember it longer than any other sort I might have given you."

"That is all too likely."

He smiled at her. "Nothing was damaged but your feelings. And you caused me some hurt. However, I'll tell you now, I am going to attend that party at the pond tonight whether I'm invited or not."

"You know you're welcome if you want to attend."

"Thank you. The invitation is late and grudging but better than not having one," he told her in his mocking way.

"Can't you ever be serious?"

"I'm serious now."

"I don't believe it," she said. And she told him of her close encounter with death the night before.

When she'd finished, he said, "You shouldn't have taken it on yourself to go up to Stephen's room alone. That's the kind of risk I'm trying to cure you of taking."

"Someone has to prove him guilty."

"Isn't that the sheriff's job?"

"I don't depend on him," she said with disgust.

"And there's me. And Barnabas. Not to mention this doctor you seem to see with such starry eyes."

She smiled at him forlornly. "You're still jealous."

"I am," he said with mock gravity. "But I'll not allow it to stop me trying to help you."

"You're very kind," she mocked him in return.

Quentin's eyes were twinkling. "It is my failing. Now I'm going to escort you within sight of the main house and watch until I see you safely inside."
She looked up at him. "You're still not returning to Collinwood?"

"Not just now," he said. "Let's waste no more time."

He walked with her until they were beyond the elm trees and then he stood and waited until she was at the front door of Collinwood. She waved to him and he waved in return. And she went inside.

Her encounter with Quentin had ended with her feeling less tense than for some time. There was a suggestion of quiet strength in his manner which he managed to transfer to her. Although she did not feel she could ever rely on him as she did on Barnabas, she knew he was a good friend.

As evening drew close, the excitement of the coming party began to fill the old mansion. Everyone would make an appearance at the pond, even her mother and father. They would only remain there for a while, but the younger generation would continue to enjoy the festivities until it was late.

Emily was dressing for dinner when the maid, Molly, came up to turn down the bed and leave the jug of hot water that was always set on the bureau at night. Molly explained, "I've come earlier than usual tonight because of getting ready for the party on the ice."

Emily smiled. "I hope you have a good time."

"Yes, miss," the girl said, pausing by the foot of the bed. "Some think it's wrong to have it, with the murders and all. But most of us feel a bit of fun won't do any harm."

"That's probably true."

"Will you be there, miss?"

"Yes," she said with a smile.

"Some are going in costume," the maid said, her eyes bright with excitement. "But I'm not. What are you wearing, miss?"

"I'll not be in costume," she said. "I'll wear my gray coat with the white fur trim and a white woolen scarf for my head along with white gloves."

"I'll be looking for you," the maid promised. "Cook has prepared a lot of dainties and some hot stew for the
men. And there will be hot cider and tea or coffee if you want it."

"It sounds exciting," Emily said.
"Cook thinks it will be better than last year. At least the food and drink will," Molly said. And with that she hurried off.

Dinner was marred by Charles Collins sternly announcing, "There was trouble in the village last night."

Emily asked her father, "What sort of trouble?"

He eyed her grimly. "The sort that might be expected with Barnabas here. A young girl was attacked on her way home from a church social. She was found in a faint at her doorway. And there was a red mark on her throat."

Ada said, "That sounds as if she'd met Barnabas."

"She wasn't really harmed, was she?" Emily asked quickly, thinking of her recent experience with Barnabas.

Her father scowled. "She was weak and upset. Unfortunately she hadn't seen her attacker and couldn't describe him, or the sheriff would have been out here for Barnabas by now."

Emily's mother said, "If the girl didn't see her attacker, how can you blame it on Barnabas? It could have been anyone!"

"I think you know my reasons well enough without my explaining again," her father said indignantly.

When dinner was over Frank announced, "The sleigh will be at the front door in a half-hour, I want you all to be ready so we can go in one trip."

Emily at once went up to her room and dressed. She was on her way downstairs when Ada came down the hall with a troubled look on her pretty face. Emily was surprised that her foster sister wasn't dressed for the party.

"You should be ready to leave," she told her.

"I'm not going," Ada said.

"Why not?"

"Stephen."

"Oh?"

"I don't have to tell you," Ada said with despair. "He's in his room dead drunk."

"I'm sorry," she said.

"It's an old story. I suppose I deserve it," Ada lamented.
“Why don’t you come anyway?”
“I wouldn’t enjoy myself.” Ada sighed. “You go along. Stephen and I won’t be missed.”

Emily said doubtfully, “If you change your mind you could walk over. It’s not really that far . . . though I suppose it would be risky. There’s the murderer to think about.”

“I’ll not be going,” Ada said. “Don’t worry about me. I’ll stay here and keep an eye on Stephen.”

When Emily went down to join the others she told them about Ada. Her father snorted with disgust. “Trust that fellow to try and spoil the evening!”

The sleigh was a big yellow two-seater with buffalo robes to keep them warm. When they were all safely tucked in the driver loosened the reins and the big sleigh moved off lightly over the snow. Emily sat close to her brother. She liked sleigh rides, and listening to the tinkling bells on the harness of the horses she wished that this was going to be a longer one.

Frank smiled at her. “It’s a good night for the party. Lucky that cold snap is over.”

“This is perfect,” she agreed, looking up at the stars.

Within a few minutes they came in sight of the pond. It was in a clearing with the stables on one side and trees on the other. The pond was not too deep and almost completely circular. At this time in the winter the ice was frozen well. Giant flares had been set out around the lake and there was a huge bonfire at one end where the cook had put up tables for food and drink.

The ice was already filled with skaters of all ages. Seated on an upturned wooden crate near the bonfire, an elderly gardener played the accordion. Strains of the “Skater’s Waltz” wafted over the pond. Emily and Frank at once put on their skates and made for the ice. Charles Collins and his wife joined the older people by the bonfire to watch.

As Emily made her first spin around the pond she caught a glimpse of Sheriff Donovan in earnest conversation with her father. So the sheriff had considered it worth his while to be on hand for the event. Did he really expect something to happen, she wondered?
The ice became more crowded. Some of the servants had put on makeshift costumes of clowns and Alpine peasants and there was talk that later there would be a display of fireworks.

The evening passed quickly. Emily kept watching for Barnabas or Henry Jekyll but saw no sign of them. The sheriff had also gone away somewhere. She was at the end of the pond by the bonfire getting a cup of hot coffee when her father came to tell her that he and her mother were going home.

"Your mother is getting chilled," he said.

"We'll stay a while longer," she told him, looking around for her brother. "Have you seen Frank?"

"No," her father said. "You can tell him we've left and be sure that he stays with you. Don't start for Collinwood without him. You know how risky that could be."

She smiled over her coffee cup. "You don't have to worry, father. Look how many are here! I won't be alone."

"Just be careful."

He left her and she finished her coffee. Before she returned to the ice she asked some people about Frank. One of the boys told her he thought her brother had gone with some of the men to get the fireworks from the stable. Content with this explanation, she returned to skating.

She was at the dark end of the pond opposite the bonfire when she saw the tall, broad-shouldered figure of Barnabas loom out from the darkness. She went to the edge of the bank to greet him. "Barnabas! I thought you'd never come."

He offered her one of his melancholy smiles. "I've been here some time, watching from the shadows. You seemed to be having such fun I hesitated to intrude on you."

"But I wanted to see you. Where is Henry?"

"He's not feeling well," Barnabas said. "He decided not to come."

A shadow of concern crossed her pretty face. "Another of his spells?"

"I'm afraid so. He had a blackout just after dinner tonight. They always upset him."

"The strain of the sheriff tormenting him with questions," she said angrily.
"Perhaps."
"He is all right now?"
"He seemed over the spell when I left," Barnabas said.
"But there are times when a second one soon follows. I
should go back to him shortly."
"Should I go, also?"
"No. He'd be troubled if he knew you'd found out
about it."
"But I want to help."
"You can best do that by allowing him to recover
quietly," Barnabas said. "Collinwood is a happy place
tonight. I wish it could be that way more often."
"Everyone seems to be having a good time in spite of
the murders," she agreed.
"I saw the sheriff with your father."
"Yes. Father and mother have gone home and I don't
know whether the sheriff is still here or not." She gave him
a demure glance. "Father mentioned a girl was attacked
in the village last night."
"Did he?" Barnabas' expression revealed nothing.
"I think it would be unwise to go there again tonight," she said.
"Do you think so?"
"Yes."
"I'll remember," he said. "I can't remain here any
longer. I have to stop by the house and see how Jekyll is
managing and then I may pay a short visit to Collinwood.
Uninvited and unseen of course. Where is Stephen?"
"Drunk, at home," she said with disgust. "And Ada
stayed with him."
"A strong-minded young woman," Barnabas said.
"She always has been something of a rebel. And she
loves Stephen regardless of what he is."
"Even though he may be the murderer?"
"She'd never believe that."
Barnabas said, "I hope it is soon settled. How are you
getting home?"
"Frank is somewhere around. I'll go with him."
"Do that," Barnabas said.
She smiled up at the man with the caped coat. "Quentin
said he was going to be here. But we haven't met yet."
"I doubt if you will. I have an idea the sheriff is looking for my wayward cousin."

"He may still come," she said. "He was quite definite in his promise."

"Quentin has been known to break promises," Barnabas warned her, "especially ones made to attractive young women like you."

Then he said goodnight and walked back into the shadows and vanished. Wistfully she watched him go. She still wanted to go to Henry, but she supposed that Barnabas was right. It would only further upset the young man.

Reluctantly she returned to her skating. She was moving around the pond to another lilting accordion tune when she was suddenly joined by a tall man in a mask and a ragged clown outfit. He linked his arm with hers as they moved along gracefully. She gave him a searching glance and then laughed. "Quentin!"

"You've spoiled my evening. I thought I was well disguised," he said.

"You are," she assured him. "But I knew it had to be you."

"I saw you talking with Barnabas," Quentin said as they skated on.

"You've been here a few minutes then?"

"Almost half an hour. But I kept out of your way."

"And I told him I didn't think you were going to come," she said. "He seemed to have the same idea. He said you often break promises."

"Barnabas is much too solemn," Quentin said. "Why didn't you make him put on skates?"

"I think he would if I asked him," Emily said. "But he had other important things to do. He's not irresponsible like you."

Quentin put his arm around her to swing her more gracefully as they neared the bonfire. "I'll remember that," he warned her. "And where is your romantic Doctor Jekyll?"

She hesitated, not wanting to reveal Henry's illness even to Quentin. "He couldn't come."

"I wonder how he managed to keep away with you here," Quentin teased her.
"And I hear the sheriff is looking for you. Better be careful or I'll inform on you."

Quentin's eyes were twinkling behind his mask as they neared the dark end of the pond. "I believe you would."

Just at that moment the first of the fireworks went flaming up into the air with a burst of red, gold and blue sparks and there were cries from the crowd gathered down there.

Emliy said, "Let's watch from here." And they came to a halt.

"Will this go on long?" Quentin asked.

"I don't know," she said. "My brother Frank is helping. I don't think it will be for more than five or ten minutes."

"Let's take off our skates," Quentin said. "I want to be ready to leave when the fireworks end."

"All right," she agreed. She was tired and knew that the party would break up with the fireworks over.

Quentin led her to the bank and then knelt to help remove her skates as the next burst of fireworks exploded in the dark sky. "This makes a fitting climax to the party," he said.

"Doesn't it," she said, watching the pattern of flames with bright eyes.

"There you are," Quentin said as he finished removing her skates. And then he sat on the snow to take his off.

"Why don't we walk down to the bonfire?" she suggested.

He hesitated. "I don't know."

"You won't be recognized in that outfit," she told him. "And I'd like to have you escort me to Frank. Then I'll be safe for the rest of the evening."

Quentin smiled. "If you put it that way. Come along. We'll skirt the edge of the pond."

They began walking around the pond toward the crowd assembled by the bonfire. Another brilliant display of sparks sailed through the air as more fireworks were touched off. Leaning on Quentin's arm for support over the rough surface of the frozen snow, she alternated between watching the display and the ground.

Quentin said, "There's another golden halo. It must be the final one!"
She was going to make a comment, but her attention had switched to the ground and in the bright illumination of this final burst of fireworks she saw something that made her cry out and halt.

Quentin turned at once. “What?”
“Look!” she pointed a trembling finger.
To the left of them, almost hidden by some bushes, was a motionless, bloody body. And it took her only seconds to recognize the battered form as her brother!
“No!” she protested weakly, slumping against Quentin.
He had quickly taken in the situation. Now he pushed her back almost roughly and ordered her, “Stay where you are!” And he rushed forward to the edge of the bushes where the body was and bent down by it.

The fireworks had ended and so had the accordion music. But the bonfire still burned brightly and a few skaters had taken to the ice again. Emily stood there numbed, thinking only of Frank but aware of their laughing voices as they moved around the pond.

Quentin returned to her and put an arm around her. “It’s bad,” he said. “You must find the sheriff.”
Emily stared at him dazedly as she asked, “Is Frank alive?”

Quentin shook his head. “I’m sorry.”
She began to sob.
His arm was still around her. “When did you last see the sheriff? Try to remember.”

She stifled her sobbing for a moment. “By the bonfire. A long while ago. He must have left.”
Quentin said, “I’ll take you to the bonfire. There will be someone there to look after you. Then I’m going to the village.”

“Don’t leave me!” she sobbed.
“I must.”
“Take me to the old house first,” she begged. “I want to let Barnabas know and Henry.”

Quentin stood there in mask and ragged clown outfit, a strange figure at this macabre moment. At last he said, “All right. If you’re sure you’re up to it.”
She glanced at her brother’s body in the bushes. “What about Frank?”
"No one can harm him now," Quentin said tautly. "Come along."

She realized the strength of the reckless young man. He was not allowing her to succumb to the hysteria to which she was dangerously close. She was so weak from shock he almost had to propel her along, using his arm as a support.

Nothing was said between them as they mounted the small snowy slope leading up from the pond. The voices of the skaters and the bright glare of the bonfire were left behind them. Now they were passing the stables and on their way to the old house.

They halted for a moment a short distance from the house. Emily took a deep breath that was close to a sob. "Why?" she asked Quentin. "Why Frank?"

"It's plain enough," Quentin said. "He was a threat to the murderer."

And then it all came back to her. Earlier in the day Frank had said then he thought he knew who the killer was, but hadn't been ready to name him.

"He'd found out who it was," she said. "But he wasn't able to tell me."

"It had to be that."

"And Stephen pretended to be drunk tonight and stayed at the house," she said. "He must have somehow sneaked over to the pond and waited for a chance to attack Frank."

"Didn't you say Ada had remained at the house with Stephen? She'd know if he left."

"No," Emily said bitterly. "He deceives her without any trouble at all. He'd find it easy to slip away without her finding out."

"Has the sheriff questioned Stephen?"

"Not particularly. He just talked to him along with the rest of us."

"He should do it now."

"Yes," she said in a tense whisper. "Yes!"

"Feel able to continue?"

She nodded and they moved on. As usual the old house seemed dark and deserted. They mounted the steps and Quentin knocked on the door. As they waited he removed
the mask from his face. Emily was trembling uncontrollably now. There was the sound of footsteps and the door opened to reveal Barnabas.

The moment she saw him Emily thought he looked badly upset. She assumed it was because of their unexpected arrival and the tear-stained picture she must present.

Quentin lost no time telling him, “Frank was murdered at the pond. We found his body just now. Emily asked me to bring her here to you.”

Barnabas looked more shocked. He opened the door wider. “Come in.”

She let Quentin help her down the dark hall to a chair in the living room. Then she looked up at Barnabas and said, “I can’t get my thoughts straight. But I knew you should be told.”

“I’m glad you came here,” he said quietly.

Quentin gave him a significant glance. “I’m moving on to the village.”

“Very well.”

Quentin turned to her. “You’re in good hands. I’ll be in touch with you later on. And remember, you’re in worse danger than before. Don’t forget your own safety in your grief for Frank.”

She bent her head. “I know,” she said in a low voice.

She heard Quentin say something to Barnabas in a low voice and then he left. Barnabas went to the sideboard and poured out a drink in a large goblet and brought it over to her.

“Here is some brandy,” he said. “Take it. It will help.”

She accepted it without a word and began sipping the burning amber liquid. After a few minutes the brandy warmed her. She began to think with some coherence. And looking up into the handsome face of Barnabas, she asked, “Where is Henry?”

Barnabas hesitated, then said quietly, “He’s missing.”

“Missing?”

“He was gone when I came back. He must have had another blackout and wandered off. He hasn’t returned.”
CHAPTER TWELVE

It was a final blow for Emily. She let the big goblet with its tiny residue of brandy drop and crash on the hardwood floor with a tinkle of broken glass. Paying no attention to what had happened, she stared up at the sallow, melancholy face of the man in the caped coat.

In a hushed voice, she said, "Then he was out somewhere when Frank was killed."

"Yes."

Fear mingled with despair on her pretty face. And in a faltering voice, she asked, "You don't think...?" She couldn't finish the question.

Barnabas looked grave. "You're asking me if he could have killed Frank?"

She bent her head again. In a small voice, she said, "Yes."

"Let us say he had the opportunity," Barnabas said slowly. "He must be roaming around the grounds. And very likely he's still in the mental fog caused by those spells."

"And if he killed Frank then he may have murdered the others," she said raising her eyes to gaze at Barnabas again.

"If you think him capable of one murder you could easily carry it far enough to accuse him of the three killings."

"What do you believe?"

"Right now, I'm puzzled," Barnabas confessed. "But I'll still defend Henry Jekyll. I think the murders have been too obviously designed to be blamed on him. His becoming ill again at the time of your brother's killing is probably just an unhappy coincidence."
“I want to believe that,” she said in a hushed voice.  
“But we’re still in the dark,” Barnabas said. “I’m terri-
bly sorry about Frank. And Quentin is right. It means you
are in more danger. Everyone at Collinwood is.”

Suddenly they heard the front door open and close. Her
eyes met Barnabas’ in a mutual look of understanding. She
jumped to her feet and Barnabas quickly moved to the
doorway. Footsteps came slowly down the dark corridor
and then Henry Jekyll came into view, staring at them
with glazed eyes.

Emily gave a sharp cry. He looked ill and weary, but
this was not what had made her react so sharply. Both
his hands and his clothes were stained with blood!

Barnabas went to him. “Where have you been?”

The young doctor looked at him dully. “I don’t know.”

Barnabas frowned. “How did you get in this state?”

“What state?”

“Your hands are bloodied and so are your coat and
shirt,” Barnabas said grimly.

The young doctor pressed his hands over his face as if
trying vainly to remember. “I was wandering somewhere
near a fire. A big fire. There were explosions. I tried to
get away from them. I ran for the bushes. I stumbled over
something. A body!”

“Go on,” Barnabas ordered him.

“I fell almost on top of it. It terrified me. I got up and
went on into the woods. I stayed there until just a little
while ago. Until I started back here.”

Barnabas eyed him sternly, then he turned to Emily
with grim resignation. “You’ve heard him.”

Emily moved to the stricken young doctor who still
kept his hands over his face. “Did you know it was my
brother you stumbled on? That he was murdered tonight?”

He dropped his hands and his pale, tired face showed
horror. “No,” he said hoarsely. “I can’t believe it!”

“You don’t remember anything clearly, then?” Emily
challenged him.

“No,” he admitted in a hopeless tone. “Nothing.”

She spoke to Barnabas. “Will you see me back to Collin-
wood?”
“At once.” He turned to the young doctor. “Let Hare help you clean up. I'll return in a few minutes.”

Henry Jekyll nodded abjectly. It was hard to tell if he actually knew what was being said or not. Then he looked at Emily again, “I'm sorry,” he said in a low voice. “You don't know how sorry I am.”

Emily moved past him into the darkness of the hall on her way to the front door. Her eyes were glazed with tears once more. It was a second disaster for her in the one night. She no longer was thinking of Stephen as the murderer. It was impossible for her to close her eyes to Henry Jekyll's link with the killings. What had a short time ago seemed unbelievable was almost a fact for her at this moment.

Barnabas came after her. They stepped out into the moonlit winter night together. As they walked along the path they said nothing for a few minutes. The lights of Collinwood soon showed before them.

Then Barnabas said quietly, “You're finally convinced?”
“You saw him,” she said, looking straight ahead.
“Are you going to tell your father and the sheriff?”
“I haven't decided.”
“If you're sure Jekyll is a killer it's your duty.”
“I know.”
“If you have any lingering doubts, as I must admit I have, you should think it over carefully before you denounce him.”

She gave the handsome Barnabas a quick glance. “You still think he may be innocent?”
“His story might be true.”
“I'll have to think about it. Are you coming inside?” she asked, as they reached the entrance of Collinwood.
“For just a moment,” he said, his face grave. “I can't run off without offering your parents my condolences.”

And so Barnabas was at her side when she entered the living room to face the stunned assemblage of her family. She saw her mother weeping in a nearby chair, the stricken look on her father's face, Ada's pretty countenance white with shock and even Stephen standing there reasonably sobered by the tragedy.
Barnabas moved forward to her father and extended his hand, "You have my sincerest sympathy, Charles," he said.

Her father nodded grimly and turned his back on Barnabas without accepting the offered hand. It was a dreadful moment for her and all of them. She gave Barnabas a sympathetic look.

He said quietly, "It's all right." And then he turned and left the room. Seconds later the main door of Collinwood closed after him. Emily faced the sorrowing family alone.

The days that followed were nightmarish in quality. The sheriff's investigation was hard on them all, and especially her. In the interim she had decided to say nothing about Henry Jekyll. It was possible, she realized, that she was shielding her brother's murderer from justice, but better to risk that than to condemn Henry if he weren't guilty.

She avoided the old house and both Barnabas and Henry Jekyll as she fought with herself whether to break her silence or not. The funeral of Frank was another ordeal. One of those who changed a lot under the pressures was Stephen. He tapered off his drinking and took much responsibility for the funeral arrangements. He even went to the packing plant and handled some of the work her father was unable to cope with in his grief. In the light of this reformation it was difficult to think of him as a murderer any longer.

Stephen also seemed to be deeply interested in discovering who the murderer was. One evening after dinner he asked her to join him in the study. And when she did he began to quietly question her about the night of the skating party. Sober, he was a much different person from the Stephen she had known so long. He was shrewd and quick in his thinking.

"Have you gone over every incident of that night?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, seated in an easy chair as he stood before the fire.
"Any little item you may have overlooked could be important in giving us a clue about Frank’s murder," he reminded her.

"I told the sheriff everything."
His eyes fixed on hers. "Everything?"
She hesitated. "I did omit one thing."
"What?"
"Quentin was there briefly that night. But I know he didn’t do it."
Stephen looked shocked. "Quentin? Why didn’t you say so before?"
"I didn’t want to cause him trouble."
"But you know his reputation," Stephen protested.
"I like him."
Her uncle frowned. "That isn’t important. Have you seen him since that night?"
"No. But I’m sure he didn’t kill Frank."
"The sheriff must be told about his being there," Stephen said sternly. "You must realize that."
So the sheriff was called and she was questioned again. It was a bad time for her and the end result was that a statewide search was launched to locate Quentin. The servants whispered about the werewolf curse; everyone blamed Quentin for the murders.

Emily felt guilty about betraying him. She knew by the way he’d acted that night and previously that he’d had no part in the killings. But at least it did take attention from Henry Jekyll.

She’d seen the pale young doctor only twice since the night of Frank’s murder. Both times he’d been walking alone along the cliffs by Widows’ Hill.

Nor had she had any meetings with Barnabas. There was nothing for them to discuss. They were both in a dilemma about the identity of the murderer. They were both loath to denounce the young doctor.

Ada continued to be a comfort to her. And one night she came to her room just before bedtime to say, "I hear they caught sight of Quentin near Bangor."

The news startled Emily. "I didn’t get that word."
"Stephen told me just now," Ada said. "They think
they'll get him in a day or two. I hope they do and this ordeal will be over."

"Only if Quentin is proven guilty," she said. "And he won't be."

The pretty dark girl stared at her. "Why do you say that?"

She shrugged. "It's just a feeling on my part."

"No. I'm positive you must have some stronger reasons. Is it because you know Henry Jekyll is the murderer?"

Emily tried to conceal her distress. "Honestly, it's just a feeling I have that Quentin didn't kill anybody."

"I'm sorry, but I say you're lying to me."

Desperate to distract the girl's attention from Henry, Emily told her, "Just before Frank was murdered he talked to me about the other killings."

"Yes?"

She hesitated. "He told me he knew something."

"Who the murderer was?"

"Yes," Emily said. "He said he'd come upon some clues."

"Did he say what they were?"

"No. He was going to tell me later. But he didn't live to do it."

Ada seemed dubious. "So you're suggesting that neither Quentin nor Dr. Jekyll did the murders? That it was someone else."

"Yes."

"Who could it be?" Ada asked.

Emily said, "Anyone. Even one of the servants. Or a tramp."

Ada was grim. "I've never accepted the tramp theory. The murders were too much like those committed by Dr. Jekyll's father in London. I can understand your not wanting to think of Henry Jekyll as a killer, but if Quentin isn't guilty, it has to be him."

"We'll probably know soon enough."

"I'm sorry to worry you about it again," Ada said sympathetically. "But I felt you should have the news about Quentin."

"I'm glad you told me," Emily agreed. And she ac-
companied her sister to the door and they said goodnight.

It was difficult for Emily to control her feelings of despair. If Quentin were arrested she would have to testify in his behalf, and then she would be forced to inform the sheriff about the condition Henry Jekyll had been in the night of Frank’s murder.

Her mention of Frank’s discussion of the killer had not bluffed Ada. She knew her sister had seen through this attempt to protect Henry. Step by step she was coming to the point where she would have to tell the police about him.

With that unhappy thought she extinguished the candle on her bedside table and tried to sleep, but she was too upset even to close her eyes. She lay there staring up into the darkness and going over it all. Frost cracked the walls of the great mansion like the snapping of phantom fingers. She shivered in her bed. Another severe cold spell had begun.

Then the door of her room began to open and the chair she always placed there scraped eerily across the hardwood floor. She sat up with a start and was about to cry out until she saw the figure of Barnabas loom in the doorway. He advanced into the room and closed the door. Then he came to stand at her bedside, his handsome face revealed to her faintly by the pale moonlight streaming in through the window.

He said, “I had to come.”

“Why?”

“You’ve heard about Quentin?”

“Yes. They think they’ll catch up with him soon. He was seen in Bangor.”

Barnabas shook his head. “He’s there no longer. Tonight he is here on the estate.”

Her eyes widened. “Have you seen him?”

“Yes,” Barnabas said. “We had a chat a little while ago.”

“The police mustn’t get him. He’s innocent.”

“We both know that,” Barnabas said.

“What can we do?”
"I think the situation is going to take care of itself," Barnabas told her. "That is why I have come here."

"Please, explain," she begged.

"I expect the murderer to reveal himself tonight," Barnabas said. "Within a short time you will be attacked. You are marked the next victim. After you it is likely your father will be the next to die. So it must end here tonight."

"You know who the killer is?"

"Yes. But I need you to help me prove it," Barnabas said.

She was trembling as she clutched the bed clothes to her. "I'll do whatever you ask." Were they plotting against Henry now? Setting a trap for the man she loved? But if he were a madman, he must be apprehended.

Barnabas said, "Pretend sleep. I'm going to hide in the closet. In a short time the murderer should appear."

"How can you be sure?"

"I have certain information," Barnabas said gravely. "You'll have to trust me."

"I do."

"Very well," he said. "We mustn't lose any further time in talk. I'm going to the closet."

She watched with fear in her eyes as he moved across the shadows of the room to the closet. She forced herself to lie down on the pillow again and then began watching the door. The old house creaked from the frost once more and there was silence.

Finally she began to think that Barnabas had been wrong. She was growing weary; her eyes almost closed once or twice. Then, unable to keep awake any longer, she dropped into a light sleep.

The door scraped the floor and she quickly came awake. She forced herself to pretend sleep as she stared across the moonlit room to see who would emerge from the shadows. Very gradually a shape took form—the monster she'd seen in the upper hall that other night!

Horror swept through her slim body. Only the knowledge that Barnabas was hidden in the closet kept her from screaming out. With wide eyes she watched the bent, shrunken figure in the shabby black suit and black stove-
pipe hat shuffle towards her bed. She saw the shining black cane upraised in the scrawny hand and the mad grin on the ugly, animal-like face.

Why was Barnabas waiting so long? What if something had happened to him! The shuffling madman was beside her bed. And the cane came whipping down through the air. She rolled aside quickly with a scream. Again the cane lashed down; this time it caught her on the shoulder. She continued to scream!

Barnabas burst out from the closet and seized the murderer, who gave a snarl of surprise. The black hat was toppled from the killer's head and then the mass of hair and the ugly mask was torn away to reveal the white, hate-distorted features of Ada!

Barnabas stood back. "So you see!"

Emily's dark-haired foster sister made no reply. As Emily stood with her back against the wall, stunned and still rubbing her shoulder, Ada let out a wild cry of despair and turned and ran from the bedroom.

"Let her go!" Barnabas said. "She won't get far!"

"Ada!" Emily said, her voice a moan.

Barnabas nodded. "I've known for several days. I came here to the house one night and found the disguise hidden in her room."

Charles Collins appeared in the doorway of the room with a lighted candle. "What is happening?" he demanded.

As if in reply there was a wild scream from outside. Barnabas and Emily rushed to the window. Out on the moonlit lawn Ada, still in her shabby man's garb, was confronted by a figure in a long fur coat and fur hat. Ada tried to dodge, but the newcomer seized her. There was a struggle and her screams rang out in the winter night.

"Quentin!" Emily whispered to Barnabas.

Barnabas nodded. They remained at the window watching as others of the family, summoned by the noise, continued to gather in the bedroom. As they watched, Ada let out a loud blood-curdling shriek and then went limp. The figure in the fur coat let her body drop to the snow, then raised his face to the window. And what they saw was not a human face but the face of a werewolf!
Then the creature turned and raced across the lawn to vanish in the woods. Ada remained motionless on the snow, as blood trickled across it from her throat to make a dark streak.

Barnabas took Emily by the arm and gently turned her away from the window. "You've seen enough."

Before the night was over and dawn forced Barnabas to return to the old house and his casket most of the mystery had been solved. Ada was dead, her throat ripped open by some wolfslike monster. But the evidence of her being the murderer was clear.

Barnabas told the assembled family, "The memory of her father's suicide forever haunted her. She blamed the Collins family for it and so hated all of you in spite of your kindness to her. She determined to kill off most of the family and marry the weakest member, Stephen. In that way she would assume her proper position as mistress of Collinwood. It was a mad dream born in a mind twisted over the years."

Charles Collins gazed at his cousin in distress. "And with the arrival of Jekyll she decided the time had come for her to start the murders. Hoping he would be blamed."

Barnabas nodded. "The sad history of Dr. Jekyll's father and his own uncertain mental state made him the ideal suspect. Her scheme almost worked."

"It would have, but for you," Charles Collins said. "I bore responsibility," Barnabas said. "I brought him here."

"And I have been most uncivil to both of you," Charles Collins apologized, extending his hand to Barnabas. "You have my apologies and my thanks."

Barnabas shook hands with him. "It doesn't matter now. The nightmare has ended."

Charles Collins said, "How is Dr. Jekyll's health now?"

"He's much better," Barnabas said. "With this tension ended he'll soon be all right."

"I wish that he'd remain here," Emily's father said. "Collinsport needs another doctor."

Barnabas gave Emily a significant glance. "Perhaps his decision in that regard may depend a good deal on someone else."

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He bade the family goodnight and set out for the front door accompanied only by Emily. They stood in the shadowed entrance hall by themselves. It was their first moment alone since the exposure of Ada as the killer.

Emily said, "Must you go?"
"In an hour it will be dawn," Barnabas said.
"You must be cured," she said intensely. "It isn't fair that you should have to live this way. Dr. Jekyll must remain here and see that your health is restored."

Barnabas gave her a sad smile. "It is more difficult a problem than just wanting to cure me. The method has still to be found."

"Henry can manage it once he's well himself," she insisted. "I know he can."
"Let us pray that is true," Barnabas said with a gentle smile. "For the moment I must say goodbye." He touched his cold lips to her forehead.
"Goodbye," she whispered. "And thank you. I'll come around to the old house in the morning and talk to Henry."

Barnabas opened the door. "He would like that, I'm sure."
"To think I doubted him, felt he might be the killer. And I'm supposed to love him."

He patted her arm gently. "Don't let that distress you. I have lived a long while and I've learned, among other things, that even the finest love can be haunted by moments of doubt."

She studied his handsome face with gentle eyes. "Thank you, Barnabas," she whispered.

He lifted his cane to point to the horizon over the bay. "You see that streak of light. The herald of the dawn. And my warning to be on my way." With a final nod for her he went down the steps and across the snowy lawn.

She watched him for a moment and then closed the door. In the morning she would see Henry and ask him to forgive her for her doubts. Then they would make plans and she would insist that the first thing the young doctor do would be to cure Barnabas.

The day turned out to be a sunny one, as if to celebrate the lifting at last of the dark shadow from Collinwood. When the sheriff came to collect Ada's body and hear the
story, he casually mentioned that the police had lost all track of Quentin. It seemed sure he’d escaped to some other section of the country.

It was noon by the time Emily set out for the old house. Her excitement grew as she drew near it. It was Henry Jekyll who opened the door for her; he looked much better than when she’d last seen him.

She stood there somewhat shyly. “Henry!”

He came out on the steps and embraced her. “My dear!”

They went inside and as soon as they were in the living room, she said, “Barnabas told you everything?”

Jekyll nodded. “Yes. It was all in his note.”

“In his note?” she echoed.

“Yes,” he said. “When I woke up this morning both he and Hare had gone.”

“Oh, no!”

“They must have left just before the dawn,” he said. “Barnabas has been talking about it for some time. He felt he should move on.”

“But why, now when everything is settled?” she asked with dismay. “When you could have given all your efforts to finding a cure for him!”

The young doctor’s sensitive face was thoughtful. “He knows I’m not ready for that. There are many experiments still to be made. It will take time.”

She looked up at him earnestly. “You will continue to work on them, won’t you?”

“Of course. Barnabas is my friend,” he said quietly.

“And you’ll stay here in Collinsport and be our local doctor?”

“If the people want me.”

“They will. I’m sure of it. No one will ever accuse you of being tainted with your father’s madness again.”

He sighed. “I hoped to establish myself somewhere where I could take a different name, where I wouldn’t be recognized. But I suppose this way is better. Otherwise the shadow of exposure would have been always hanging over me.”

“That is true,” she said. “And if Barnabas hadn’t brought you here we would never have met!”
“And that would have been the greatest tragedy of all.” He smiled and took her in his arms again.

“Barnabas is a good man,” she said. “Even father recognizes that. You must save him. But how will you reach him if you do find a cure?”

“He’ll come back one day. He always has. Collinwood always draws him back.” And with that final reassurance he touched his lips to hers for a lasting kiss.
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