The Invisible Man

A Grotesque Romano

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CHAPTER I

THE STRANGE MAN'S ARRIVAL

The stranger came early in February, one winty day floroigh a billing ward and a diring source, the last stronged of the years, over the down, walking from Brandhelhust railway station, and carping a last black potential railway station, and carping a last black potential railway station, and carping a last diring station of the state of the state of the state of such of his does but the alway for oil his nose; the strong land state of parts that source and station and deep and does while creat to the busine he carried. He staggered into the "Couch and Holsend" more dark than allow and finish performations one". Tale: The cottashould be accorded to the staggered into the "Couch and Holsend" and should be accorded to the stagger of the state of the stagger should be accorded to the stagger of the stagger of the stagger should be accorded to the stagger of the stagger of the stagger should be accorded to the stagger of the stagger of the stagger introduction. That and a couple of sovereigns flung upon the table, the lock up this question in the sun.

Ma. Hall the fire and left him there while alte went to prepare him a need with the normal Act papers to boy a fining in the write-time was an unbrased of piece of Luck, let alone a guest who was no "haggier," and he was resolved to so the heads of work of the pool feature. As soon as the boson was well under way, and Millie, respectively the property of the prope

His gloved hands were clasped behind him, and he seemed to be lost in thought. She noticed that the melting snow that still sprinkled his shoulders dripped upon her carpet. "Can I take your hat and coat, sir?" she said, "and give them a good dry in the kitchen?"

"No." he said without turning

She was not sure she had heard him, and was about to repeat her

He turned his head and looked at her over his shoulder. "I prefer to keep them on," he said with emphasis, and she noticed that he wore big blue spectacles with sidelights, and had a bush side-whisker over his coat-collar that completely hid his cheeks and face.

"Very well, sir," she said: "_As_ you like. In a bit the room will be warmer."

He made no answer, and had furned his face away from her again, and Mrs. Hal, feeling that her convensational advances were lidened, to the heart of the second second second second second control and of the room. When her advanced he was sall standing frees, like a man of stone, his back-hurched, his collar hurned up, his dripping half-brind burned down, hiding his face and eas completely. She put down the eggs and baccon with considerable emphasis, and called rather than sed but him. You furnis is served, still."

"Thank you," he said at the same time, and did not stir until she was closing the door. Then he swung round and approached the tabl with a certain easer quickness.

As the wort behind the bar to the kitchen she head a sound repeated are requiser interaction, ficth, ficth sound of a spoon being rapidly wishaded round a basen. "That giff" she said. "Thereof I clean register. If it her being so good right of suitine be interest firshed mixing the mutation, the gave fall file a few verball particular than the second section of the first and register belowes. She had cooked the ham and register below for the control of the file of the mutation of the section of the file of the mutation plus and suffering the mutation flow in a revery section for which the file file the mutation plus and, such gives the mutation flow of the third file of the mutation plus and, such gives the white file file the mutation plus and, such gives the section for the section of the temperature of the section of the s

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She rapped and entered promotily As she did so her visitor moved quickly, so that her got tot a glimper of a white clojed disappearing publish got tot and the post of a glimper of a white clojed disappearing behind he table. It would seem he was picking something from the floor. She rapped down the mustand pot on the table, and then she noticed the overcost and hat had been taken off and put over a chain in front of the fire, and a pair of whe toods threatment and to her steel fender. She went to these things resolutely. If suppose I may have them to dry now, "she said in a voice that proceder no demist.

"Leave the hat," said her visitor, in a muffled voice, and turning she saw he had raised his head and was sitting and looking at her.

For a moment she stood gaping at him, too surprised to speak.

He had a white clath-it was a service he had brought with him-over the lower and his face, so his his mouth and jaws were completely hidden, and that was the reason of his multiple work. But it was not have his chart for his List it was the face that at his forefeed above he had plasses was covered by a white had at his forefeed above he had plasses was covered by a white had a his forefeed above he had plasses was covered by a white had not have been applied to the his plasses was covered by a white had been applied by the his plass of the his plasses was covered by a white had been applied by the his plass of the his plasses was not the between the cross bandage, projected in curious talls and horns, giving him the strength appearance conceivable. This multifle and bandages had was so unlike what she had anticipated, that for a moment site was right.

He did not remove the serviette, but remained holding it, as she saw now, with a brown gloved hand, and regarding her with his inscrutable blue glasses. "Leave the hat," he said, speaking very distinctly through the white cloth.

Her nerves began to recover from the shock they had received. She placed the hat on the chair again by the fire. "I didn't know, sir." she began, "that..." and she stopped embarrassed.

"Thank you," he said drily, glancing from her to the door and then

her again

"I'll have them nicely dried, sir, at once," she said, and carried has dothes out of the room. She glanced at his white-awathed head and blue goggles sagin as she was gring out of the door; but his nephin was still in front of his face. She shivered a little as a she price and perspectify. Jenew.", she whitepred. There" She well quite softly to the kitchen, and was too precoupled to sait Millie what she was messing about with now, when she got them.

The visitor sat and listened to her rebreating feet. He glanced inquiringly at the window before he removed his servicete, and resumed his meal. He took a mountful, glanced suspiciously at the service his mean feet in the service his mean feet in the service his mean feet in the head of the service his mean feet in the head of the white he had down to be the op of the white musels that obscured the lower panes. This left the room in a height. This done, he returned with an easier air to the table and his meal.

"The poor soul's had an accident or an op'ration or somethin'," said Mrs. Hall. "What a turn them bandages did give me, to be sure!"

She put on some more coal, unfolded the clothes-horse, and extended the traveller's coat upon this. "And they goggles! Why, he looked more like a divini helmet than a human man!" She hung his muffler on a comer of the horse. "And holding that handkerchied over his mouth all the time. Talkin' through it! ... Perhaps his mouth was hut to-unawhet."

She turned round, as one who suddenly remembers. "Bless my soul alive!" she said, going off at a tangent; "ain't you done them taters _yet_, Millie?"

When Mrs. Hall went to clear away the stranger's funch, her idea that his mouth must also have been cut or disfigured in the accident six supposed him have suffered, was confirmed, for he was sampled, a pipe, and all the time that she was in the room he never loosened the six multiple had a day point and all the time that she was in the room he never loosened the six furnisher had varapped round he lower part of his face to put the mouthpiece to his fips. Yet it was not targetuliness, for she saw he glaincoad at it as it smouthed out. He sain in the comer

with his back to the window-blind and spoke now, having eaten and drunk and being comfortably warmed through, with less aggressive brevity than before. The reflection of the fire lent a kind of red animation to his bid seedcales they had lacked hitherto.

"I have some luggage," he said, "at Bramblehurst station," and he asked her how he could have it sent. He bowed his bandaged head quite politley in acknowledgment of he explanation." To-morrow?" he said. "There is no speeder delivery?" and seemed quite disappointed when she answered, "No." Was she quite sure? No man with a trap who would go over?

Mrs. Hall, nothing loath, answered his questions and developed a conversation. "It's a steep road by the down, sit," she said in answer to the question about a trap, and then, sratching at an opening, said." It was there a carriage was upsettled, a year ago and more. A gentleman killed, besides his coachman. Accidents, sir, happen in a moment, don't they?"

But the visitor was not to be drawn so easily. "They do," he said through his muffler, eyeing her quietly through his impenetrable plasses.

"But they take long enough to get well, don't they? ... There was my sister's son, Tom, jest cut his arm with a scythe, tumbled on it in the 'ayfield, and, bless me he was three months tied up sir. You'd hardly believe it. It's regular given me a dread of a scythe, sir."

"I can quite understand that," said the visitor.

"He was afraid, one time, that he'd have to have an op'ration-he

The visitor laughed abruptly, a bank of a laugh that he seemed to bite and kill in his mouth. "_Was_ he?" he said.

"He was, sir. And no laughing matter to them as had the doing for him, as I had-my sister being took up with her little ones so much. There was bandages to do, sir, and bandages to undo. So that if I may make so bold as to say it, sir.—"

"Will you get me some matches?" said the visitor, quite abrupt "My pipe is out."

Mrs. Hall was pulled up suddenly. It was certainly rude of him, after telling him all she had done. She gasped at him for a moment and remembered the two sovereigns. She went for the matches.

"Thanks," he said concisely, as she pull them down, and furned his shoulder upon her and stared out of the window again. It was allogether too discouraging, Evidently he was sensitive on the topic of operations and bandages. She did not "make so bodd as to say," however, after all. But his snubbing way had intated her, and Millie had a lot time of it that detemoon.

The visitor remained in the parlour until four o'clock, without giving the ghost of an excuse for an intrusion. For the most part he was quite still during that time; it would seem he sat in the growing darkness smoking in the firelight—perhaps dozing.

Once or twice a curious listener might have heard him at the coals, and for the space of five minutes he was audble pacing the room. He seemed to be talking to himself. Then the armchair creaked as he and drawn paris.

CHAPTER

MR. TEDDY HENFREY'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS

At four o'clock, when it was fairly dark and Mrs. Hall was screwing up her courage to go in and ask her visitor if he would take some tas, Teddy Herney, the clock-jobber, came into the bar. "My sakes! Mrs. Hall," said he, "but this is terrible weather for thin boots!" The snow outside was fallino faster.

frs. Hall agreed, and then noticed he had his bag with him. "No ou're here, Mr. Teddy," said she, "I'd be glad if you'd give th'

well and hearty, but the hour-hand won't do nuthin' but point at

And leading the way, she went across to the parlour door and rapped and entered.

Her visitor, such same as the opened for door, was seated in the amentions before the first degree (see easier, with the basinetype head dropping on one side.) The only light in the room was the red give from the fire-which it the syste its adverse nailyes signals, but left his downcast face in darkness—and the scanly-vestiges of the day that came in though the cognition. See the signal part of the signal par

"Would you mind, sir, this man a-coming to look at the clock, sir?" she said, recovering from the momentary shock.

"Look at the clock?" he said, staring round in a drowsy manner, and speaking over his hand, and then, getting more fully awake, "certainly."

Mrs. Hall went away to get a lamp, and he rose and stretched himself. Then came the light, and Mr. Teddy Henfrey, entering, was confronted by this bandaged person. He was, he says, "taken aback."

"Good afternoon," said the stranger, regarding him--as Mr. Henfres says, with a vivid sense of the dark spectacles--"like a lobster."

"I hope," said Mr. Henfrey, "that it's no intrusion."

Thope, and M. Felling, was a sto in action.

turning to Mrs. Hall, "that this room is really to be mine for my own private use."

"I thought, sir," said Mrs. Hall, "you'd prefer the clock--"

"Certainly," said the stranger, "certainly--but, as a rule, I like to be alone and undisturbed.

"But I'm really glad to have the clock seen to," he said, seeing a certain hestation in Mr. Henfely's manner. "Very glad." Mr. Henfely and intended to apologies and withdraw, but this anticipation reassured him. The stranger burned round with his back to the freplace and pot his hands belief his back. "And presently," he said, "when the clock-mending is over, I think I should like to have some less But and tit the clock-mending is over."

Mrs. Hall was about to leave the room-she made no conversational advances this time, because she did not want to be snubbed in front OM. Henfrey-when her visitor saked her if she had made any arrangements about his boxes at Bramblehurst. She told him she had mentioned the matter to the postman, and that the carrier, and that the carrier could bring them over on the monow. You are certain that is the entirest? The sale of the property of the p

She was certain, with a marked coldness

"I should explain," he added, "what I was really too cold and fatigued to do before, that I am an experimental investigator."

"Indeed, sir," said Mrs. Hall, much impressed.

"And my baggage contains apparatus and appliances."

"Very useful things indeed they are, sir," said Mrs. Hall.

"Of course, sir."

"My reason for coming to Iping," he proceeded, with a certain deliberation of manner, "was ... a desire for solitude. I do not wish to be disturbed in my work. In addition to my work, an

"I thought as much," said Mrs. Hall to herself.

"-necessitates a certain retirement. My eyes—are sometimes so weak and painful that I have to shut myself up in the dark for hours together. Lock myself up. Sometimes—now and then. Not at present, certainly. At such times the slightest disturbance, the entry of a stranger into the room, is a source of excruciating annoyance to me-tils well these things should be understood."

"Certainly, sir," said Mrs. Hall. "And if I might make so bold

"That I think, is all," said the stranger, with that quietly irresistible air of finality he could assume at will. Mrs. Hall reserved her question and sympathy for a better occasion

After Max. It shall had the broom, he remained standings in fort of the their guisings, but Herriery parks, at the ocknowlings, Michigan and the properties of the clock, and the face, but extracted the works; and he tested to work in a silve and quality and unassuming a manner as possible. He worked with the lamp close to and upon the face and whether, and the face and drop on the face and whether, and it of the rest of the room shadowy. When he booked up, coloured patches swam in his yes. Being constitutionally of a cursous starture, he had removed the works—a spate unnocessary proceeding—with the clase of designing the face of the control of

He looked up as if to take aim with that introductory shot. "The weather--" he began

"Why don't you finish and go?" said the rigid figure, evidently a state of painfully suppressed rage. "All you've got to do is to fix the hour-hand on its axie. You're simply humbugging-."

"Certainly, sir-one minute more. I overlooked--" and Mr. Henfrey finished and went.

But he went feeling excessively annoyed. "Damn it!" said Mr. Henfrey to himself, trudging down the village through the thawing snow; "a man must do a clock at times, surely."

And again, "Can't a man look at you?--Ugly!

And yet again, "Seemingly not. If the police was wanting you you couldn't be more wropped and bandaged."

At Gleeson's comer he saw Hall, who had recently married the stranger's hostess at the "Coach and Horses," and who now drove the long conveyance, when coacsional people required it, to Sidderbridge Junction, coming towards him on his return from that place. Hall had evidently been "stopping a bit" at Sidderbridge, to judge by his drining. "Ow do. Teddy" he said, possing.

You got a rum un up home!" said Teddy.

Hall very sociably pulled up. "What's that?" he asked.
"Rum-looking customer stopping at the 'Coach and Horses," said Teddy. "My sakest"

And he proceeded to give Hall a vivid description of his grotesque guest. "Looks a bit like a disguise, don't it?" I'd like to see a man's face if I had him stopping in _my_ place," said Henfrey. "But women are that trustfil—where strangers are concerned. He's took your rooms and he ain't even given a name, Hall."

"You don't say so!" said Hall, who was a man of sluggish apprehension

"Yes," said Teddy. "By the week. Whatever he is, you can't get rid of him under the week. And he's got a lot of luggage coming

to-morrow, so he says. Let's hope it won't be stones in boxes, Hall.

He told Hall how his aunt at Hastings had been swindled by a stranger with empty portmanteaux. Altogether he left Hall vaguely suspicious. "Get up, old girl," said Hall. "I s'pose I must see bout this."

Teddy trudged on his way with his mind considerably relieved

Instead of "seeing" boot it," however, hall on his return was severely risked by his who on he length of them he had spent in Sidedentiding, and his mild inquiries were answered snappishy and in amount on the sport. Buff he seed of snapsich fieldly and shall be supported to the state of the state of the state of discouragements. "You wint don't how everything," and Mr. Hall, recolved to ascertain more about he personality of his goest at the assisted possible opportunity, Mor alber the stranger had gone to be which he did sold wintig part one. He fall were two to be which he did sold wintig part one. He fall were two that when the stranger had been also furnished, part to show that the stranger wasn't master them, and scurrised obload and all time contemporably as the contemporable of the stranger wasn't master them, and scurrised obload and all time contemporably as when of mathematical computations the stranger had life. When entering for the right he entertual first. Hall to look very todoly at the contemporable of the stranger had life. When entering for the right he enterinded first. Hall to look very todoly at

"You mind your own business, Hall," said Mrs. Hall, "and I'll mind

She was all the more inclined to snap at Hall because the stranger was undoubtedly an unusually strange sort of stranger, and she was by no means savened about him in her own mind. In the middle of the night she woke up dreaming of huge white heads like turnips, that came trailing after her, at the end of interminable necks, and with vast black eyes. But being a sensible woman, she subdued her tenors and turned over and went to sleep again.

CHAPTER III

THE THOUSAND AND ONE BOTTLES

So I kear but on the herely-circle day of Enhancy of the Neglicing of the News New Section (Proceedings of the News New Section Proceedings of the News New Section Proceedings of New New York New York

nd he came down the steps towards the tail of the cart as if to

No sooner had Fearenside's dog caught sight of him, however, than it began to bristle and growl savagely, and when he rushed down the steps if gave an undecided hoy, and then sprang straight at his hand. "Whup!" cried Hall, jumping back, for he was no hero with dogs, and Fearenside howled, "Lie down!" and anatched his whip.

They saw the dog's teeth had slipped the hand, heard a lock, saw the dog seaccie is flating jump and got home on the stranger's leg, and with the control of the stranger's leg, and with the control of the stranger's leg, and with the control of the stranger's leg stranger, and the dog, juffice jump diethours, retreated under the wheels of the segon. It was all the business of a seat that the intuits, one segon, every excluded. The stranger glanced suitly at this time glove and this leg, made as if he would stoop to the thate; then stranger and suitly up the steps into the inn. They fread time jo heading across the passage and up the unampeted states to his bedection.

You brute, you!" said Fearenside, climbing off the waggon with whip in his hand, while the dog watched him through the wheel.

Hall had stood gaping. "He wuz bit," said Hall. "I'd better go and see to en," and he trotted after the stranger. He met Mrs. Hall in the passage. "Carrier's darg," he said "bit en."

the passage. Canno stage, resamble etc.

He went straight upstains, and the stranger's door being ajar, he pushed it open and was entering without any ceremony, being of a naturally sympathetic turn of mind.

The bird was down and the norm din. He caught a girrope of a most singular time, with second a handless are wively founderful handless, and a face of free hope indeterminate spots on white. wery like the face of a pade parary. Then he was struct violently in the chest, huided back, and the door slammed in his face and locked. It was so ranged that if agree him on dire to down a Awaing of indeciphenable shapes, a blow, and a concussion. There he stood on the dark little landing, associating with it rings the that he had seen.

A couple of minutes after, he rejoined the little group that had formed oxidate the "Coach and folioses." There was Facenside belling standing the standing the standing the standing the discount of the standing had gold after him on business to be the guests, there was Huster, the general dealer from over the road, inferringative, and Standy Wodgers from the foreign Juckle business women and children, and of from suying flashless. Wouldn't let on the Table Standing Wodgers on the foreign Juckle business women and children, as of from suying flashless. Wouldn't let on the Table Standing Stan

Mr. Hall, staring at them from the steps and listening, found it incredible that he had seen anything so very remarkable happen upstairs. Besides, his vocabulary was altogether too limited to express his impressions.

"He don't want no help, he says," he said in answer to his wife's inquiry. "We'd better be a-takin' of his luggage in."

"He ought to have it cauterised at once," said Mr. Huxter; "especially if it's at all inflamed."

"I'd shoot en, that's what I'd do," said a lady in the group

Suddenly the dog began growling again

"Come along," cried an angry voice in the doorway, and there stood the muffled stranger with his collar turned up, and his halt-brim bent down. "The sconer you get hose things in the better I'll be pleased." It is stated by an anonymous bystander that his troucers

"Was you hurt, sir?" said Fearenside. "I'm rare sorry the darg--"

"Not a bit," said the stranger. "Never broke the skin. Hurry up

with those things."

He then swore to himself, so Mr. Hall asserts.

bloody for fair or size see, in secondance with the directions, contends with the place of settinger from primed good a way contend so the place of the stranger from primed good a way the extraordinary segereness, and begain to ungreade. It catalities give a strain with an utile disease of MRs. Half's couple, And from it he begain to produce bottlers-title fair footies containing powers. And the straining produces are strained to the control suited of Place of the straining produces and standard reachs, large green-glass bottless, butter, bottless with the supplemental of the straining produces and bottle bottless, the straining produces and bottle bottless with surgest power and forest doubles, tools with the control bottless with surgest part of bottle bottless, and the straining of the strai

And directly the crates were unpacked, the stranger went to the window and set to work, not troubling in the least about the little of straw, the fire which had gone out, the box of books outside, nor for the trunks and other luoquade that had oone upstains.

When Mrs. Hall took his dinner in to him, he was already so absorbed in his work, pouring little drops out of the bottles into test-tubes, that he did not hear her until she had swept away the bulk of the staw and out the tray on the table, with some little emphasis perhaps, seeing the state that the foor was: in. Then he half tumed his head and immediately tumed it away again. But she saw he had removed his glasses, they were beside him on the saw he had removed his glasses, they were beside him on the same had and its seemed to her that his eye sockets were extraordinarily hollow. Here unto his spectacles again, and then turned and faced her. She was about to complain of the straw on the floor when he anticipated her.

"I wish you wouldn't come in without knocking," he said in the tone of abnormal exasperation that seemed so characteristic of him.

a abnornal exasperation tha

Perhaps you did. But in my investigations--my really very urgent and necessary investigations--the slightest disturbance, the jar of a door--I must ask you--

"Certainly, sir. You can turn the lock if you're like that, you know. Any time."

"A very good idea," said the strange

"This stror, sir, if I might make so bold as to remark--"
"Don't. If the straw makes trouble put it down in the bill." And he mumbled at her-words suspiciously like curses.

He was so odd, standing there, so aggressive and explosive, bottle in one hand and test-tube in the other, that Mrs. Hall was quite alarmed. But she was a resolute woman. "In which case, I should like to know, sir, what you consider—"

"A shilling—put down a shilling. Surely a shilling's enough?"

"So be it," said Mrs. Hall, taking up the table-cloth and beginning to spread it over the table. "If you're satisfied, of course..."

He turned and sat down, with his coat-collar toward her.

testifies, for the most part in silence. But once there was a concussion and a sound of bottles ringling together as though the table had been hit, and the smash of a bottle flung viclently down, and then a rapid pacing athwart the room. Fearing 'something was the matter," she went to the door and listened, not caring to

"I can't go on," he was raving. "I_can't_ go on. Three hundred thousand, four hundred thousand! The huge multitude! Cheated! AI my life it may take me! ... Patience! Patience indeed! ... Fool!

There was a noise of hobnails on the bricks in the bar, and Mrs. Hall had very reluctantly to leave the rest of his soliloquy. When she returned the room was sient again, save for the faint repitation of his chair and the occasional clink of a bottle. It was all over; the stranger had resumed work.

When she took in his tea she saw broken glass in the corner of room under the concave mirror, and a golden stain that had be carelessly wiped. She called attention to it.

"Put it down in the bill," snapped her visitor. "For God's sake don't worry me. If there's damage done, but it down in the bill and he went on ticking a list in the exercise book before him."

"I'll tell you something," said Fearenside, mysteriously. It was late in the afternoon, and they were in the little beer-shop of

Iping Hanger.

"This chap you're speaking of, what my dog bit. Well-he's black. Leastways, his legs are. I seed through the tear of his trousers and the tear of his glove. You'd have expected a sort of pinky to show, wouldn't you'? Well-

"My sakes!" said Henfrey. "It's a rummy case altogether. Why, his nose is as pink as paint!"

"That's true," said Fearenside. "I knows that. And I tell 'ee what I'm thinking. That mam's a piebaid, Teddy. Black here and white there-in-patches. And he's ashamed of it. He's a kind of half-breed, and the colour's come off patchy instead of mixing. I've heard of such things before. And it's the common way with horses, as any one

CHAPTER IV

MR. CUSS INTERVIEWS THE STRANGER

New bold the cromistances of the stranger's similar in joing with a central influence of tetals. In order that he crisis impression he created may be understood by the reaches flust excepting two cell orders, the crisinations of his stay will be considered to the control of t

The stranger did not go to church, and indeed made no difference between Sundry and the intelligence days, even in continue. He worked, as this 1 still a project, may finish growing the sould see that the still a s

habit of talking to himself in a low voice grew steadily upon him but though Mrs. Hall listened conscientiously she could make neither head nor tail of what she heard.

The major yeard advanced by depriced but all selliged the worded provided marked to permissible where the measures must cold or not any that choose the foundest paties and those most overstandowed by three and hands. His peopling respectation and ghashy brandings factor under the perflowance of his hat, came with a disagreeable subdemens out of the destinates upon on the branding gride subdemens out of the destinates upon on the branding gride subdemens out of the destinates upon on the branding subdemens and flooly hearings has been subdemended to the subdemended of the subdemended by the subdemended of the opened in door. Such riskem as saw him as implified dream of brogers, and it severed doubtile whether the dislated boy more than they dislated han, or the reviews. Und there was certainly a vivid enough dislate on whether the creater.

These twentides that a person of the communities in specimen coubouring shared from a signaper topic in such a single sizing. Chimon was greatly divided about his occupation. Has 1 sits was extended to the communities of the communities of the communities of the certainty and the was an "representation investigator", group certainty that it was an "representation investigator", group certainty that it was an "representation investigator", group certainty that it was an investigator was, the votal of your limit and of superiority that most declarated project here such through a shart of superiority that most declarated project here such through a shart was also such as the such as the such through a shart of superiority that the total an accordant, that said, which lampously disclosured in fact.

Out of the hearing there was a view largely entertained that he was a criminal lying to except from justice by warping himself ju on as to conceal himself altogether from the eye of the police. This incles garang from the suits of the Tobber 1960 from the middle or end of February was known to have occurred. Exhibitional of the inagrostion of Mr. Gould, the probationary assistant in the National School, this theory took the form that the starting was an Amachinic fundinguis. Preparing explosives, and her resolved to undertake such detective operations as the time premised. These consider for the notion part in Child

Another school of opinion followed Mr. Fearenside, and either accepted the piebald view or some modification of it, as, for instance, Silao Jugan, who was heard to assert that "if he chooses to show enself at fairs he'd make his fortune in no time," and being a bit of a theologian, compared the stranger to the man with the one talent. Yet another view explained the entire matter by regarding the stranger as a harmless lunatic. That had the advantage of accounting for everything straight away.

Retween these main groups there were waverers and com-Sussex folk have few sup erstitions, and it was only after the events of early April that the thought of the supernatural was first whispered in the village. Even then it was only credited

But whatever they thought of him, people in lying, on the whole, appeed in disking him. His initiability, hought might have been comprehended by an unter harmoniver, was an amusing shing been comprehended by an unter harmoniver, was an amusing shing been comprehended by an unter harmoniver, was a massing shing been supported by the same that the surprised now and then, the headings pace after rightfall that assept han upon them and under under the headings of all testifies advances of carefully, the tasks to helight of all testings and the surprised of all testings and the surprised of all testings and testings and testings and support and testings and of his occul bearing. There was a song popular at that time called "The Bogye Man," Miss Statchled sangl at the schooloom concert (in aid of the church lamps), and thereafter whenever one or two of the villagers were gathered together and the stranger appeared, a bar or so of this bane, more or less sharp or flat, was whistled in the midst of them. Also belated little children would call "Bogey Man" after him, and make off termulously elated.

displayed the dark masses of the garden beyond. He is certain that nothing went out of the door. It opened, stood open for a moment, and then closed with a slam. As it did so, the candle Mrs. Burning was carrying from the study filkered and flared. It was a minute or more before they entered the kitchen.

The place was empty. They refastened the back door, exami kitchen, pantry, and scullery thoroughly, and at last went dow into the cellar. There was not a soul to be found in the house

Daylight found the vicar and his wife, a quaintly-costumed little couple, still marvelling about on their own ground floor by the unnecessary light of a guttering candle.

THE FURNITURE THAT WENT MAD

Now it happened that in the early hours of Whit Monday, before Mille was hunted out for the day, Mr. Hall and Mrs. Hall both rose and went noticeless, down into the cells. Their business the rew sof a private nature, and had something to do with the specific gravity of their bers. They had hardly entered the cellar when Mrs. Hall found she had foogothen to bring down a bottle of arraspartial from their joint-cone. As the wast the septer and principal operator in this affair. Hall very properly went upstains for it.

On the landing he was surprised to see that the stranger's door was

But returning with the bottle, he noticed that the bolts of the But returning with the bottle, he noticed that the botts of the front door had been shot back, that the door was in fact simply on the latch. And with a flash of inspiration he connected this with the stranger's room upstains and the suggestions of Mr. Teddy Henfrey, He distinctly remembered holding the candle while Mrs. Hall shot these botts overnight. At the sight he stopped, gaping, thousand and one bottles aroused his jealous regard. All thr April and May he coveted an opportunity of talking to the str and at last, towards Whitsurtide, he could stand it no longer and at last, towards Whitsunide, he could stand it no longer, but in upon the subscription-list for a vilage nurse as an excuse. He was surprised to find that Mr. Hall did not know his guest's name. He give a name, "said Mrs. Hall—an assertion which was quite androunded—but iddn't rightly hear it." She thought it seemed so silly not to know the man's name."

Cuss rapped at the parlour door and entered. There was a fairly audible imprecation from within. "Pardon my intrusion," said Cuss and then the door closed and cut Mrs. Hall off from the rest of

She could hear the murmur of voices for the next ten minutes, then one could real use infinition to rouces a use that terminations, use or yof surprise, a stirring of feet, a chair flung adde, a bank of laughter, quick steps to the door, and Cuss appeared, his face white, his eyes staring over his shoulder. He left the door open behind him, and without looking at her strode across the hall and went down the steps, and she heard his feet hurrying along the went down the steps, and she heard his feet hurrying along me road. He camed his hat in his hand. She stood behind the door locking at the open door of the pariour. Then she heard the stranger laughing quietly, and then his footsteps came across to room. She could not see his face where she stood. The parious slammed, and the place was silent again.

Cuss went straight up the village to Bunting the vicar. "Am I mac Cuss began abruptly, as he entered the shabby little study. "Do I look like an insane person?"

"What's happened?" said the vicar, putting the ammonite on the loose sheets of his forth-coming sermon.

"That chap at the inn--"

"Well?"

"Give me something to drink," said Cuss, and he sat down

It was as he expected. The bed, the room also, was empty. And what If was as ne expected. The bed, me room also, was empty. Ano win was stranger, even to his heavy intelligence, on the bedroom chair and along the rail of the bed were scattered the garments, the only garments so far as he knew, and the bandages of their guest. His big slouch hat even was cocked jauntily over the bed-post.

As Hall stood there he heard his wife's voice coming out of the As has about sines in lesions in since some some original original depth of the cellar, with that rapid telescoping of the syllables and interrogative cocking up of the final words to a high note, by which the West Sussex villager is wont to indicate a brisk impatience. "George! You gart whad a wand?"

At first Mrs. Hall did not understand, and as soon as she did she resolved to see the empty room for herself. Hall, still holding the bottle, went first. "If e'en "there," he said, "is close are.
And what's 'e doin' 'ithout 'is close, then? 'Tas a most curious

As they came up the cellar steps they both, it was afterwards we tierly claime by time clears steps tierly door, it was atterwants scenarianed, familied they heard the front door open and shut, but seeing it closed and nothing there, neither said a word to the other about it at the time. Mrs. Hall passed her husband in the passage and ran on first upstains. Someone sneezed on the staircase. Hall following six steps behind, thought that he heard her sneeze. She, going on first, was under the impression that Hall was sneeze. She flung open the door and stood regarding the room. "Of all the curioust" she said.

She heard a sniff close behind her head as it seemed, and turning, was surprised to see Hall a dozen feet off on the topmost stair. But in another moment he was beside her. She bent forward and put her hand on the pillow and then under the clothes.

interview he had just had. "Went in", he gisped, "and begain to demand a subscription for that Naves Fund Hed study his hands in his posteles as I came, and he said down harply in his chart. In this posteles are sume, and he said down harply in his chart. Soffied, I dold him for heart he tool can interest in scientific. Soffied, I dold him for heart he tool an interest in scientific and the soffied has been supported by the said of the soffied has been supported by the said of the soffied has been supported by the said of the soffied has been supported by the said of the soffied has been supported by the said of the soffied has been supported by the said has been supported. The said has been the bold, and the said has been supported by the said has been supported b valuable prescription-what for he wouldn't asy, Was I medica? "Damy you'll what evoy lasting after?" jacologised. Dipprided and and rough, the results of letter and mine proprieties. Put it was to be a support of the proprieties of the prop

"Well?"

"No hand-just an empty sleeve, Lordl I thought, _that's_ a deformity! Got a cork arm, I suppose, and has taken it off. The thought, there's something odd in that. What the devil keeps th seleve up and open, if there's nothing in it? There was nothing it, I tell you. Nothing down it, right down to the joint. I could see right down it to the elbow, and there was a glimmer of light shining through a tear of the cloth. 'Good Godf' I said. Then he stopped. Stared at me with those black goggles of his, and ther at his sleeve."

That's all. He never said a word; just glared, and put his sleeve sack in his pocket quickly. I was saying," said he, "that there was the prescription burning, wasn't !?" Interrogative cough.

"Cold," she said. "He's been up this hour or more.

As she did so, a most extraordinary thing happened. The bed-clothe gathered themselves together, leapt up suddenly into a sort of peak, and then jumped headlong over the bottom rall. It was exactly as if and then jumped nealoning over the boxoom rail. It was exactly as a hand had clutched them in the centre and flung them aside, immediately after, the stranger's hat hopped off the bed-post, described a whirling flight in the air through the better part of a circle, and then dashed straight at Mrs. Hall's face. Then as widthy came the sponge from the washstand; and then the chair, swiftly came the sponge from the washstand, and then the chart, linguing the stranger cool and notouses calcelestly saide, and laughing offly in a voice singuishly file the stranger's, furned for the chart of the stranger's, furned for a moment, and charged at the Sits screamed and harmed, and the chart legs came gently but firmly against her back and impelled her and still out of the room. The door sammed violently and was locked. The chair and feed seemed to be executing a dance of sturn for a moment, and then shorply everything was still.

Mrs. Hall was left almost in a fainting condition in Mr. Hall's arms on the landing. It was with the greatest difficulty that Mr. Hall and Mille, who had been roused by her scream of alarm, succeeded in getting her downstairs, and applying the restora

"Tas sperits," said Mrs. Hall. "I know 'tas sperits. I've read in

"Take a drop more, Janny," said Hall. "Twill steady ye."

"Lock him out " said Mrs. Hall. "Don't let him come in again "Look him out," said Mrs. Hall. "Don't let rim come in again.

I half guessed—I might ha' known. With them goggling eyes and bandaged head, and never going to church of a Sunday. And all they bottles—more'n it's right for any one to have. He's put the sperits into the furniture... My good old furniture! "Twas in that very chair my poor dear mother used to all when I was a little oirl. To think it should rise up against me now

"Just a drop more, Janny," said Hall, "Your nerves is all upse

sent Millie across the street through the golden five o'cloc

papers of en. Tables and chairs leaping and dancing...

"It's an empty sleeve, is it? You saw it was an empty sleeve?' He "it's an empty sieeve, is it it you saw it was an empty sieeve it he stood up right waw; I stood up too. He came towards me in three very slow steps, and stood quite close. Sniffed venomously. I didn't flinch, though I'm hanged if that bandaged knob of his, and those blinkers, aren't enough to unnerve any one, coming quietly

"You said it was an empty sleeve?" he said. 'Certainly,' I said. At staining and saying nothing a barefaced man, unspectacled, starts scratch. Then very quietly he pulled his sleeve out of his pocket again, and raised his arm towards me as though he would show it to me again. He did it very, very slowly. I looked at it. Seemed as age. Well?' said I, clearing my throat, 'there's nothing in it.'

"Had to say something. I was beginning to feel frightened. I could see right down it. He extended it straight towards me, slowly. v-iust like that-until the ouff was six inches from face. Queer thing to see an empty sleeve come at you like that! And then-*

"Something-exactly like a finger and thumb it felt-nipped my

"There wasn't anything there!" said Cuss, his voice running up into a shriek at the "there." "It's all very well for you to laugh, but I tell you I was so startled, I hit his cuff hard, and turned around, and cut out of the room--I left him--"

Cuss stopped. There was no mistaking the sincerity of his panic Cuss stopped. Inere was no mistawing me sincentry or ins panic. He turned round in a helpless way and took a second glass of the excellent vicar's very inferior sherry. "When I hit his culff," said Cuss, "I tell you, if tell excelf like hitting an arm. And there wasn't an arm! There wasn't the ghost of an arm!"

sunshine to rouse up Mr. Sandy Wadgers, the blacksmith. Mr. Half's compliments and the furnhare upstains was behaving most extraordinary. Would Mr. Wadgers come round? He was a knowing was Mr. Wadgers, and very resourceful. He took quite a grave view of the case. "Arm darmed if thet ent witch-raft," was the view of Mr. Sandy Wadgers. "You want horseshoes for such genity as he."

we sawly valegets. You want notestimes to study getting at the He came round getting concerned. They wanted him to lead the way update to the room, but the definite seem to be in any harry, let wanted by the control of the control of the section without the was called over to join the discussion. Mr. Huster markening the was called over to join the discussion. Mr. Huster markening the section of the production of the remarkening the production that was called over to join the discussion. Mr. Huster markening the section of the section of the production of the production pred deal of this work on decisions action. Test have the facts pred deal of this work on decisions action. Test have the facts of the section of the section of the section of the section pred deal of the section always open to bearin. But ye can't orbeat a door once you've builded on."

And suddenly and most wonderfully the door of the room upstairs opened of its own accord, and as they looked up in amazement, they saw descending the stairs the multifled figure of the stranger staring more blackly and blankly than ever with those unreasonab large blue glass eyes of his. He came down stiffly and slowly, staring all the time, he walked accors the passage stairing, then

"Look there!" he said, and their eyes followed the direct gloved finger and saw a bottle of sarsaparilla hard by th door. Then he entered the parlour, and suddenly, swiftly viciously, slammed the door in their faces.

Not a word was spoken until the last echoes of the slam had died

"I'd go in and ask'n 'bout it," said Wadgers, to Mr. Hall. "I'd

above the collar of the figure.

"Keep off!" said the figure, starting back.

It took some time to bring the landlady's husband up to that pitcl

"You're a damned rum customer, mister," said Mr. Jaffers. "But 'ed or no 'ed, the warrant says 'body," and duty's duty..."

Mr. Bunting thought it over. He looked suspiciously at Cuss. "It's a most remarkable story," he said. He looked very wise and gra-indeed. "It's really." said Mr. Buntino with judicial emphasis. "a

CHAPTER V

THE BURGLARY AT THE VICARAGE

The facts of the burglary at the vicanage came to us chiefly through the medium of he vicar and his wife. It occurred in the small houses of With Monday, the day develote in length the facilities. Mrs. Burting, it seems, work up suddenly in the fact that the core of the relationship and seems of the day of the fact that the door of their between that opened and objects. We did not arrouse the hrusband at first, but at up in bed listening. She then adjoining descript year of the good, and, and of these their coming out of the adjoining descript year and we should be adjoining descript year and we should be adjoining descript year. And put of the complex of the stript is light, but putting on his spectacles, her descript goes and his bat ban single year. We should not be listeding billion in he heard guide distinctly a shrabing going on it his study deat down datum, and

At that he returned to his bedroom, armed himself with the most obvious weapon, the poker, and descended the staircase as noiselessly as possible. Mrs. Bunting came out on the landing.

The hour was about four, and the ultimate darkness of the right was past. There was a faint shimmer of light in the half, but the study droomany yearend representably black. Everying was sell except the fairt oreafting of the stairs under Mr. Bushing's tread, and the fairt oreafting of the stairs under Mr. Bushing's tread, and the saidy in those most of the study. Then comeing support, the drawer was opened, and there was a study of papers. Then came an imprecation, and another was stork and the subdy was fooded with yellow light. Mr. Bushing was now in the half, and through the cauck of the dool in 4 could see the delax and food point dawer and a

candle burning on the desk. But the robber he could not see. He stood there in the hall undecided what to do, and Mrs. Bunting, her face white and intent, crept slowly downstairs after him. One thing kept Mr. Bunting's courage; the persuasion that this burglar was a

They heard the chink of money, and realised that the robber had found the housekeeping reserve of gold—how pounds ten in half sovereigns allogether. At that sound Mr. Butning was nerved to abrupt action. Gripping the poker firmly, he rushed into the room closely followed by Mrs. Butning. "Surrender!" cried Mr. Butning, fercoly, and then stooped amazed. Apparently the room was

Yet their conviction that they had, that very moment, heard somebody neoving in the room had amounted to a certainty. For half a minute, because they are considered to the certainty of the cert with the poker. Then Mrs. Bunting scrutinised the waste-paper baske and Mr. Bunting opened the lid of the coal-scuttle. Then they came to a stop and stood with eyes interrogating each other.

"I could have sworn--" said Mr. Bunting

"The candle!" said Mr. Bunting. "Who lit the candle!

"The drawer!" said Mrs. Bunting. "And the money's gone!

She went hastily to the doorway

There was a violent sneeze in the passage. They rushed out, and as they did so the kitchen door slammed. "Bring the candle," said Mr. Bunting, and led the way. They both heard a sound of bolts being hastily shot back.

At last he rapped, opened the door, and got as far as, "Excuse me-"Go to the devil!" said the stranger in a tremendous voice, and "Shut that door after you." So that brief interview terminated.

CHAPTER VII

THE UNVEILING OF THE STRANGER

The stranger went into the little parlour of the "Coach and Horses" about half-past five in the morning, and there he remained until near midday, the blinds down, the door shut, and none, after Half's repulse, verturing near him.

All that time he must have fasted. Thrice he rang his bell, the third time funciously and continuously, but no one answered him. He man risk to give he over indeed" and this He. Hell Preserved him, which man risks go to the overlinderd" and the He. Hell Preserved has a major and two even put beginer. Heal assisted by Wodgers, went of to find Mr. Shouldeforth, he magistrate, and take his advice. No one ventured updates. How the stranger concept himself is unknown. Now and here he would strike vidently up and down, and twice can save no collected of cueses. I have all of preserved and vicelet massings or confined or fources, a training of pages, and vicelet massings.

The little group of scared but curious people increased. Mrs. Hi came over, some gay young fellows resplendent in black ready jackets and _pique_paper ties--for it was Whit Monday--joined the group with confused interrogations. Young Archie Harker distinguished himself by going up the yard and trying to peep inder the window-blinds. He could see nothing, but gave reason or supposing that he did, and others of the Iping youth

It was the finest of all possible Whit Mondays, and down the village street stood a row of nearly a dozen booths, a shootin gallery, and on the grass by the forge were three yellow and chocolate waggons and some picturesque strangers of both to

putting up a cocoanut sty. The gentlemen wore blue jerseys, the ladies white aprons and quite fashionable hats with heavy plumer Wodger, of the "Purple Fawn," and Mr. Jaggers, the cobbler, who also sold old second-hand ordinary bicycles, were stretching a

And inside in the artificial darkness of the parlour into which

"Why wasn't my breakfast laid? Why haven't you prepared my meals and answered my bell? Do you think I live without eating?"

"Why isn't my bill paid?" said Mrs. Hall. "That's what I want to

The stranger stood looking more like an angry diving-helmet than ever. It was universally felt in the bar that Mrs. Hall had the better of him. His next words showed as much.

"I ook here my good woman..." he began "Don't 'good woman' _me_," said Mrs. Hall

"Remittance indeed!" said Mrs. Hall

"Well. I've found some more-

"I wonder where you found it," said Mrs. Hall.

That seemed to annoy the stranger very much. He stamped his foot. "What do you mean?" he said.

"That I wonder where you found it " said Mrs. Hall. "And before I take any bills or get any breakfasts, or do any such things take any bills or get any breaktasts, or do any such things whatsoever, you got to tell me one or two things I don't understand, and what nobody don't understand, and what everybody is very anxious to understand. I want to know what you been doing t'my chair upstairs, and I want to know how 'ts your room was empty, and how you got in again. Them as stops in this house comes in by the doors—that's the rule of the house, and that you_didn't_do, and what I want to know is how you_did_ come in. And I want to know

"You don't understand." he said. "who I am or what I am. I'll show You don't understand, "he said, "who I am or what I am. II show you. By Heaven! III show you." Then he put his open palm over his face and withdrew it. The centre of his face became a black cavity. "Here," he said. He stepped forward and handed Mrs. Hall somethis which site, staring at his metamorphosed face, accepted automatic. Then, when she saw what it was, she screamed loudly, dropped it, staggered back. The nose-it was the stranger's nosel pink and shining-rolled on the floor.

Then he removed his spectacles, and everyone in the bar gasped. He took off his hat, and with a violent gesture tore at his whiskers and bandages. For a moment they resisted him. A flash of hornible anticipation passed through the bar. "Oh, my Gardf" said some one. Then off they came.

It was worse than anything. Mrs. Hall, standing open-mouthed and hormo-struck, shrieked at what she saw, and made for the door of the house. Everyone began to move. They were prepared for scars, disfigurements, tanglike horrors, but nothing! The bandages and false half few across the passage into the bar, making a hobbledehoy jump to avoid them. Everyone tumbled on everyone el down the steps. For the man who stood there arboring score lexche explanation, was a solid gesticulating figure up to the coat-collar of him, and then-nothingness, no visible thing at all!

People down the village heard shouts and shrieks, and looking up the street saw the "Coach and Horses" violently firing out its humanity. They saw Mrs. Half fall down and Mr. Teddy Henfrey jump to avoid humbling over her, and then they heard the frightful. screams of Millie, who, emerging suddenly from the kitchen at the noise of the tumult, had come upon the headless stranger from behind. There increased suddenly.

Forthwith everyone all down the street, the sweetstuff selle cocoanut shy proprietor and his assistant, the swing man, little boys and girls, rustic dandies, smart wenches, smocked elders and aproned gipsies—began running towards the inn, and in a miraculously short space of time a crowd of perhaps forty people, and rapidly increasing, swayed and hooded and inquired and exclaimed and suggested, in front of Mrs. Hall's establishment. Everyone seemed cager to tak it once, and the result was Babel. A small group supported Mrs. Hall, who was picked up in a state of small group supported Mrs. Hat, who was picked up in a state or collapse. There was a conference, and the incredible evidence of a voolfecous eye-witness. "O Bogey!" "What's he been doin', then?" "An't hurt the girl, "as 'e?" "Run at en with a knife, I believe." "No 'ed, I tell ye. I don't mean no manner of speaking. I mean _marr tithout a 'ed_!" "Namsensel' tis some conjuring trick." "Fetched off 'is wrapping, 'e did--

In its struggles to see in through the open door, the crowd formed itself into a straggling wedge, with the more adventurous spex memeral the int. "Net stood for a moment." Here this gal acream, consent the second second second the second s

There was a disturbance behind, and the speaker stopped to step

People shouted conflicting information of the recent circum "Ed or no 'ed," said Jaffers, "I got to 'rest en, and 'rest en I Mr. Hall marched up the steps, marched straight to the door of the

parlour and flung it open. "Constable," he said, "do your duty Jaffers marched in. Hall next, Wadgers last. They saw in the dim-light the headless figure facing them, with a gnawed crust of bread in one gloved hand and a chunk of cheese in the other.

"That's him!" said Hall. "What the devil's this?" came in a tone of angry exp

Another his was an another his was ano "Get the feet" said laffers between his teeth Mr. Hall, endeavouring to act on instructions, received a sounding kick in the ribs that disposed of him for a moment, and Mr. Wadgers, seeing the decapitated stranger had rolled over and got the upper side of Jaffers, refreadd towards the look, kirlfe in hand, and so collided with Mr. Huxter and the Sidderbridge carter coming to the rescue of law and order. At the same moment down came three or four bottles from the chiffionnier and shot a web of pungency into the air of the room.

"11 surrender," cried the stranger, though he had Jaffers down, and in another moment he stood up panting, a strange figure, headless and handless--for he had pulled off his right glove now as well as his left. "It's no good," he said, as if sobbing for

It was the strangest thing in the world to hear that voice coming as if out of emply space, but the Sussex peasants are perhaps the most matter-of-fact people under the sun. Jaffers got up also and produced a pair of handouffs. Then he stared.

"I say!" said Jaffers, brought up short by a dim realization of the incongruity of the whole business, "Dam it! Can't use 'em as I cat see."

The stranger ran his arm down his waistcoat, and as if by a miracle the buttons to which his empty sleeve pointed became undone. Then he said something about his shin, and stooped down. He seemed to be fumbling with his shoes and socks.

"Why!" said Huxter, suddenly, "that's not a man at all. It's just empty clothes. Look! You can see down his collar and the linings of his clothes. I could put my arm-"

He extended his hand; it seemed to meet something in mid-air, and he drew it back with a sharp exclamation. "I wistly soy'd keep your fingers could not yee," said the seartly socie, in a tone of savage expostulation. "The fact is, I'm all here-heed, hands, legs, and all her set of it, but happens in involves. It is a contounded nuisance, but am. "That's creation with yil sould be policed to process by every sharpful time reason why is dead to policed to process by every sharpful time reason with yil sould be policed to process by every sharpful time reason with yill sharpful time.

The suit of clothes, now all unbuttoned and hanging loosely upon its unseen supports, stood up, arms akimbo

Several other of the men folks had now entered the room, so that it was closely crowded. "Invisible, eh?" said Huxter, ignoring the stranger's abuse. "Who ever heard the likes of that?"

"It's strange, perhaps, but it's not a crime. Why am I assaulted by a policeman in this fashion?"

"Ab! that's a different matter," said Jaffers, "No doubt you are a Ann trains a different maker, said dallies. No doubt your bit difficult to see in this light, but I got a warrant and it's all correct. What I'm after ain't no invisibility.—it's burglary. There's a house been broke into and money took."

"And circumstances certainly point--"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the Invisible Ma

string of union-jacks and royal ensigns (which had originally celebrated the first Victorian Jubilee) across the road.

only one thin jet of sunlight penetrated, the stranger, hungry we must suppose, and fearful, hidden in his uncomfortable hot wrappings must suppose, and fearful, hidden in his uncomfortable hot wrappir pored through his dark glasses upon his paper or chinked his dirty little bottles, and occasionally swore savagely at the boys, audible if invisible, outside the windows. In the corner by the fireplace lay the fragments of half a dozen smashed bottles, and a pungent twang of chlorine tainted the air. So much we know from what was heard at the time and from what was subsequently seen in the room

Mrs. Hall appeared after an interval, a little short of breath, but all the flercer for that. Hall was still out. She had deliberated over this scene, and she came holding a little tray with an unsettled bill upon it. "Is it your bill you're warning, si?" she

"I told you three days ago I was awaiting a remittance--"I told you two days ago I wasn't going to await no remittances You can't grumble if your breakfast waits a bit, if my bill's been waiting these five days, can you?"

"I hope so, sir; but I've got my instructions

"Well," said the stranger, "fil come. fil _come_. But no

"It's the regular thing," said Jaffers. "No handcuffs," stipulated the stranger

"Pardon me," said Jaffers

"Here, stop that," said Jaffers, suddenly realising what was happening. He gripped at the waistcoat; it struggled, and the shirt slipped out of it and left it limp and empty in his hand. "Hold him!" said Jaffers, loudly. "Once he gets the things off-."

"Hold him!" cried everyone, and there was a rush at the fluttering white shirt which was now all that was visible of the stranger.

The shirt-sieeve planted a shreed blow in Half's face that stopped has open smed advance, and sent thin backward into ind Endorson smed advance, and sent the backward into ind Endorson became convolved and vacanty flapping about the arms, seen as a shirt that is being thrust over a mar's head, Jaffers clutched at I., and only helped poil if off, he was sucked in the modified of the air, and only helped poil if off, he was sucked in the modified of the air, and incontinently threw his truncheon and smote Teddy Herifing saxieging upon the crown of first head.

"Look out" said everybody, fencing at random and hitting at nothing. "Hold him! Shut the door! Don't let him loose! I got something! Here he is!" A perfect Babel of noises they made. Everybody, it seemed, was being hit all at once, and Sandy Wa everyloody, it seemed, was being nit all at once, and sandy visids knowing as ever and his with sharpened by a frightful blow in the nose, reopened the door and led the rout. The others, following incontinently, were jammed for a moment in the corner by the doorway. The hitting continued. Phipps, the Unitarian, had a front

broken, and Henfrey was injured in the cartilage of his ear rs was struck under the jaw, and, turning, caught at someth htervened between him and Huxter in the melee, and previ their coming together. He felt a muscular chest, and in an

"I got him!" shouted Jaffers, choking and reeling through them all and wrestling with purple face and swelling veins against his

Men staggered right and left as the extraordinary conflict swiftly towards the house door, and went spinning down thatf-dozen steps of the inn. Jaffers cried in a strangled voice-holding tight, nevertheless, and making play with the strangled to some strangled t nee-spun around, and fell heavily undermost with his head on he gravel. Only then did his fingers relax.

There were excited cries of "Hold him!" "Invisible!" and so forti There were excited cries of "Hold him!" "Invisible" and so forth, and a young fellow, a stranger in the Jace whose name did not come to light, rushed in at once, caught something, missed his hold, and fell over the constable's prostate body. Half was yourses the road a woman screamed as something pushed by her; a dog, kicked apparently, yelped and ran howling into Huxder's yard, and with that the transact of he invisible Man was accomplished. For a space that the transit of the Invisible Man was accomplished. For a space people stood amazed and gesticulating, and then came panic, and scattered them abroad through the village as a gust scatters dead

But Jaffers lay quite still, face upward and knees bent, at the foot of the steps of the inn.

CHAPTER VIII IN TRANSIT

He felt the hand that had closed round his wrist with his disengag fingers, and his fingers went timorously up the arm, patted a muscular chest, and explored a bearded face. Marvel's face was

"I'm dashed!" he said. "If this don't beat cock-fighting! Most remarkable!—And there I can see a rabbit clean through you, 'arf a mile away! Not a bit of you visible—except--"

He scrutinised the apparently empty space keenly. "You 'aven't been eatin' bread and cheese?" he asked, holding the invisible arm.

"You're quite right, and it's not quite assimilated into the system

"Ah!" said Mr. Marvel. "Sort of ghostly, though."

"It's quite wonderful enough for _my_ modest wants," said Mr. Thomas Marvel. "Howjer manage it! How the dooce is it done?"

"It's too long a story. And besides--

"What I want to say at present is this: I need help. I have come to that--I came upon you suddenly. I was wandering, mad with rage, naked, impotent. I could have murdered. And I saw you--*

"_Lord_!" said Mr. Marvel.

"I came up behind you-hesitated-went on-

Mr. Marvel's expression was eloquent

"--then stopped. 'Here,' I said, 'is an outcast like myself. This is the man for me.' So I turned back and came to you--you. And--

spacious open downs without a soul within a couple of miles of him, as he thought, and almost dozing, heard close to him he sound as and and oblong, better of close to him he sound as and looking, better of north, yet he volve was indeputable. It continued to swear with that breadth and variefy that distinguisheds. It continued to swear with that breadth and variefy that distinguished again, and ded away in the distance, going as it seemed to him in the effection of Addreson. If little to a sparamodic sneeze and nded. Gibbons had heard nothing of the morning's occurr the phenomenon was so striking and disturbing that his philosophical tranquility vanished; he got up hastily, and hurried down the steepness of the hill towards the village, as fast as he could go.

CHAPTER IX

MD THOMAS MADVEL

You must picture Mr. Thomas Marvel as a person of copious, flexible visage, a nose of cylindrical profrusion, a liquorish, ample, flictuating mouth, and a beard of briefling eccentricity. His figure inclined to emborspoint, his short limbs accentuated this inclination. He wore a turry sith hat, and the frequent substitution of wive and shoe-laces for buttons, apparent al critical points of his osostume, marked a man essentially bachelor

Market as and extensional value of the second of legis, the feet, who the social of engine grows work, were determined to the second of legis, the feet second to second of legis, the feet second to second of legis, the second of legis and the and and to legis and the second of legis and the first and to local at the second of legis and the second of legis and the first and to local at the second of legis and le

among the grass and springing agrimony, it suddenly occurred that both pairs were exceedingly ugly to see. He was not at all startled by a voice behind him.

"They're boots, anyhow," said the Voice

"They are--charity boots," said Mr. Thomas Marvel, with his head on one side regarding them distastefully; "and which is the ugliest pair in the whole blessed universe, I'm damed if I know!"

The worm sorse—in fact, I've worm note. But note so oxidacious process of the control of the con

"It's a beast of a country," said the Voice. "And pigs for people

"Ain't it?" said Mr. Thomas Marvel. "Lord! But them boots! It beats it."

He turned his head over his shoulder to the right, to look at the boots of his interlocutor with a view to comparisons, and lo! where the boots of his interlocutor should have been were neither legs nor boots. He was irradiated by the dawn of a great amazement. "Where _are_yer?" said Mr. Thomas Marvel over his shoulder and coming on all fours. He saw a stretch of empty downs with the wind swaying the remote green-pointed furze bushes.

"Am I drunk?" said Mr. Marvel. "Have I had visions? Was I talking to myself? What the--

"Don't be alarmed," said a Voice.

"None of your ventriloquising _me_," said Mr. Thomas Marvel, rising

nevertheless. It is so much easier not to believe in an invisible man; and those who had actually seen him dissolve into air, or felt the strength of his arm, could be counted on the fingers of two hands. And of these witnesses Mr. Wadgers was presently missing, having retired impregnably behind the boilts and bars of his own

having refered imprographly behind the bolls and bars of his own house, and Jaffers was hip gaturmed in the polarized or the "Coach and Indexes." Other and strange, sites transcending experience often control to the coach of the coach and Indexes. "Other and strange sites transcending experience often considerations large used by with buffers, and everyploty was it gails oness. White Monday had been looked forward to for a morth or more. By the attempore over those who believed in the Unserse were beginning to resume their little amusements in a tertable feathort, on the supposition than the and quile process, and with the scoptice for was already a jest. Bull people, sceptics and believers allow, were remarkable, souther all the dark, were remarkable, souther all the dark.

Haysman's meadow was gay with a tent, in which Mrs. Bunting and other ladies were preparing tea, while, without, the Sunday-school children ran races and played games under the noisy quidance of the curate and the Misses Cluss and Sackbut. No doubt there was a sligh

neasiness in the air, but people for the most part had the s

uneasines in the air, but people for the most part had the sense to conceel whatever presentance. On the viding years an inclined integ i proeff, down which, and offering year as a scale at the other can dear the present part of the present makes the present part of the part of the present part of the part of the present part of the present part of the present part

onceptions of holiday-making were severe, was visible through the ismine about his window or through the open door (whichever way

sharply to his feet. "Where _are_ yer? Ala "Don't be alarmed," repeated the Voice

"_You'll_ be alarmed in a minute, you silly fool," said Mr. Thomas Marvel. "Where _are_ yer? Lemme get my mark on yer...

"Are yer_buried_?" said Mr. Thomas Marvel, after an interval.

There was no answer. Mr. Thomas Marvel stood bootless and amazed, his jacket nearly thrown off.

"Peewit, indeed!" said Mr. Thomas Marvel. "This ain't no time for retext, illuters is and int. Intimus manue. I in an into line too foolery." The down was desolate, east and west, north and south; the road with its shallow ditches and while bordering stakes, ran smooth and empty north and south, and, save for that peewlt, the blue sky was empty too. "So help me," said Mr. Thomas Marvel, where the same statement of the same statement of the same statement of the blue sky was empty too. "So help me," said Mr. Thomas Marvel, where the same statement of same statem

"Owl" said Mr. Marvel, and his face grew white amidst its patches. "It's the drink!" his lips repeated noiselessly. He remained staring about him, rotating slowly backwards. "I could have _swore_I heard a voice," he whispered.

"It's there again," said Mr. Marvel, closing his eyes and clasping his hand on his brow with a tragic gesture. He was suddenly taken by the collar and shaken violently, and left more dazed than ever. "Don't be a foot," said the Voice.

"I'm-off-my-blooming-chump," said Mr. Marvel. "It's no good. It's fretting about them blarsted boots. I'm off my blessed bloom chump. Or it's spirits."

was apprehensive, and he moved with a sort of reluctant alsority. He turned the corner of the church, and directed his way to the "Coach and Horses." Among others of leTecher remembers seeping him, and indeed the old gentleman was so struck by his poculiar agitation that he inadvertently allowed a quantity of whitewash to run down the brush into the steeve of his cost while regarding him.

This stranger, to the perceptions of the proprietor of the cocoanut shy, appeared to be talking to himself, and Mr. Huxter remarked the same thing. He stopped at the foot of the "Coach and Horses" steps

same unity, he suppose at the foot of the Count and holess steps and, according to Mr. Huxter, appeared to undergo a severe internal struggle before he could induce himself to enter the house. Finally he marched up the steps, and was seen by Mr. Huxter to turn to the left and open the door of the pariour. Mr. Huxter hard voices from within the room and from the bar apprising the man of his error.

"That room's private!" said Hall, and the stranger shut the door clumsily and went into the bar.

In the course of a few minutes he reappeared, wiping his lips with the back of he hand with an air of quet estitistation has tomehow the head of the head with an air of quet estitistation has tomehow some moments, and hen her harder and him wait is no nodify futive manner towards the gates of he yeart, upon which the partour window opened. The stranger, after some hestation, level against ord the gates of the yeart, and the partour window opened. The stranger, after some hestation, level against ord the gates of the gate outs, produced a short of by pops, and prepared to fill it. I he fingers territorie will know place that it clamping, and

folding his arms began to smoke in a languid attitude, an attitude which his occasional glances up the yard altogether belied.

All this Mr. Huxter saw over the canisters of the tobacco windor and the singularity of the man's behaviour prompted him to ma his observation.

Presently the stranger stood up abruptly and put his pipe in his pocket. Then he vanished into the yard. Forthwith Mr. Huxder, conceiving he was witness of some petty larceny, leapt round his counter and ran out into the road to intercept the thief. As he did

counter and ran out into the road to intercept the thief. As he did so, Mr. Marvel reappeared, his hat askew, a big bundle in a blue table-cloth in one hand, and three books tied together—as it proved afterwards with the Vilora's braces—in the other. Directly he saw Huxder he gave a sort of gasp, and turning sharply to the left,

began to run. "Stop, thieft" cried Huxder, and set off after him.

Mr. Huxder's sensations were vivid but brief. He saw the man just before him and spuring briskly for the church corner and the hill broad. He saw the vilage flags and festivities beyond, and a face or so turned towards him. He bawled, "Stop!" again. He had hardly gone so turned towards nim. He dawled, "stopp" again. He naci hariny go ten strides before his shin was caught in some mysterious sashion, and he was no longer running, but flying with inconceivable rapidily through the air. He saw the ground suddenly dose to his face. The world seemed to splash into a million whitling specks of light, and

CHAPTER XI

IN THE "COACH AND HORSES"

"Chump," said Mr. Marvel.

One minute, said the Voice, penetratingly, tremulous with self-control.

"You think I'm just imagination? Just imagination?"

"Well?" said Mr. Thomas Marvel, with a strange feeling of having been dug in the chest by a finger.

"Very well," said the Voice, in a tone of relief. "Then I'm going to throw flints at you till you think differently."

The Voice made no answer: Whizz came a flint, apparently out of the air, and missed Mr. Marvel's shoulder by a hair's breadth. Mr. Marvel, turning, saw a filtnit jet, prin to the air, trace a complicated path, hang for a moment, and then fling at his feet with aimost invisible rapidity. He was too amazed to dodge, Whizz it came, and incohetted from a bure toe find the dicto. Mr. Thomas

Marvel jumped a foot and howled aloud. Then he started to run, tripped over an unseen obstacle, and came head over heels into a

"_Now_," said the Voice, as a third stone curved upward and hung in the air above the tramp. "Am I imagination?"

Mr. Marvel by way of reply struggled to his feet, and was immediately rolled over again. He lay quiet for a moment. "If you struggle any more," said the Voice, "I shall throw the flint at your head."

"What else _can_ you be?" said Mr. Thomas Marvel, rubbing the back of his neck.

Now in order clearly to understand what had happened in the in is necessary to go back to the moment when Mr. Marvel first ca into view of Mr. Huxter's window.

At that precise moment Mr. Cuss and Mr. Bunting were in the parlour. They were seriously investigating the strange occurrences of the morning, and were, with Mr. Hall's permission, making a thorough examination of the Invisible Man's belongings. Jaffers had partially recovered from his fall and had gone home in the charge of his reconsequence when usis tast and nad goine nome in the charge of his sympathetic finders. The stranger's scattered garments had been removed by Mrs. Hall and the room tidled up. And on the table under the window where the stranger had been wont to work, Cuss had hit almost at once on three big books in manuscript labelled "Diary."

"Diary!" said Cuss, putting the three books on the table. "Now, at any rate, we shall learn something." The Vicar stood with his hands on the table.

"Diary," repeated Cuss, sitting down, putting two volumes to support the third, and opening it. "H"m--no name on the fly-leaf. Bother!--cypher. And figures."

What! Ain't there any stuff to you. _Vox et_-what is it?--jabber. s it that?*

"I am just a human being-solid, needing food and drink, needing covering too-But I'm invisible. You see? Invisible. Simple idea.

"Yes, I am-thin air. You're looking through me."

"It's very simple," said the Voice. "I'm an invisible man."

"Tell us something I don't know," said Mr. Marvel, gasping with pain. "Where you've hid--how you do it--I _don't_ know. I'm beat.

"Anyone could see that. There is no need for you to be so confounded impatient, mister. _Now_ then. Give us a notion. How are you hid?"

That's all," said the Voice. "I'm invisible. That's what I want

"I'm invisible. That's the great point. And what I want you to understand is this--"

"Oh, _come_! I ain't blind. You'll be telling me next you're just thin air. I'm not one of your ignorant tramps--"

"Here! Six yards in front of you

The third flint fell.

"Yes, real."

"Let's have a hand of you," said Marvel, "if you _are_ real. It won't be so dam out-of-the-way like, then-_Lord_!" he said, "how you made me jumpl--gripping me like that!"

"See for yourself," said Mr. Cuss. "Some of it's mathematical and some of it's Russian or some such language (to judge by the letters), and some of it's Greek. Now the Greek I thought _you_--" subsequent proceedings interested him no mor

"Of course," said Mr. Bunting, taking out and wiping his spectacles and feeling suddenly very uncomfortable-for he had no Greek left in his mind worth talking about; "yes—the Greek, of course, may furnish a clue."

Cuss turned the pages over with a face suddenly disapp "I'm-dear me! It's all cypher, Bunting." "There are no diagrams?" asked Mr. Bunting. "No illustrations

throwing light-

"I'd rather glance through the volumes first," said Mr. Bunting, still wiping. "A general impression first, Cuss, and _then_, you know, we can go looking for clues."

He coughed, put on his glasses, arranged them fastidiously, cougher again, and wished something would happen to avert the seemingly inevitable exposure. Then he took the volume Cuss handed him in a leisurely manner. And then something did happen.

The door opened suddenly.

Both gentlemen started violently, looked round, and were relieved to see a sporadically rosy face beneath a furry slik hat. "Tap?" asked the face, and stood staring.

"Over the other side, my man," said Mr. Bunting. And "Please shut that door," said Mr. Cuss, irritably.

"All right," said the intruder, as it seemed in a low voice curiously different from the huskiness of its first inquiry. "Righ you are," said the intruder in the former voice. "Stand clear!"

back out of the room. I suppose."

"I daresay so," said Cuss. "My nerves are all loose to-day. It quite made me jump--the door opening like that." Mr. Bunting smiled as if he had not jumped. "And now," he said with a sigh, "these books."

Cne thing is indisputable, said Bunting, drawing up a chair next to that of Cuss. *There certainty have been very strange things happen in Iping during the last few days-very strange. I cannot of course believe in this absurd invisibility story-*

"It's incredible," said Cuss--"incredible. But the fact re-that I saw--I certainly saw right down his sleeve--"

"But did you--are you sure? Suppose a mirror, for instance hallucinations are so easily produced. I don't know if you have ever seen a really good conjuror--"

"I won't argue again," said Cuss. "We've thrashed that out, Bunting. And just now there's these books--Ah! here's some of what I take to be Greek! Greek letters certainly."

He pointed to the middle of the page. Mr. Bunting flushed slightly and brought his face nearer, apparently finding some difficulty with his glasses. Suddenly he became aware of a strange feeling at the nape of his neck. He tried to raise his head, and encountered an immovable resistance. The feeling was a curious pressure, the grip of a heavy, firm hand, and it bore his chin irresistibly to the table. "Don't move, little men," whispered a voice, "or I'll brain you both!" He looked into the face of Cuss, close to his own, and each saw a horrified reflection of his own sickly astonishment.

"I'm sorry to handle you so roughly," said the Voice, "but it's

"Look here," said Mr. Marvel. "Tm too flabbergasted. Don't knock me about any more. And leave me go. I must get steady a bit. And you've pretly near broken my toe. It's all so unreasonable. Empty downs, empty sky. Nothing visible for miles except the bosom of lature. And then comes a voice. A voice out of heaven! And stones And a fist--Lord!"

"Pull yourself together," said the Voice, "for you have to do the job I've chosen for you."

Mr. Marvel blew out his cheeks, and his eyes were round.

"I've chosen you," said the Voice. "You are the only man except some of those fools down there, who knows there is such a thing as an invisible man. You have to be my helper. Help me-and I will do great things for you. An invisible man is a man of power." He stopped for a moment to sneeze violently.

"But if you befray me," he said, "If you fail to do as I direct you." He paused and tapped Mr. Marvel's shoulder smartly, Mr. Marvel speen a yet of ferent of the touch," I don't wast to befray you," said Mr. Marvel, edying away from the direction of the lingers, which was to the proper of the mean of the proper of the means to do it to the proper pair film what I got to do. (Lord!) Whatever you want done, that I'm most willing to do."

MR. MARVEL'S VISIT TO IPING

After the first gusty panic had spent itself Iping became argumentative. Scepticism suddenly reared its head-rather ne scepticism, not at all assured of its back, but scepticism

"Since when did you learn to pry into an investigator's privat memoranda," said the Voice; and two chins struck the table simultaneously, and two sets of teeth rattled.

"Listen," said the Voice. "The windows are fastened and Tve taken the key out of the door. I am a fairly strong man, and I have the poker handy-bedies being invisible. There's not the slightest doubt that I could kill you both and get away quite easily if I wanted bo-do you understand? Very well. If I let you go will you promise not to by any noncernee and do what I tell you?"

The vicar and the doctor looked at one another, and the doctor pulled a face. "Yes," said Mr. Bunting, and the doctor repeated in Then the pressure on the necks relaxed, and the doctor and the

vicar sat up, both very red in the face and wrigoling their heads

'Please keep sitting where you are," said the Invisible Man. 'Here's the poker, you see."

When I came into this room," continued the Invisible Man, after presenting the police to the tip of the roots of each of its visitors, addition to my books of memorands, and until of clothing. Where is if? No—boat rise. I can see if it gone. Now, just all present, though the days are quite warm enough for an invisible man to un about stark, the evenings are quite chilly. I want chrismig—and context accommodation, and invisial belower bose there books."

"Where have they out my clothes?"

CHAPTER XII

THE INVISIBLE MAN LOSES HIS TEMPER

About four o'clock a stranger entered the village from the direction of the downs. He was a short, stout person in an extraordinarily shabby top hal, and he appeared to be very much out of breath, this cheeks were alternately limp and tightly puffed. His motified face

It is unavoidable that at this point the narrative should break off again, for a certain very painful reason that will presently be apparent. While these things were going on in the parlour, and while Mr. Huxter was watching Mr. Marvel smoking his pice against the gate, not a dozen yards away were Mr. Hall and Teddy Henfrey discussing in a state of cloudy puzzlement the one Iping topic. Suddenly there came a violent thud against the door of the parlour, a sharp cry, and then—silence.

"Hul-lo!" said Teddy Henfrey

Mr. Hall took things in slowly but surely. "That ain't right," he said, and came round from behind the bar towards the parlo

He and Teddy approached the door together, with intent faces. Their eyes considered. "Summat wrong," said Hall, and Henfrey nodded agreement. Whiffs of an unpleasant chemical odour met them, and there was a muffled sound of conversation, very rapid and sub

The muttered conversation ceased abruptly, for a moment silence, then the conversation was resumed, in hissing whispers, then a sharp ory of "Nol no, you don't There came a sudden motion and the oversetting of a chair, a brief struggle. Silence again.

"You-all-right thur?" asked Mr. Hall, sharply, again.

The Vicar's voice answered with a curious jerking intonation: "Quite ri-right. Please don't-interrupt."

"Odd!" said Mr. Henfrey.

"And a sniff," said Henfrey. They remained listening. The conversation was rapid and subdued. "I_can't_" said Mr. Bunting, his voice rising; "I tell you, sir, I_will_not."

"What was that?" asked Henfrey

"Says he wi' nart," said Hall. "Warn't speaking to us, wuz he?

"Disgracefull" said Mr. Bunting, within

"Disgraceful," said Mr. Henfrey. "I heard it-distinct

"Mr. Cuss. I s'pose." said Hall. "Can you hear--anything?"

Mrs. Hall appeared behind the bar. Hall made gestures of silence and invitation. This aroused Mrs. Hall's wifely opposition. "What yer listenin' there for, Hall?" she asked. "Ain't you nothin' better to do-busy day like this?"

Hall tried to convey everything by grimaces and dumb show, but Mrs Hall was obdurate. She raised her voice. So Hall and Henfrey, rather crestfallen, tiptoed back to the bar, gesticulating to explain to

At first she refused to see anything in what they had heard at all. Then she insisted on Hall keeping silence, while Henfrey told her his story. She was inclined to think the whole business nonsense-perhaps they were just moving the fumiliare about. "I heerd'n say 'disgraceful'; __that__I did," said Hall.

"_I_ heerd that, Mrs. Hall," said Henfrey

"Like as not--" began Mrs. Hall.

"Hsh!" said Mr. Teddy Henfrey. "Didn't I hear the window?

*Parlour window * said Henfrey

Everyone stood listening intently. Mrs. Hall's eyes, directed straight before her, saw without seeing the brilliant olding of the inn door, the road withte and vivid, and Husder's shop-front biblistening in the June sun. Abruptly Husder's door opened and Husder speaced, eyes storing with excitement, arms gesticulating, "Yapf" cried 'Husder'. Shop thieff' and he ran obliquely across the oblong towards the yard gates, and vanishes.

Simultaneously came a tumult from the parlour, and a s windows being closed.

Hall, Henfrey, and the human contents of the tap rushed out at once pell-mell into the street. They saw someone whisk round the corner towards the road, and Mr. Huxter executing a complicated leap in the air that en were standing astonished or running towards them

Mr. Huxter was stunned. Henfrey stopped to discover this, but Hall and the two labourers from the Tap rusted at once to the corner, shouting incoherent things, and saw Mr. Marvel vanishing by the corner of the church wall. They appear to have jumped to the ssible conclusion that this was the Invisible Man suddenly impossible conclusion that this was the Invisible Man suddenly become visible, and set off at once along the lame in pursuit. But I feld had hardly run a dozen yearb before he gaine a found should held held hardly the set of the properties of the property of the properties of the p

As he went down, the rush from the direction of the village green came round the comer. The first to appear was the proprietor of the coccanned ray, a body man in a blue jensey. He was autoinshed to see the lane empty save for three men sprawling absently on the ground. And then something happened to his rear-most foot, and he went heading and rolled schoways just in time to graze the feet of his bordher and partner; following headings. The tow were them kicked, knelt on, fallen over, and cursed by quite a number of

Now when Hall and Henfrey and the labourers ran out of the house, Mrs. Hall, who had been disciplined by years of experience, remained in the bar next the fill. And suddenly the parties drow was opened, and Mr. Cluss appeared, and without glancing at her nushed at once down the steps toward the comer. "Hold him!" he cried. "Don't let him drop that parcel."

over-hasty people.

He knew nothing of the existence of Marvel. For the Invisible Man had handed over the existence of Marvel. For the face of Mr. Cuss was angry and resolute, but his costume was defective, a sort of limp white kilt that could only have passed muster in Greece. "Hold him!" he bawled. "He's got my trousers! And every stitle of the 'Ucar's clothes!

"Tend to him in a minutel" he cried to Henfrey as he passed the prostrate Huxter, and, coming round the corner to join the turnuit, was promptly knocked off his feet into an indecorous sprawl. Somebody in full fight to struggled to regain his feet, was knocked against and thrown on all fours again, and became aware that he was involved not in a capture, but a rout. Everyone was running back to the village. He rose again and was hit severely behind the ear. He staggered and set off back to the "Coach and Horses" forthwith, leaping over the desented Huxter, who was now sitting up, on his way

In another moment Mr. Cuss was back in the parlour. "He's coming back, Bunting!" he said, rushing in. "Save yourself!"

Mr. Bunting was standing in the window engaged in an attempt to clothe himself in the hearth-rug and a _West Surrey Gazette _ "Who's coming?" he said, so startled that his costume narrowly escaped

In another moment he was out in the yard.

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Bunting, hesitating between two hom alternatives. He heard a frightful struggle in the passage of the inn, and his decision was made. He clambered out of the windo sted his costume hastily, and fled up the village as fast as

From the moment when the Invisible Man screamed with rage and Mr. Bunting made his memorable flight up the village, it became impossable to give a consecutive account of affairs in Iping. Possibly the Invisible Man's original intention was simply to over Manurel's reteast with the clothers and books. But his temper, are no time very good, seems to have gone completely at some chance blow, and forthwith he set to smiting and contributing, for the contribution of the contribution of

You must figure the street full of running figures, of doors slamming and fights for hiding-places. You must figure the turnult sudderly striking on the unstable equilibrium of old Fletcher's planks and two chairs—with cataclysmic results. You must figure planks and two chairs—with cataclysmic results. You must figure an appalled couple caught dismally in a swing. And then the whole turnulbuous rush has passed and the lping street with its gauds and flags is deserted save for the still raging unseen, and littered with coccanuts, overthrown canvas screens, and the scattered stock in trade of a sweetsfulf stall. Everywhere there is a sound of

The Invisible Man amused himself for a little while by breaking all the windows in the "Coach and Horses," and then he thrust a street lamp through the pariour window of Mrs. Gribble. He it must have been who cut the telegraph whe to Adderdean just beyond Higgins' cottage on the Adderdean road. And after that, as his peculiar qualities allowed, he passed out of human perceptions altogether and he was neither heard, seen, nor felt in Iping any more. He

But it was the best part of two hours before any human being ventured out again into the desolation of Iping street.

CHAPTER XIII

MR. MARVEL DISCUSSES HIS RESIGNATION

When the dusk was gathering and joing was just beginning to peep temorously forth again upon the shattered werekage of its Back to provide the provided of the case of the shattered were designed to the shattered was the shattered or the case of the provided or the case of the provided or the provided

"If you give me the slip again," said the Voice, "if you attempt to give me the slip again..."

"Lord!" said Mr. Marvel. "That shoulder's a mass of bruises as it ie."

" said the Voice, "I will kill you.

"I didn't try to give you the slip," said Marvel, in a voice that was not far remote from tears. "I swear I didn't. I didn't know the blessed turning, that was all I how the devil was I to know the blessed turning? As it is, I've been knocked about.-"

"You'll get knocked about a great deal more if you don't mind," said the Voice, and Mr. Marvel abruptly became silent. He blew out his cheeks, and his eyes were eloquent of despair.

"It's bad enough to let these floundering yokels explode my little secret, without _your_ cutting off with my books. It's lucky for some of them they cut and ran when they did! Here am I ... No one knew I was invisible! And now what am I to do?"

"It's all about. It will be in the papers! Everybody will be looking for me; everyone on their guard--" The Voice broke off into vivid curses and ceased.

Mr. Marvel's face assumed a greyish tint between the ruddler

*Don't drop those books, stupid," said the Voice, sharply--overtaking

"The fact is," said the Voice, "I shall have to make use of you... You're a poor tool, but I must."

"You are," said the Voice

"I'm the worst possible tool you could have," said Marvel

"I haven't the nerve and strength for the sort of thing you want."

"I wish you wouldn't. I wouldn't like to mess up your plans, you know. But I might-out of sheer funk and misery."

"It ain't justice," he said; "you must admit.... It seems to me I've a perfect right-.."

"_Get_ on!" said the Voice

Mr. Marvel mended his pace, and for a time they went in silence

This was quite ineffectual. He tried another tack "What do I make by it?" he began again in a tone of unendurable

"Oh! _shut up_!" said the Voice, with sudden amazing vigour. "I'll see to you all right. You do what you're told. You'll do it all right. You're a fool and all that, but you'll do--"

"I tell you, sir, I'm not the man for it. Respectfully--bu

"If you don't shut up I shall twist your wrist again," said the Invisible Man. "I want to think."

Presently two oblongs of yellow light appeared through the trees, and the square tower of a church loomed through the gloaming. "I shall keep my hand on your shoulder," said the Voice, "all through the village. Go straight through and try no foolery. It will be the worse for you if you do."

The unhappy-looking figure in the obsolete silk hat passed up the street of the little village with his burdens, and vanished into the gathering darkness beyond the lights of the windows.

CHAPTER XIV

Ten orliciok the next morning found Mr. Manvel, unshaven, dirty, and travel stained, sitting with the books beside him and his hands deep in his pockets, looking very weary, nervous, and unconfrostable, and inflating his cheeks at Infrequent intervals, on the bench outside a sittle into mit to exclusion of Port Stoke. Beside him were the books, but now they were telled with string. The bundle had been bandedned in the pine-woods beyond Brambelhursh, in accordance w a change in the plans of the Invisible Man. Mr. Marvel sat on the bench, and although no one took the slightest notice of him, his agitation remained at fever heat. His hands would go ever and again to his various pockets with a curious nervous fumbling.

When he had been sitting for the best part of an hour, however, an elderly mariner, carrying a newspaper, came out of the inn and sat down beside him. "Pleasant day," said the mariner.

"Just seasonable weather for the time of year," said the mariner taking no denial

"Quite." said Mr. Marvel

The mariner produced a toolhpick, and (saving his regard) was engrossed threshy for some minutes. He reyes meanwhile were at they his examine that Muerch sub-figure, and the books benefit to the history to the state of the books benefit to the second of contrast of the second of the seco

"Books?" he said suddenly, noisily finishing with the toothpick

"And some extra-ordinary things out of 'em," said the mariner.

"True likewise," said Mr. Marvel. He eyed his interlocutor, and then glanced about him.

"There's some extra-ordinary things in newspapers, for example," said the mariner.

"In _this_ newspaper," said the mariner

"Ah!" said Mr. Marve

Mr. Marvel pulled his mouth askew and scratched his cheek and felt his ears glowing. "What will they be writing next?" he asked faintly. "Ostria, or America?"

"Lord!" said Mr. Marvel, starting. "When I say _here_," said the mariner, to Mr. Marvel's intense relief, "I don't of course mean here in this place, I mean hereabouts."

"An Invisible Man!" said Mr. Marvel. "And what's _he_ been up to?"

"Everything," said the mariner, controlling Marvel with his eye, and then amplifying, "every-blessed-thing."

"In-_deed_!" said Mr. Marvel

"He started there. And where he came from, nobody don't seem to know. Here it is: 'Pe-culiar Story from Iping.' And it says in this paper that the evidence is extra-ordinary strong—extra-ordinary."

"But then, it's an extra-ordinary story. There is a clergyman and a medical gent witnesses—saw in all right and proper—or leastways didn't see in. He was staying, it says, at the "Coach an' Horses," and no one don't seem to have been aware of his misfortune, it says, aware of his misfortune, until in an Altercation in the lin, it. aware or ins misoriume, until in an interaction in the link; assay, his bandeges on his head was tom off, it was then ob-served that his head was invisible. Attempts were At Once made to secure him, but casting off his garments, it says, he succeeded in escaping, but not utili after a despental struggle, in which he had inflicted serious injuries, it says, on our worthy and able

constable, Mr. J. A. Jaffers. Pretty straight story, eh? Names and everything."

"Lord" said Mr. Marvel, looking nervously about him, trying to count the money in his pockets by his unaided sense of touch, and full of a strange and novel idea. "It sounds most astonishing."

"Don't it? Extra-ordinary, _I_ call it. Never heard tell of Invisible Men before, I haven't, but nowadays one hears such a lot of extra-ordinary things--that.--"

"That all he did?" asked Marvel, trying to seem at his ease

"Didn't go Back by any chance?" asked Marvel. "Just escaped and that's all, eh?"

"I should think it was enough," said the mariner. "I should think it was enough."

"He didn't have any pals--it don't say he had any pals, does it?" asked Mr. Marvel, anxious.

'Ain't one of a sort enough for you?" asked the mariner. "No, thank Heaven, as one might say, he didn't."

He nodded his head slowly. It makes me regular uncomfortable, the bare flowglif of that chap naming bods the country life is at present All Lange, and fine cellar widers are supposed that the bas-later, Jod., I suppose they mean-the road to Prof. Sinker. You And past think of the right per length of Weeker of the Company of the Compan

chaps hear uncommon sharp, I'm told. And wherever there was liquor he fancied..."

"He's got a tremenjous advantage, certainly," said Mr. Marvel.

"And--well..."

All this time Mr. Marvel had been glancing about him intently, listening for faint footfalls, trying to detect imperceptible movements. He seemed on the point of some great resolution. He

He looked about him again, listened, bent towards the mariner, and lowered his voice: "The fact of it is-I happen-to know just a thing or two about this Invisible Man. From private sources."

"Indeed!" said the mariner.

"The fact is," began Mr. Marvel eagerly in a confidential undertone. Suddenly his expression changed marvellously. "Owl" he said. He rose stifly in his seat. His face was eloquent of physical suffering. "Wowl" he said.

"Toothache," said Mr. Marvel, and put his hand to his ear. He caught hold of his books. "I must be getting on, I think," he said. He edged in a curious way along the seat away from his interlocutor. "But you was just a going to tell me about this here invisible Manif protested the mariner. Mr. Marvel seemed to consuit with himself. "Hoax," said a Vioce. "It's a hoax," said Mr. Manvel.

"Hoax all the same," said Marvel. "I know the chap that started the lie. There ain't no Invisible Man whatsoever--Blimey."

But how 'bout this paper? D'you mean to say-?

The mariner stared, paper in hand. Mr. Marvel jerkily faced about. "Wait a bit," said the mariner, rising and speaking slowly, "D'you mean to say--?"

"I do," said Mr. Marvel.

"Then why did you let me go on and tell you all this blarsted stuff, then? What d'yer mean by letting a man make a fool of himself like that for? Eh?"

Mr. Marvel blew out his cheeks. The mariner was suddenly very red indeed, he clenched his hands. "I been talking here this ten minutes." he said: "and you, you little pot-bellied, leathery-faced son of an old boot, couldn't have the elementary manners..."

"Don't you come bandying words with _me_," said Mr. Marvel.

"Bandying words! I'm a jolly good mind--

"Come up," said a Voice, and Mr. Marvel was suddenly whisted about and started marching off in a curious spasmodic manner. "You'd better move on," said the manire. "Hoh'd moving on" said Mr. Marvel. He was receding obliquely with a curious hurrying galt, with occasional violent jehs forward. Some way along the road he began a multered monologue, protests and recriminations.

"Silly devil" said the mariner, legs wide apart, elbows akimbo, watching the receding figure. "I'll show you, you silly ass--hoxxing _me_! It's here--on the paper!"

in the road, but the mariner still stood magnificent in the midst of the way, until the approach of a butcher's cart dislodged him. Then he turned himself towards Port Stowe. "Full of extra-ordinary asses," he said softly to himself. "Just to take me down a bit-that was his silly game-it's on the paper!"

And there was another extraordinary thing he was presently to hear, that had happened quite close to him. And that was a vision of a "fat ful of more", of loss la twelling without wide agency, along by the wall at the corner of S. Michael's Lame. A brother among had been show sworfd sight that was promoning. He had statistical at the more; forthild may that been hooked headeding, and which he had got but he feet to fullerly more plut variable. Our was a bit, box, stiff. Allowards, however, the began to think things over.

The stary of the flying money was true. And all about that neighbounded, even from the august London and County Banking Company, from the life of hidps and error-so strading that surror weather entirely open-money had been quely and destenously making of the darky in American and an ordeause, London guieth stone by walls and shady places, dodging quickly from the approaching yets of man, And it had, flored join own had to based, in inmalady entired in mysterious fight in the pooted of that against agreement in the ordered so that, a stimple quickle the life in or not outlier and the contraction of the contraction

It was ten days after-and indeed only when the Burdock story was already old-that the mariner collated these facts and began to understand how near he had been to the wonderful Invisible Man.

THE MAN WHO WAS RUNNING

In the early evening time Dr. Kemp was sitting in his study in the belvedere on the hill overlooking Burdock. It was a pleasant little

room, with three windows-north, west, and south-and bookshelv covered with books and scientific publications, and a broad writing-table, and, under the north window, a microscope, glass slips, minute instruments, some cultures, and scattered bottles of reagents. Dr. Kemp's solar lamp was lit, albeit the sky was still hoped, the fellowship of the Royal Society, so highly did he think

And his eye, presently wandering from his work, caught the sunset bizing at the back of the hill that is over against his own. For a minute perhaps he ast, per in mouth, admiring the rich golden colour above the crest, and then his attention was stitucated by the little figure of a main, rich ylador, numping over the hill-bown towards him. He was a shortish tiller man, and he wore a high hal, and he was numping to fast that his legs very bruinfeld.

"Another of those fools," said Dr. Kemp. "Like that ass who ran into me this morning round a corner, with the "Visible Man a-coming, sir" I can't imagine what possesses people. One might think we were in the thirteenth century."

He got up, went to the window, and stared at the dusky hillside, and the dark little figure tearing down it. "He seems in a confounded hurry," said Dr. Kemp, "but he doesn't seem to be getting on. If his pockets were full of lead, he couldn't run heavier."

In another moment the higher of the villas that had clambered up the hill from Burdock had occulted the running figure. He was visible again for a moment, and again, and then again, three times between the three detached houses that came next, and then the terrace hid

"Asses!" said Dr. Kemp, swinging round on his heel and walking back to his writing-table.

he ran he chinked like a well-filled purse that is tossed to and fin He looked nether to the right ron the list, but his distant eyes stared straight downhill to where the lamps were being lit, and the people were crowded in the stetch. And his ill-shaped mouth fell apart, and a glainty farm lay on his lips, and his thereof mouth fell apart and a glainty farm lay on his lips, and his breath came horses and noisy. All he passed stopped and began starting up the most down, and interrogating one another with an inkling of discomfort for the reason of his hade.

People screamed. People sprang off the pavement: It passed in shouts, It passed by instinct down the hill. They were shouting in the street before havel was halfavely there. They were boiling into houses and slamming the doors behind them, with the news. He hear it and made one last desperais sport. Fear came striving by, rushed sheed of him, and in a moment had select dhe town.

CHAPTER XVI

The "Jolly Cricketers" is just at the bottom of the hill, where the tram-lines begin. The barman leant his fat red arms on the counter and talked of horses with an anaenic oabman, while a black-beard man in grey snapped up biscuit and cheese, drank Burton, and conversed in American with a policeman off duty.

the low window of the inn. Somebody ran by outside. "Fire, perhaps," said the barman.

Footsteps approached, running heavily, the door was pushed open violently, and Marvel, weeping and dishevelled, his hat gone, the neck of his cost tom open, rushed in, made a convulsive turn, and attempted to shut the door. It was held half open by a strap.

"Coming!" he bawled, his voice shrieking with terror. "He's cor The "Visible Man! After me! For Gawd's sake! 'Elp! 'Elp! 'Elp!

"_You're_ safe," said the man with the black beard. "The door's shut. What's it all about?"

"Lemme go inside," sald Marvel, and shrieked aloud as a blow suddenly made the fastened door shiver and was followed by a hurried rapping and a shouting outside. "Hullo", cried the policeman, who's there?" Mr. Marvel began to make frantic dives at panels that looked like doors, "He'll kill me-he's got a kinfe or something. For

"This, this Invisible Man, then?" asked the man with the black beard, with one hand behind him. "I guess it's about time we saw him."

The window of the inn was suddenly smathed in, and there was a screaming and running to and the in the street. The policeman had been standing on the settlee standing only craining to see who was at the door. He got down with nisted eyebrows. "It's that," he said. The barman stool in fint of the thea praidur door which was now locked on Mr. Manvel, stated at the smashed window, and came round to the two other mass.

Everything was suddenly quiet. "I wish I had my truncheon," said the policeman, going irresolutely to the door. "Once we open, in he comes. There's no stopping him."

"Draw the bolts," said the man with the black beard, "and if he comes..." He showed a revolver in his hand.

"Not with that blinking thing going off behind me," said the barman, craning over the blind.

"Come in," said the bearded man in an undertone, standing back and facing the unbolled doors with his pistol behind him. No one came in, the door remained closed. Five minutes afterwards when a second cabman pushed his head in cautiously, they were still waiting, and a maxious face period rull of the bary parties of the property of the the parties of the property of the the parties of the property of the the parties and supplied information. "Are all the doors of the frouse shuff" asked Marrel. "He's going round-provinging round, He's a strill as the deed!"

"Good Lord!" said the burly barman. "There's the back! Just watch them doors! I say--!" He looked about him helplessly. The bar-parlour door slammed and they heard the key turn. "There's

"He's not in the kitchen," said the barman. "There's two women there, and I've stabbed every inch of it with this little beef slicer. And they don't think he's come in. They haven't noticed..."

the back of the parlour starred and came smashing and tinkling down As the barman entered the room he saw Marvel, curiously crumpled up and struggling against the door that led to the yard and kitchen. The door few open while the barman healtaked, and Marvel was dragged into the kitchen. There was a scream and a clatter of pans. Marvel, head down, and lugging back obstinately, was forced to the kitchen foor, and the botts were cirams.

at the unseen. "Here he is!" said the barma

blundered round the edge of the door. The voice of the thriddle filten seath heard for the last time, spligling out sharply, as the policeman hold on the filten the policeman hold on the policeman hold on his floot. Then he crited out passionately and his fast filter round like flast. The catheman suddenly withorpood and doubtled up, kicked under the disphragm. The door into the blue-policular from the kilchen slammed and covered Mr. Marvel's retired. The man in the kilchen found themselves dulching at and struggling with empty air.

"Where's he gone?" cried the man with the beard. "Out?

"This way," said the policeman, stepping into the yard and

"I'll show him," shouled the man with the black beard, and suddenly a seel barrel shone over the policeman's shoulder, and five bullets had followed one another into the twilight whence the missile had come. As he fired, the man with the beard moved his

hand in a horizontal curve, so that his shots radiated out into the A silence followed. "Five cartridges," said the man with the beard. "That's the best of all. Four aces and a joker. Get a lantern, someone, and come and feel about for his body."

CHAPTER XVII DR. KEMP'S VISITOR

Dr. Kemp had continued writing in his study until the shots aroused him. Crack, crack, crack, they came one after the other. "Hullo!" said Dr. Kemp, putting his pen into his mouth again and listening. "Who's letting off revolvers in Burdock? What are the asses at now?" He went to the south window, threw it up, and leaning out stared down on the network of windows, beaded gas-lamps and shops, black interstices of roof and yard that made up the town at right. "Looks like a crowd down the hill," he said, "by "The Cricketers." Looks alse a crowd down the mill; ne said, ny i net unixeters; and remained watching. Thence his eyes wandered over the town to far away where the ships' lights shone, and the pier glowed—a little illuminated, facetted pavilion like a geen of yellow light. The moon in its frat quarter hung over the westward hill, and the stars were clear and quarter through long-time.

After five minutes, during which his mind had travelled into a remote speculation of social conditions of the future, and lost itself at last over the time dimension, Dr. Kemp roused himself with a sigh, pulled down the window again, and returned to his writing desk.

It must have been about an hour after this that the front-door bell rang. He had been writing slackly, and with intervals of abstraction, since the shots. He sat listening. He heard the servant arswer the door, and waited for her feet on the staircase, but she did not come. "Wonder what that was," said Dr. Kemp.

He tried to resume his work, falled, got up, went downstairs from his study to the landing, rang, and called over the balustrade to the housemaid as she appeared in the hall below. "Was that a

letter?" he asked.

"Only a runaway ring, sir," she answered I'm restless to-night," he said to himself. He went back to his study, and this time attacked his work resolutely. In a little while he was hard at work again, and the only sounds in the room were the ticking of the clock and the subdued shriliness of his quill, hurrying in the very centre of the circle of light his lamoshade threw on his table.

It was two o'clock before Dr. Kemp had finished his work for the night. He rose, yawned, and went downstains to bed. He had already removed his coat and vest, when he noticed that he was thirsty. He took a candle and went down to the dining-room in search of a

But those who saw the fugitive nearer, and perceived the abject terror on his perspiring face, being themselves in the open roadway, did not share in the doctor's contempt. By the man pounded, and as he ran he chinked like a well-filled purse that is tossed to and

And then presently, far up the hill, a dog playing in the road yelped and ran under a gate, and as they still wondered something—a wind—a pad, pad,—a sound like a panting t rushed by.

"Shut the doors," said the policeman. "Who's coming? What's the row?" He went to the door, released the strap, and it slammed. The American closed the other door.

"Lemme go inside," said Marvel, staggering and weeping, but still clutching the books. "Lemme go inside. Lock me in-somewhere. I tell you he's after me. I give him the slip. He said he'd kill me and he will."

Mr. Marvel rushed behind the bar as the summons outside was repeated. "Don't open the door," he screamed. "_Please_ don't open the door. _Where_ shall I hide?"

"Don't you be in too much hurry about that door," said the anaemic

"I know what country I'm in," said the man with the beard. "I'm going to let off at his legs. Draw the bolts."

"Very well," said the man with the black beard, and stooping down, revolver ready, drew them himself. Barman, cabman, and policeman faced about.

In a minute he reappeared with a carving-knife in his hand. "The yard door was open!" he said, and his fat underlip dropped. "He may be in the house now!" said the first cabman.

The man with the beard replaced his revolver. And even as he did so the flap of the bar was shut down and the bolt clicked, and then with a tremendous thus dhe each of the door snapped and the bar-parlour door burst open. They heard Marvel squael like a caught leveret, and forthwith they were clambering over the bar to his rescue. The bearded man's revolver cracked and the looking-glass at

Then the policeman, who had been trying to pass the harman rushed Then the policeman, who had been flying to pass the barman, rush in, followed by one of the cabmen, gripped the writs of the invisible hand that collared Marvel, was hit in the face and went reeling back. The door opened, and Marvel made a frantic effort to obtain a lodgment behind it. Then the cabman collared cornething, "I got him," said the cabman. The barman's red hands came clawing.

Dr. Kemp's scientific pursuits have made him a very observant man, and as he recrossed the hall, he noticed a dark spot on he inscincum earth and at the bot of the status. He went on upstatus, and then it suddenly occurred to him to ask himself what the spot on the indicum might be Appearedly some subconscious element was at work. At any rate. he turned with his burden, went back to the hall, put down the syphon and whatkey, and bending her burden went. down, touched the spot. Without any great surprise he found it had the stickiness and colour of drying blood.

He took up his burden again, and returned upstairs, looking about him and trying to account for the blood-spot. On the landing he saw something and stopped astonished. The door-handle of his own room was blood-stained.

He booked at his own hand. It was quite cleans, and then he remembered hat the clove of his soon had been open when he came down remembered had the clove of his soon had been open when he handle all all he west singler his har soon, his local quite camin-perhaps a rifer more resolute than usual. He glance, wandering a rifer more resolute than usual. He glance, wandering because he had walked the property of the company of block, and the alread been born. He had not reclosed this before because he had walked straight to the dressing-baller. Or he further soon had been born the had well not be company to the company to the property of the company of the company to the company of the soon had been born. He had not reclosed this before because he had walked straight to the dressing-baller. Or he further soon had been received to the company of the company to the property of the company of the company to the company of the company of the company to the company of the company of the company to the company of the company of the company to the company of the company of the company to the company of the company of the company to the company of the company of the company to the company of the company of the company to the company of the company to the company of the company of the company to the sitting there.

He stood stating at the handed sheet. We that say, a vice? He looked dood again, but noticed nithing better than the accordance and blood statined better than the accordance and blood statined bett. Then he distinctly head an overwent across the room, near he wash-hand stand. All men, however highly educated, retain some superstitious inkings. The feeling that is caused free? canned to see the superstition in the stating of the state of the st

He stared at this in amazement. It was an empty bandage, a banc properly tied but quite empty. He would have advanced to grasp it but a touch arrested him. and a voice speaking quite close to him.

"Kemp!" said the Voice

"Keep your nerve," said the Voice. "I'm an Invisible Man."

Kemp made no answer for a space, simply stared at the bandage. "Invisible Man," he said.

"I am an Invisible Man," repeated the Voice.

The story he had been active to ridicule only that morning rushed through Kemp's brain. He does not appear to have been either very much frightened or very greatly surprised at the moment. Realisation came later.

"I thought it was all a lie," he said. The thought uppermost in his mind was the reiterated arguments of the morning. "Have you a bandage on?" he asked.

"Yes," said the Invisible Man.

"Oh!" said Kemp, and then roused himself. "I say!" he said. "But this is nonsense. It's some trick." He stepped forward suddenly, and his hand, extended towards the bandage, met invisible finge

He recoiled at the touch and his colour changed

"Keep steady, Kemp, for God's sake! I want help badly. Stop!"

The hand gripped his arm. He struck at it.

"Kempl" cried the Voice. "Kemp! Keep steady" and the grip

tripped and flung backwards upon the bed. He opened his mouth to shout, and the corner of the sheet was thrust between his teeth. The Invisible Man had him down grimly, but his arms were free and he struck and fried to kick savagely.

"Lie still, you fool!" bawled the Invisible Man in Kemp's ear

Kemp struggled for another moment and then lay still "If you shout, I'll smash your face," said the Invisible Man, relieving his mouth.

"I'm an Invisible Man. It's no foolishness, and no magic. I really am an Invisible Man. And I want your help. I don't want to hurt you, but if you behave like a frantic rustic, I must. Don't you remember me, Kemp? Griffin, of University College?"

"Let me get up," said Kemp. "I'll stop where I am. And let me sit quiet for a minute."

He sat up and felt his neck

"I am Griffin, of University College, and I have made myself invisible. I am just an ordinary man—a man you have known—made invisible."

"Griffin?" said Kemn

"Griffin," answered the Voice. A younger student than you were, almost an albino, six feet high, and broad, with a pink and white face and red eyes, who won the medal for chemistry."

"I am confused," said Kemp. "My brain is rioting. What has this to do with Griffin?"

Kemp thought. "It's horrible," he said. "But what devilry must happen to make a man invisible?"

"It's no devilry. It's a process, sane and intelligible enough-

"It's horrible!" said Kemp, "How on earth--

"It's horrible enough. But I'm wounded and in pain, and tired ... Great God! Kemp, you are a man. Take it steady. Give me some food and drink, and let me sit down here."

Kemp starred at the bandage as it moved across the room, then saw a basket chair dragged across the floor and come to rest near the bed. It creaked, and the seat was depressed the quarter of an inch or so. He rubbed his eyes and fet his neck again. "This beats phosts," he said, and laughed stupidly.

"Or silly," said Kemp, and knuckled his eye:

The chair creaked and Kemp felt the glass drawn away from him. He let go by an effort, his instinct was all against it. It came to rest poised twenty inches above the front edge of the seat of the chair. He started at it in infinite prejently: "This is "his must be-hypnotism. You have suggested you are invisible."

"Nonsense," said the Voice.

"Listen to me."

lusively this morning," began Kemp, "that

*Anything. But this is the insanest thing I ever was in, in my

The tumbler of whiskey tilted itself. "Yes," said the Invisible Man rapping it down. "Have you a dressing-gown?"

Kemp made some exclamation in an undertone. He walked to a wardrobe and produced a robe of dingy scarlet. This do?' he asked. It was taken from him. It knug limp for a moment in mid-air, fultiered weirdly, stood full and decorous buttoning itself, and sat down in his chair. 'Drawers, socks, slippers would be a comfort,' said the Unseen, cutify. 'And food.'

He turned out his drawers for the articles, and then went downstato ransack his larder. He came back with some cold cutlets and bread, pulled up a light table, and placed them before his guest. "Never mind knives," said his visitor, and a cutlet hung in mid-air,

"Invisible!" said Kemp, and sat down on a bedroom cha

"I always like to get something about me before I eat," said the Invisible Man, with a full mouth, eating greedily. "Queer fancy!"

"Trust me " said the Invisible Man

"Food?" said Kemp.

*Of all the strange and wonderful-

"Exactly, But it's odd I should blunder into _your_house to get my bandaging. My first stroke of luck! Anyhow I meant to sleep in his bouse b-night. You must stand that the a filtry nutance, my blood showing, lant! it? Quite a dict over there. Gets viable as it coagulates, I see. It's only the living issue I've changed, and only for as long as if m alve.... I've been in the house three hours."

"But how's it done?" began Kemp, in a tone of exasperatio "Confound it! The whole business—it's unreasonable from beginning to end."

He reached over and secured the whiskey bottle. Kemp stared at the devouring dressing gown. A ray of candle-light penetrating a tom patch in the right shoulder, made a triangle of light under the left ribs. "What were the shots?" he asked. "How did the shooting

"There was a real fool of a man-a sort of confederate of mine-curse him!--who tried to steal my money. _Has_ done so."

"Is _he_ invisible too?"

"Can't I have some more to eat before I tell you all that? I'm rungry-in pain. And you want me to tell stories!"

Kemp got up. "_You_didn't do any shooting?" he asked.

"Not me," said his visitor. "Some fool I'd never seen fired at random. A lot of them got scared. They all got scared at me. Curse them!--I say--I want more to eat than this, Kemp."

"11I see what there is to eat downstairs," said Kemp. "Not much,

After he had done eating, and he made a heavy meal, the Invisible Man demanded a cigar. He bit the end savagely before Kemp could find a knife, and cursed when the outer leaf loosened. It was strange to see him smoking, his mouth, and throat, phaynx and nares, became visible as a sort of whirling smoke cast.

"This blessed gift of smoking!" he said, and puffed vigo

"I'm lucky to have fallen upon you, Kemp. You must help me. Fancy tumbling on you just now! I'm in a devilish scrape—I've been mad, I think. The things I have been through! But we will do things yet. Let me tell you..."

He helped himself to more whiskey and soda. Kemp got up, looked about him, and fetched a glass from his spare room. "It's wild--but I suppose I may drink."

"You haven't changed much, Kemp, these dozen years. You fair men don't. Cool and methodical--after the first collapse. I must tell you. We will work together!"

"But how was it all done?" said Kemp, "and how did you get like this?"

*For God's sake, let me smoke in peace for a little while! And then I will begin to tell you." But the story was not told that right. The Invisible Man's wrist was growing painful; he was feverish, exhausted, and his mind came round to brood upon his chase down the hill and the struggle about the Inn. He spoke in fragments of Marvel, he smoothed faster, his voice grew angry. Kemp tried to gather what he could.

"He was afraid of me, I could see that he was afraid of me," said the Invisible Man many times over. "He meant to give me the slip—he was always casting about! What a fool I was!

"I should have killed him!

"Where did you get the money?" asked Kemp, abruptly.

to-night," he said.

"Well, have my room--have this room."

"But how can I sleep? If I sleep—he will get away. Ugh! What does it matter?"

"Nothing-scratch and blood. Oh, God! How I want sleep!"

The Invisible Man appeared to be regarding Kemp. "Because I've a particular objection to being caught by my fellow-men," he said slowly.

"Fool that I am!" said the Invisible Man, striking the table smartly. Tive put the idea into your head.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE INVISIBLE MAN SLEEPS

Enhausted and wounded as the Invisible Man was, he refused to accept Kemp's word that his feedom should be respected. He examined the low without of the bedom, driew up the finish and opened the states, is confirm Kemp's statement that a retreatly between would be more than the confirm Kemp's statement that a retreatly between would be more than the confirm Kemp's statement that a retreatly between would be more was setting one the down. Then he seamed the kemp of the bedomic man after that the bedomic man due has desirating retreating the kemp of the bedomic man due has assurance of feedom. Finally he expressed insured the stateful he stood on the hearth rug and Kemp hearth the success of all the stood on the hearth rug and Kemp hearth the success of any state of the stood on the hearth rug and Kemp hearth the success of any state of the stood on the hearth rug and Kemp hearth the success of any state of the success of the stood on the hearth rug and Kemp hearth rug and

I have done to-night. But I am worm out. It's grotesque, no doubt. It's hornblet But believe me, Kemp, in spite of your arguments of this morning, it is quite a possible thing. I have made a discovery. I meant to keep it to myself. I can't. I must have a partner. And you.... We can do such things ... But to-morrow. Now, Kemp, I feel as though I must sleep or perish

Kemp stood in the middle of the room staring at the headless garment. "I suppose I must leave you," he said. "Its-incredible. Three things happening like this, overturning all my preconceptions—would make me insame. But it's reall is there anything more that I can

"Good-night," said Kemp, and shook an invisible hand. He walked sideways to the door. Suddenly the dressing-gown walked quickly towards him. "Understand mel" said the dressing-gown. "No attempts to hamper me, or capture mel Or-."

Kemp's face changed a little. "I thought I gave you my word," he

Kemp closed the door softly behind him, and the key was turns him forthwith. Then, as he stood with an expression of passive amazement on his face, the rapid feet came to the door of the dressing-room and that too was locked. Kemp slapped his brow with his hand. "Am I dreaming? Has the world gone mad--or have I?"

He walked to the head of the staircase, turned, and stared at the locked doors. "It's fact," he said. He put his fingers to his slightly bruised neck. "Undeniable fact!

"But--"

He shook his head hopelessly, turned, and went down

room, ejaculating. Now and then he would argue with hir

"Is there such a thing as an invisible animal? ... In the sea, yes Thousands—millions. All the larvae, all the little nauphi and tomarias, all the microscopic things, the jelly-fish. In the sea there are more things invisible than visible! I never thought of 'that before. And in the ponds too! All those little pond-life things-specific of endoverse.

"If a man was made of glass he would still be visible."

His mediation became profound. The bulk of three cigars had passed into the invisible or diffused as a while ash over the carpet before he spoke again. The vas merely an excellentable he hunded adaptive has poke again. The vas merely an excellentable he hunded adaptive washed out of the room, and went into his little consulting own and it the gas there. It was all little combine. Such Excellent for like by practice, and in a were the day's newspapers. The morning's paper by carelled spopered and fribrom saids, he caught it up, turned to over, and read the account of a "Sharing Boby from bigs" had been accounted to "Show the slope how to perfully to like. Marvel. Kemp read it swiftly

He dropped the paper, and his eye went seeking. "Ahl" he said, and caught up the St. James' Gazette_, lying folded up as it arrived.
"Now we shall get at the truth," said Dr. Kemp. He rent the paper open; a couple of columns confronted him. "An Entire Village in Sussex opes Mad" was the heading.

"Good Heavens!" said Kemp, reading eagerly an incredulous account of the events in Iping, of the previous afternoon, that have already been described. Over the leaf the report in the morning paper had been reprinted.

He re-read it. "Ran through the streets striking right and left. Jaffers insensible. Mr. Huxter in great pain-still unable to describe what he saw. Painful humilitation-vicar. Woman ill with terrort Windows smashed. This extraordinary story probably a fabrication. Too good not to print-_cum grano_!

He dropped the paper and stared blankly in front of him. "Probably a fabrication!"

He caught up the paper again, and re-read the whole business. "But when does the Tramp come in? Why the deuce was he chasing a tramp?

He sat down abruptly on the surgical bench. "He's not only invisible," he said, "but he's mad! Homicidal!"

When dawn came to mingle its pallor with the lamp-light and cigar smoke of the dining-room, Kemp was still pacing up and down, trying to grasp the incredible.

to grasp ne notescen.

He was allogished too excited to sleep. His servants, descending sleeply, discovered him, and were inclined to think that over skiply had worthed his of him. He speech hem entourclamy between the state of ground door. Then be continued to pose the disting-room until the monthly spager came. That had much to say and title to let the state of the lined. The incredulous tone had vanished and a shoal of repr and inquirers were already at work elaborating the matter.

"He is invisible!" he said. "And it reads like rage growing to mania! The things he may do! The things he may do! And he's upstairs free as the air. What on earth ought I to do?"

He went to a little untitly desk in the corner, and began a note. He tore this up half written, and wrote another. He read it over and considered it. Then he took an envelope and addressed it to "Colonel Adye, Port Burdock."

The Invisible Man awoke even as Kemp was doing this. He awoke in an evil temper, and Kemp, alert for every sound, heard his pattering feet rush sudderly across the bedroom overhead. Then a chair was flung over and the wast-hand stand tumbler smashed. Kemp hurried upstairs and rapped eagerly.

"What's the matter?" asked Kemp, when the Invisible Man admitted him.

"But, confound it! The smash?"

"Fit of temper," said the Invisible Man. "Forgot this arm; and it's

"You're rather liable to that sort of thing.

The Invisible Man swore "The secret's out. I gather it was a secret. I don't know what your plans are, but of course I'm anxious to help you."

The Invisible Man sat down on the bed "There's breakfast upstairs," said Kemp, speaking as easily as possible, and he was delighted to find his strange guest rose willingly. Kemp led the way up the narrow staircase to the believedere.

"Before we can do anything else," said Kemp, "I must understand a little more about this invisibility of yours." He had sat down, after one nervous glance out of the window, with the air of a man who has talking to do. His doubts of the sanity of the entire business flashed and vanished again as he looked across to where Griffin sat at the breakfast-table—a headless, handless

dressing-gown, wiping unseen lips on a miraculously held so "It's simple enough—and credible enough," said Griffin, putting the serviette aside and leaning the invisible head on an invisible hand.

"No doubt, to you, but--" Kemp laughed.

"Well, yes; to me it seemed wonderful at first, no doubt. But now great God! ... But we will do great things yet! I came on the stuff first at Chesilstowe."

took up physics? No; well, I did. _Light_ fascinated me."

"Optical density! The whole subject is a network of riddies—a network with solutions glimmering elusively through. And being but two-and-twenty and full of enthusiasm, I said, I will devote my life to this. This worth while." You know what fools we are at two-and-twenty?"

"Fools then or fools now," said Kemp

"But I went to work-like a stake. And I has hardly worked and thought about he matter as incush batter light came hrough one of thought about he matter as incush batter light came hrough one of premate and refraction—is formula, a geometrical expression involving four dimensions. Fook, common men, even common involving four dimensions. Fook, common men, even common involving four dimensions. Fook common men, even common batternations, so not one applies of what the general expression broken that there has bedden—there are involved, invidend to the battern has bedden—there are involved, missade that the law sent can be sent in the sent in the sent that the property of matter—except, in come inflaments colors—be other the relactive

ndex of a substance, solid or liquid, to that of air--so far as all "Phewl" said Kemp. "That's odd! But still I don't see quite ... I can understand that thereby you could spoil a valuable stone, but personal invisibility is a far cry."

"Precisely," said Griffin. "But consider, visibility depends on the action of the visible bodies on light. Either a body absorbs light, or it reflects or refracts it, or does all these things. If it neither reflects nor refracts on shoots light, it cannot of itself be visible. You see an opaque red box, for instance, because the colour absorbs some of the light and reflects the rest, all the red part of the light, to you. If it did not absorb any particular part of the light, but reflected it all, then it would be a shining white box. Silver! A diamond box would neither absorb much of the wrise Dox. Silver! A diamond box would neither absorb much o light nor reflect much from the general surface, but just here and there where the surfaces were favourable the light would be reflected and refracted, so that you would get a brilliant appearance of flashing reflections and translucencies—a sort o

skeleton of light. A glass box would not be so brilliant, nor so clearly visible, as a diamond box, because there would be less refraction and reflection. See that? From certain points of view you would see quite clearly through it. Some kinds of glass would be more visible than others, a box of flint glass would be brighter. than a box of ordinary window glass. A box of very thin common glass would be hard to see in a bad light, because it would absorb hardly any light and refract and reflect very little. And if you put a sheet of common white glass in water, still more if you out it in some denser liquid than water it would vanish almos altogether, because light passing from water to glass is only slightly refracted or reflected or indeed affected in any way. It is almost as invisible as a jet of coal gas or hydrogen is in air. And for precisely the same reason!"

"Yes." said Kemp, "that is pretty plain sailing."

"And here is another fact you will know to be true. If a sheet of glass is smashed, Kernp, and beaten into a powder, it becomes muc more visible while it is in the air, it becomes at last an opaque white powder. This is because the powdering multiples the surfaces of the glass at which refraction and reflection occur. In the sheet or me glass at which retraction and reflection occut; in the sine of glass there are only two surfaces; in the powder the light is reflected or refracted by each grain it passes through, and very little gets right through the powder. But if the white powdered glass is put into water, it forthvilth vanishes. The powdered glas guasa is put into water, it rormwith vanishes. I he powdered glass and water have much the same refractive index; that is, the light undergoes very little refraction or reflection in passing from one to the other.

"Yes, yes," said Kemp. "But a man's not powdered glass

"You make the glass invisible by putting it into a liquid of nearly the same refractive index; a transparent thing becomes invisible if it is put in any medium of almost the same refractive index. And if you will consider only a second, you will see also that the powder of glass might be made to vanish in air, if its refractive index could be made the same as that of air, for then there would be no refraction or reflection as the light passed from glass to air."

That from a doctor! How one forgets! Have you already forgotten your physics, in fen years? Just thirk of all the things that are transparent and seem not to be so, Peoper, for instance, is made up of transparent fibres, and it is white and opaque only for the same reason that a powder of glass is white and opaque. Of white paper, fill up the intentices between the particles with oil so that there is no longer refactor or reflection except at the surfaces, and is no longer retraction or reflection except at the surfaces, and it becomes as transparent as glass. And not only paper, but cotton fibre, linen titten, wood fibre, woody fibre, and bone, Kemp, infact the whole fabric of a man except the red of his blood and the black opposed to the paper and t

"Now, you have mel And all that I knew and had in mind a year after I left Lordon-out years ago, that I sept to mynelf. I had to do not consider that the property of the prop discovery in physiology.

"You know the red colouring matter of blood; it can be made white-colourless-and remain with all the functions it has now!"

The invisible Man rose and began pacing the little study. "You may well exclaim. I remember that night. It was late at night—in the daytime one was bothered with the gaping, silly students—and I worked then sometimes till dawn. It came suddenly, splendid and worked then sometimes till dawn. It came suddenly, splendid and complete in my mind. I was alone; the laboratory was still, with the tall lights burning brightly and silently. In all my great moments I have been alone. One could make an animal—a tissue—transparer One could make it invisibled All except the pigments—I could be One could make it invisible All except the pigments—I could be invisible? I said, suddenly realising what it meant to be an albino with such knowledge. It was overwhelming. I left the filtering I was doing, and went and stared out of the great window at the stars.

"To do such a thing would be to transcord magic. And I beheld, the such as th

"And after three years of secrecy and exasperation, I found that to complete it was impossible--impossible."

"Money," said the Invisible Man, and went again to stare out of the

*The money was not his, and he shot himself.

AT THE HOUSE IN GREAT PORTLAND STREET

For a moment Kemp sat in silence, staring at the back of the headless figure at the window. Then he started, struck by a thought, rose, took the invisible Man's arm, and turned him away from the outlook.

"You are tired," he said, "and while I sit, you walk about. Have

He placed himself between Griffin and the nearest window

For a space Griffin sat silent, and then he resumed abruptly: "I had left the Chesilstowe cottage afready," he said, "when that happened. It was last December. I had taken a room in London, a large unifurnished room in a big ill-managed lodging-house in a slum near Great Portland Street. The room was soon full of the appliances near creat recraam street. Ine room was soon run or the appliances I had bought with his money; the work was going on steadily, successfully, drawing near an end. I was like a man emerging from a thicket, and suddenly coming on some unmeaning tragedy. I went to bury him. My mind was still on this research, and I did not lift bury him. My mind was still on this research, and I did not litt a finger to save his character. I emember the funeral, the cheap hearse, the scant ceremony, the windy frost-bitten hillside, and the old college friend of his who read the service over him—a shabby, black, bent old man with a snivelling cold.

"I remember walking back to the empty house, through the place that I remember walking back to the empty bouse, through the place that had once been a village and was now patched and tinkered by the jerry builders into the uply kleness of a town. Every way the roads ran out at late into the descerated fields and ended in nubble heaps and rank wet weeds. I remember myself as a gaunt black figure, going along the slippery, shirty pavement, and the strange sense of detachment I felt from the squalid respeciability, the

mercialism of the place

*But going along the High Street, my old life came back to me for a space, for I met the girl I had known ten years since. Our eyes met.

*Something moved me to turn back and talk to her. She was a very

"It was all like a dream, that visit to the old places. I did not feet then that I was lonely, that I had come out from the world into a decidate place. I appreciated my loss of sympathy, but I put it down to the general inantly of things. Re-entering my room seemed like the recovery of realty. There were the things I knew and loved. There stood the appearatus, the experiments arranged an waster, Add now there was scancely a difficulty left. beyond discharged and loved.

"will tell you. Remp, soomer or later, all the complicated processes. We need not go with that from. If or the noted part, analog processes. We need not go with that from. If or the noted part, analog more analog of the control of control o

emptiness, and there was the thing as solid as ever. I felt it awkwardly, and threw it on the floor. I had a little trouble finding it again.

"It was only by a frantic effort of will that I dragged myself baci

I slept during the forencos, pulling the sheet over my eyes to shull cut the sight, and about midday is assumemed againt by a shocking, which was subsemed againt by a shocking. When the shocking is specially because the short present as a smooth present to destar the connections of my appearable, and to distribute it also but the room, as an obelienty the suggestion of all arrangement of the short present and the short present the short pre of smashing the lock. But the stout bolts I had screwed up some days before stopped him. That startled me, made me angry. I began to tremble and do things hurriedly.

"I tossed together some loose paper, straw, packing paper and so "I tossed together some loose paper, straw, packing paper and so forth, in the middle of the room, and turned on the gas. Heavy blows began to rain upon the door. I could not find the matches. I beat my hands on the wall with rage. I turned down the gas again, stepped out of the windown the cistem cover, very softly lowered the sash, and said down, secure and missible, but quivering with anger, to watch events. They split a panel, I saw, and in another moment they had broken away the staples of the botts and stood in the open doorway. It was the landlord and his two step-sons, sturdy young men of three or four and twenty. Behind them fluttered the old has of a woman from downstairs.

"You may imagine their astonishment to find the room empty. One of the younger men rushed to the window at once, filing it up and stared out. His staring eyes and thick-lipped bearded face came a foot from my face. I was half minded to hit his silly countenance, but I

man approaching me, and filed limping, for I feared his subtle intuitions. Once or twice accidental collisions occurred and I lef people amazed, with unaccountable curses ringing in their ears Then came something silent and quiet against my face, and ac the Square fell a thin veil of slowly falling flakes of snow. I had caught a cold, and do as I would I could not avoid an occasional sneeze. And every dog that came in sight, with its pointing nose and curious sniffing, was a terror to me.

*Then came men and how number first one and then others and "Then came men and boys unring, first one and then others, and shoulding as they rail. It was a fire. They rain in the direction of my lodging, and looking back down a street I saw a mass of back smoke streaming up above the noto and telephone were. It was my lodging burning, my clother, my apparatus, all my resources indeed, except my cheque books and the three volumes of memorands that awarded me in Great Portland Street, were there. Burning! I had but my plotted rever a man did The place was blazing.

IN THE EMPORIUM

"So lead January, with the beginning of a snowstorm in the air about ma-and if settled on me is would betaly mell-warry, coding, partial, respectively wetterfor, and still but had convinced of my involvable quality. I began this new life to which I am committed. I lade not seeing, no supplicance, no human below jo in the committed to the receipt, no supplicance, no human below jo in the partial seed of the seed of the committed to the committed of the committed to the committed to the committed of the committed to the committed to the committed of the committed to the committed mercy. But I knew too clearly the terror and brutal cruelty my advances would evoke. I made no plans in the street. My sole object was to get shelter from the snow, to get myself covered and warm; then I might hope to plan. But even to me, an invisible Man, the rows of London houses stood latched, barred, and botted

harring, saw a lean white cat, very dirty, on the cistem cover outside the window. All bought came into my head. Everything or for you, 1 said, and went to the window, opened, and craided softly. She came in, purring—the poor beast was stanting—and gaven tess one milk, all my food was in a cupboard in the current of the room. After that she west smelling tround the orom, which were considered to the control of the co able on the pillow of my truckle-bed. And I gave her butter to get her to wash.

"I processed her. But giving drugs to a cat is no joke, Kemp! And

In two particulars. These were the claws and the pigment stuff, what is it?--at the back of the eye in a cat. You know?"

"Yes, the _tapetum_. It didn't go. After I'd given the stuff to bleach the blood and done certain other things to her. I gave the beast opium, and put her and the pillow she was sleeping on, on the apparatus. And after all the rest had faded and vanished, there remained two little ghosts of her eyes

"I can't explain it. She was bandaged and clamped, of course—so I had her safe; but she woke while she was still mistly, and miaowed dismally, and someone came knocking. It was an old woman from downstains, who suspected me of vivisecting—a dink-sodden old creature, with only a white cat to care for in all the world. I creature, with only a white cat to care for in all the world. I whipped out some chloroform, applied it, and answered the door. Thid I hear a cat? she asked. My cat? "Not here," said I, very politely. She was a little doubtful and tried to peer past me into the room, strange enough to her no doubt-bare walls, uncurtained windows, truckle-bed, with the gas engine vibrating, and the

seethe of the radiant points, and that faint ghastly stinging of chloroform in the air. She had to be satisfied at last and went away again."

"How long did it take?" asked Kemp

"Three or four hours--the cat. The bones and sinews and the fat were the last to go, and the tips of the coloured hairs. And, as I say, the back part of the eye, tough, iridescent stuff it is, wouldn't go at all.

wouldn't jour stall.

"I was night unduste long before the business was over, and nothing was to be seen but the dien eyes and the claims." I stopped the gas engine, left for and reliable the beaut, which was still insemble, and then, being steel, left it sleeping on the insolide pillow and was still insemble, and the state of the still insemble, and the still insemble, and the still insemble pillow and considerable that the still insemble pillow and considerable still insemble pillow and the still pillow and the still insemble pillow and the still pillow an

"Then—Heaven knows why—I fell thinking of my father's funeral again, and the dismal windy hillside, until the day had come. I found sleeping was hopeless, and, locking my door after me, wandered out into the morning streets."

"You don't mean to say there's an invisible cat at large!" said

"If it hasn't been killed," said the Invisible Man. "Why not?"

"Why not?" said Kemp. "I didn't mean to interrupt."

"It's very probably been killed," said the Invisible Man. "It was alive four days after, I know, and down a grating in Great Titchfield Street, because I saw a crowd round the place, trying to see whence the milaowing came." He was silent for the best part of a minute. Then he resumed

"I remember that moming before the change very vividly. I must have gone up Great Portland Street. I remember the barracks in Albany Street, and the horse soldiers coming out, and at last I found the summit of Primose Hill. It was a surny day in January—one of bose surny, firstly days that came before the snow this year. My weary bean tritled to formulate the position, to plot out a plan of a clicin.

"I was surprised to find, now that my prize was within my grasp, how inconclusive its attainment seemed. As a matter of fact I was worked on the interest extend of nearly how year'd continuous work let me exapable of any strength of feeting; I was spatished, and I have passion of discours yet hard senabled me to compast see mit the passion of discoursy has had senabled me to compast see mit the doubted of my father's gray has not holding seemed to matter i saw pretty clearly his was a barrised mond, but of steep, and that either by drugs or rest it would be possible to recover in yet energy."

"All I could think clearly was that the thing had to be carried through; the fixed idea still ruled me. And soon, for the money I had was almost exhausted. I looked about me at the fistilised, with children playing and girls watching them, and tried to think of all the fantastic advantages an invisible man would have in the world. After a time I crawled home, took some food and a strong dose of

"It's the devil," said Kemp. "It's the palaeolithic in a bottle."

"And there was care."

"And there was common regioning at the door, it was my landford with Pretab and registres, and off british, and in long gary cost and greenly selpone. That Development and the present of the greenly the control of the present of the prese

"But this brought matters to a crisis. I did not know what he would do, nor even what he had the power to do. To move to fresh apartments would have meant delay, altogether I had barely twenty pounds left in the world, for the most part in a bank-and I could not afford that. VanishI It was irresistible. Then there

"All the thought of the possibility of my work being exposed or interrupted at its very climax. I became very array and active. I harved out with my there books of notes, my chape. Book—the hamp has them now—and directed them from the nearest Post Office to a house of call for letter and parceris in Creat Post Office to a house of call for letter and parceris in Creat Post Office to a house of call for letter and parceris in Creat Post Office to a trice of the post of societiesty. Corming, in I found my landered going query upstants, in the harved the doct office is support. Very sworth of the lander the doct office is support. Very sworth office the landing as I came bearing about the my control of the land the first post of and made the house of and in deals the house."

"It was all done that evening and night. While I was still sitting under the sickly, drowey influence of the drugs hat decolourise blood, there came a repeated windering at the door. It ceased, footsleps went away and returned, and the invocking was resum. There was an alternate to park posmitting under the door-a blue paper. Then in a fit of intabion I rose and went and flung the door wide open. You've then?" and I won't won't

"It was my landlord, with a notice of ejectment or something. He held it out to me, saw something odd about my hands, I expect, and lifted his eyes to my face.

"But it was all hornible. I had not expected the suffering. A right of racking anguish, suchness and fainting. I set my teeth, though my sixth was presently ing.r. all my body sifter, but I sty there like upon death. I understood now how it was the call had howled until sign death. I understood now how it was the call had howled until now. There were time with it solded and ground and suitable fill at stuck to it... I became insensible and woke languid in the darkness.

"The pain had passed. I thought I was killing myself and I did not care. I shall never forget that dawn, and the strange horror of care. I shall rever forget that down, and the straight horror of seeinghally reversely that the boscene as clothed glass, and wealthing them gow cleare and thirmer as the day went by, until at last could a straight that the straight of the straight that the straig

"I struggled up. At first I was as incapable as a swathed infant-stepping with limbs I could not see. I was weak and very hungy.! Went and stared at nothing in my shaving-glass, at nothing save where an attenuated pignent still remained behind the retina of my eyes, fainter than mist. I had to hang on to the table and press my forehead against the glass.

arrested my doubled fist. He stared right through me. So did the others as they joined him. The old man went and peered under the bed, and then they all made a rush for the cupboard. They had to argue about it at length in Vidads and Cookney English. They concluded I had not answered them, that their imagination had concluses I rad not answered them, that their imagination had deceived them. A feeling of extraordinary elation took the place of my anger as I sat outside the window and watched these fou people-for the old slay came in, glancing suspiciously about he like a cat, trying to understand the riddle of my behaviour.

The old man, so far all could understand by Lapids, agreed with the old billy heal was a vinescioust. The son protested in grateful was a vinescioust. The son protested in grateful Ferilia has It was an detertion, and expected to the dynamics and radiation. They were all envirous should my arrival makingly floors all visions with the limit of the first office of the country of t

It occurred to me that the radiators, if they fell into the hands of some acute well-educated person, would give me away too much, and watching my opportunity, I came into the room and titled one of the title dynamos of this fellow on which it was standing, and smashed both apparatus. Then, while they were trying to explain the smash, I dodged out of the room and went softly downstairs

"I went into one of the sitting-rooms and waited until they came down, all speculating and argumentative, all a little disappointed at finding no 'horrors,' and all a little puzzied how they stood legally towards me. Then I slipped up again with a box of matches, red my heap of paper and rubbish, put the chairs and bedding thereby, led the gas to the affair, by means of an india-rubber tube, and waving a farewell to the room left it for the last time

"Fired the house. It was the only way to cover my trail—and no doubt it was insured. I slipped the boils of the front door quietly and went out into the street. I was invisible, and I was only just

CHAPTER XXI IN OXFORD STREET

*In going downstairs the first time I found an unexpected difficulty because I could not see my feet; indeed I stumbled twice, and there was an unacoustomed clumsiness in gripping the boil. By not lookin down, however, I managed to walk on the level passably well.

"My mood, I say, was one of exaltation. I felt as a seeing man might do, with padded feet and noiseless clothes, in a city of th blind. I experienced a wild impulse to jest, to startle people, to clap men on the back, fling people's hats astray, and generally

"But handy had i emerged upon Great Postland Street, however (my lodgin guas close to the big drapers shorp there), when I heard a disability conscious and west his vicely before, and hard had been as a man carrying a basited of social water syphons, and looking in amazement at his burieth. Almough the both and realthy hart mit. I found something so inestable in his astorishment that I subject about. The drivin is the basical: I saud and adolery hasted it out of the hand. He let go incontinently, and I swurp the whole weight into the ast.

"But a fool of a cabman, standing outside a public house, made a sudden runh for this, and his extending fingers took me with secruciating violence under the ear. It let having down with a smash on the cabman, and then, with shouts and the clatter of feet about me, people coming out of phope, whiches pulling up. I realised what I had done for myself, and custing my feet, backed against a stopy widows and prepased to dolego out of the condition. a moment I should be wedged into a crowd and inevitably discovere lipsated by a buttler boy, who buckligh of not turn to see the

nothingness that shoved him aside, and dodged behind the cab-man's four-wheeler. I do not know how they settled the business. I hurried straight across the road, which was happily clear, and hardly heeding which havy levent, in the finght of detection the incident had given me, plunged into the afternoon throng of Oxford Street.

I sized to get into the sixteam of people, but they were too thick for me, and in a moment my need were their producine upon. Took the gutter, the roughness of which I found paniful to my feet, and farthwith the shall of a careling hasons often per bordly under the stroked trade, reminding me that it was already trained werenly. I conclude the contraction of the sixtee of the contraction of the sixtee of the contraction of the contraction of the contraction or convention or convention or convention or convention or convention or convention of the contraction of the contraction

Then suddenly a bright idea came into my head. I ran round and got into the cab. And so, stivening, scared, and snifting with the first initimations of a cold, and with the bruses in the small of my back growing upon my attention. I drove slowly slong Oxford Street and past Toterham Court Road. My mood was as different from that in which I had sallied forth ten minutes ago as it is possible to imagine. This invisibility indeed! The one thought that posse me was-how was I to get out of the scrape I was in.

"We crawled past Mudie's and there a tall woman with five or six "We cawled past Mude's, and there a fall woman with five or six velocine-faced books halled my cale, and is pramp out just in time to escape her, shaving a railway van narrowly in my flight. I rade off up the roadway bid bidomethar Sylaune, intending to shake north crushly chilled, and the strangeness of my shakelons our unevent me that white preed as I rail. At the northward corner of the Square a little white dog rain out of the Pharmaceutical Society's offices, and secontierally made for me, note domained from contract of the square a little white dog rain out of the Pharmaceutical Society's offices, and secontierally made for me, note domained from contract of the square as for the contract of the contrac

dog what the eye is to the mind of a seeing man. Dogs perceive the scent of a man moving as men perceive his vision. This brute began barking and leaping, showing, as it seemed to me, only too plainly that he was aware of me. I crossed Great Russell Street, glancing over my shoulder as I did so, and went some way along Montague Street before I realised what I was running towards

*Then I became aware of a blare of music, and looking along the Then I became aware of a blare of music, and looking along the street awar number of people advantage of at PlauseS Siguate, rec shrits, and the banner of the Salvation Army to the fore. Such a christ, and the banner of the Salvation Army to the fore. Such a could not hope to penetrate, and dreading to go back and farther from home again, and deciding on the spower of the moment, I ran up the white steps of a house facing the museum raillings, and stood there until the crow's should have passed should have passed huppy the depth of the property of the comment. at the noise of the band too, hesitated, and turned tail, running back to Bloomsbury Square again.

*On came the band, bawling with unconscious iron When shall we see His face?' and it seemed an int vinent snal we see his tack "and is seemed an interminate time to me before the tide of the crowd washed along the pavement by me Thud, thud, thud, came the drum with a vibrating resonance, and for the moment I did not notice the vunchriss stopping at the railings by me. 'See 'em', 'said one. 'See what?' said the other. 'Why-them footmarks-bare. Like what you makes in mud.'

"I looked down and saw the youngsters had stopped and were gaping at the mudoly footmarks I had left behind me up the newly whitened steps. The passing people elbowed and josted them, but their confounded intelligence was arrested. "Thud, thud, thud, when, thud, shall we see thui, his face, thut, but, duf." Bene? a barebot man gone up them steps, or I don't know nothing," sail barebot man gone up them steps, or I don't know nothing, and one. And he air there come down again. And his bot was

"The thick of the crowd had already passed. 'Looky there, Ted.' quoth the younger of the detectives, with the sharpness of surprise in his voice, and pointed straight to my feet. I looked down and saw at once the dim suggestion of their outlies esketched in splashes of mud. For a moment I was paralysed.

"Why, that's rum,' said the elder. 'Dashed rum! It's just like the ghost of a foot, ain't it?' He hesitated and advanced with outstretched hand. A man pulled up short to see what he was catching, and then a girl. In another moment he would have touched me. Then I saw what to do. I made a step, the boy started back with The saw what to do. I made a step, the boy started back with an exclamation, and with a rapid movement I swung myself over into the portico of the next house. But the smaller boy was sharp-eyed erough to follow the movement, and before I was well down the steps and upon the pavement, he had recovered from his momentary — parenter was pavement, he had recovered from his momenta astonishment and was shouting out that the feet had gone over the wall.

"They rushed round and saw my new footmarks flash into being on the lower step and upon the pavement. 'What's up?' asked someone. 'Feet! Look! Feet running!'

Everybody in the road, except my three pursuers, was pouring along after the Solvation Army, and the Solve not only impeded me but them, booking over one young felow (jet proving), and is another ment laws unknip headstorg round the circuit of Russell Square, with six or seven assistented people following ny bothmarks. There was no time for explanation, or dise the whole host would have been after me.

"Twice I doubled round corners, thrice I crossed the road and came Twice I doubled round comers, thince I crossed the road and came back upon my tracks, and then, as my feed grew hot and dry, the damp impressions began to fade. At last I had a breathing space and rubbed my feed clean with my hands, and so got away alsogether. The Islant I saw of the chase was a filled group of a dozen people personal to the proper state of the properties of the pro

"This running warmed me to a certain extent, and I went on with a better courage through the maze of less frequented roads that runs hereabouts. My back had now become very stiff and soon, my tonsils were painful from the cabman's fingers, and the skin of my neck had been cracitched by its nails; my feet hurt exceedingly and I was lame from a little cut on one botc I saw in time a blind

The Invisible Man paused and thought. Kemp glanced ne the window. "Yes?" he said. "Go on."

You for his had stilled idea if have down one of the reside leading from Grove Street to Storetham Court Road, and Grove Institute Street to Storetham Court Road, and found my sounded Communin. He be globalishment where everything is to be bought, you know the place: meating storety, lines, Sarmten start than a short, and the court of the storet than a short and the storet storet than a short and short storeth storeth storeth and sound the storet storeth sto

"I did not fele sida fihere. Novever; people were going to and fro, and i provide treatlessly about until came upon a huge section in a did not be upon a final section in the comment of the section of the comment of the section of elaborate plans for the complete realisation of the advantages my invisibility gave me (as I still imagined) over my fellow-men.

"Closing time arrived quickly enough. It could not have been more than an hour after I took up my position on the mattresses before I noticed the blinds of the windows being drawn, and customers being marched doorward. And then a number of brisk young men began will remarkable alacrity to tidy up the goods that remained disturbed. I

left my lair as the crowds diminished, and provided cautiously out into the less desolate parts of the shop. I was really surprised to observe how rapidly the young men and women whilped away th displayed for sale during the day. All the boxes of goods, the hanging fabrics, the festoons of lace, the boxes of sweets in the cappying to the churry gree day just feel cheek or goods, the feel groups yealth, the feeling of the and that is, we be right with year groups yealth on the days of the set of the set of server green green down, before day, slepped risk of by receptacies, and every freigh that could not be that the charm and put away just feel or four course that the country of the set of the country of t ing near one of the Tottenham Court Road entrances and listening to the tapping of boot-heels of the passers-by.

"My first valst was to the place where I had seen stockings and gioves for sale. It was dark, and I had the devil of a hard infler matches, which floured a last in the disease of the tillies can disease. Then I had to get a candiel. I had to lear down waspings matches, the match as number of lowes and diseases, has lated I managed to burn out what I sought the box label called them lambsaced parts, and is lambsaced values. The social and candidate, and then I went to the definite place and get floures, a flouring placet, and versional the social place and get floures. I sharing placet, and versional the social place and get floures and social place and get floures." began to feel a human being again, and my next thought was food

"Upstairs was a refreshment department, and there I got cold meat. There was coffee still in the um, and I if the gas and warmed it up again, and allogether I did not to body. Afterwards, prowling through the place in search of blankets—I had to put up at last with a heap of down quilts—I came upon a grocery section with a lot of chocolate and canded fatus, more than was good for me

indeed--and some white burgundy. And near that was a toy department, and I had a brilliant idea. I found some artificial noses-dummy noses, you know, and I thought of diark spectacles. But Orminums had no optical department. My nose had been a difficulty indeed-I had thought of pairs. But the discovery set my mind running on wigs and masks and the like. Finally I went to sleep in a heap of down quilts, very warm and comfortable.

"My last thoughts before sleeping were the most agreeable I had had since the change. I was in a state of physical serenity, and that since the change. I was in a state of rhysical sereinly, and that was reflected in my mid. I longit that all sould be able to sign out unabserved in the morning mid. I longit that all sould be able to sign out unabserved in the morning with my doffers sport me, multiple was a final facility of the state of the state

"You also," said a voice, and suddenly I was being forced towards the gave. I struggled, shoulded, appealed to the mourners, but the continued storily following the service, the old ofengman, but, on never failtered drowing and smilling through the status. It residued I was invitable and readouble, that overwhering forcers that draw gip on me. I struggled in vain, I was forced over the brink, the case of the structure of the st

"The pale London dawn had come, the place was full of a chilly grey light that filtered round the edges of the window blinds. I sat up, and for a time I could not think where this ample apartment, with its counters, its piles of rolled stuff, its heap of quilts and cushions, its iron pillars, might be. Then, as recollection came back to me. I heard voices in conversation

"Then far down the place, in the brighter light of some dep

which had already raised its blinds, I saw two men approaching. I scrambled to my feet, looking about me for some way of escape, and even as I did so the sound of my movement made them aware of me. suppose they saw merely a figure moving quietly and quickly away. Who's that?" ored one, and 'Slop theref' shoulded the other. I dashed around a corner and came full till—a faceless figure, mind you!—on a lanky lad of fifteen. He yelled and I bowled hin over, rushed past him, turned another corner, and by a happy inspiration threw myself behind a counter. In another moment doors!' asking what was 'up,' and giving one another advice how to

"Lying on the ground, I felt scared out of my wits. But-odd as it may seem--it did not occur to me at the moment to take off my clothes as I should have done. I had made up my mind, I suppose, I get away in them, and that ruide me. And then down the vista of the counters came a bawling of 'Here he isi'

"I sprang to my feet, whipped a chair off the counter, and sent it whirling at the fool who had shouted, turned, came into another whirling at the fool who had shouted, turned, came into another round a corner, sent him spinning, and rushed up the stairs. He kept his footing, gave a view hallo, and came up the staircase hot after me. Up the staircase were piled a multitude of those bright-coloured pot things-what are they?

"Art pots," suggested Kemp.

That's lif Art pots. Well, I humed at the top step and swung round, plusted one out of a pile and smashed it on his silly head as he came at me. The whole pile of pots went headlong, and I hear shouting and footsteps running from all parts. I made a mad rush for the refreshment place, and there was a man in white like a man not, who took up the chase. I made one last deeperate turn and uses, with social prine crosses. I made one least despensels furn and found myeelf among hamps and incommogney; I went behind the counter of this, and vasited for my cook, and as he bothed in at the head of the classe, (doubted in my with a lame, power he went, and in the classe, of the lame of the classes, included in my with a lame, power ham of the classes, of the classes of

"This way, policeman!" I heard someone shouling, I found myself in my bedstead storeocom again, and at the end of a wilderness of wareholds. Furthern and among them, went lag got and of my seet after as the policeman and three of the shopmen came round the connect. They made a nath for the vest and pants, and colleased the trousers. He's dropping his plunder," said one of the young men. He_must_be somewhere here.

"I stood watching them hunt for me for a time, and cursing my lik-luck in losing the clothes. Then I went into the refreshment-room, drank a little milk! I found there, and sat down by the fire to consider my position.

"In a little while two assistants came in and began to talk over the business very excitedly and like the foots they were. I heard a magnified account of my depredations, and other speculations as to my whereabouts. Then I fell to scheming again. The insumountable inflictuity of the place, especially now it was alarmed, was to get any plunder out of it. I went down into the warehouse to see if there was any chance of packing and addressing a parell, but I ould not understand the system of checking. About eleven could not understand the system of checking. About eleven of other snow having thawed as it fell, and the day being finer and a little warmer than the previous one. I decided that the Emporium was hopeless, and went out again, exasperated at my want of success, with only the vaguest plans of action in my mind."

IN DRURY LANE

"I never thought of that," said Kemp

"Nor had I. And the snow had warned me of other dangers. I could not go abroad in snow-it would settle on me and expose me. Rain, too, go abroad is snow—it would settle on me and expose me. Rain, to would make me awatery outline, a glistening surface of a man—a bubble. And fog—i should be like a fainter bubble in a fog, a surface, a greaty glimmer of humanily. Moreover, as I went abroad—in the London air—I gathered dirt about my ankles, floating smuts and dust upon my skin. I did not know how long it would be before I should become visible from that cause also. But I saw clearly it could not be for long.

"I went into the siums towards Great Portland Street, and found myself at the end of the attent in which I had loogie. I did not all the situation of the throat I had forch by most immediate problem was to get clothing. What to do with my size puzzled me. Then I saw in one of force little insciliancess skypes—reset, so, satistionery, belated Christmas benticoley, and so so should be situation of the situation of situ inctly where, that some theatrical costumiers

streets. I walked fast to avoid being overtaken. Every crossing was a danger, every passenger a thing to watch alertly. One man as I was about to pass him at the top of Bedford Street, turned upon me abruptly and came into me, sending me into the road and almost under the wheel of a passing hansom. The verdict of the cab-rank was that he had had some sort of stroke. I was so unnerved by this encounter that I went into Covent Garden Market and sat down for some time in a quiet comer by a stall of violets, panting an trembling. I found I had caught a fresh cold, and had to tun after a time lest my sneezes should attract attention.

"At last I reached the object of my quest, a dirty, fly-blown little shop in a by-way near Drury Lane, with a window full of tinsel robes, sham jewels, wigs, slippers, dominous and fheatrical photographs. The shop was old-fashioned and low and dark, and the house rose above it for four storery, dark and dismal. I peered house rose above it for four storeys, dark and dismal. I peered through the window and, seeing no one within, entered. The opening of the door set a clanking bell ringing. I left it open, and walked round a bare costume stand, into a corner behind a cheval glass. For a mixed or so no one carne. Then I heard heavy feet striding across a room, and a man appeared down the shop.

"My plans were now perfectly definite. I proposed to make my way into the house, secrete myself upstairs, watch my opportunity, and when everything was quiet, runmage out a wig, mask, spectacles, costume, and go into the world, perhaps a grotesque but still a credible figure. And incidentally of course I could roth the house

The man who had just entered the shop was a short, slight, hundred, beetle-browed man, with long arms and very abost bandy with an expression of expectation. This gave way to surprise, and then to anger, as he saw the shop empty. Damn the boyel' he said, he wort to stare up and down the settle-like came in again in a minute, taked the door to with his foot spitefully, and went miniming back to be house door.

"I came forward to follow him, and at the noise of my movement he stopped dead. I did so too, startled by his quickness of ear. He slammed the house door in my face.

I aboon nestrating. Subdenly I near in a quick rocisespe returning, and the door reopened. He shool looking about the shop like one who was still not satisfied. Then, murmuring to himself, he examined the back of the counter and peered behind some fixtures. Then he shood doubtful. He had left the house door open and I slipped into the inner room.

"It was a queer little room, poorly furnished and with a number of big maste in the conner. On the false was 1 he beliefed breakfast, where the control of t draught down my back. Twice I strangled a sneeze just in time

"The spectacular quality of my sensations was curious and novel, but for all that I was heartily fired and angry long before he had done his eating. But at last he made an end and putting his beggarily crockery on the black in tray upon which he had had his teapot, and crockery on the black in tray upon which he had had his teapor, an aghtening all the crumbus up on the mustard stained cloth, he took the whole lot of things after him. His burden prevented his shutting the door behind him—as he would have done; I never saw such a m for shutting doors—and I followed him into a very dirty underground to shutting doors—and I followed him into a very dirty underground for shuffing doors—and I followed him into a very dirty underground kitchen and sculiery. I had the pleasure of seeing him heigh to wash up, and then, finding no good in keeping down there, and the brick floor being cold on my feet, I returned upstairs and sat in shot hor being cold on my feet, I returned upstairs and sat in his chair by the fire. It was burning low, and scarcely thinking, I put on a little coal. The noise of this brought him up at once, and he stood aglare. He peterd about the room and was within an acc of bouching me. Even after that examination, he scarcerly seemed of bouching me. Even after that examination, he scarcerly seemed satisfied. He stopped in the doorway and took a final inspection before he went down.

*On the staircase he stopped suddenly, so that I very nearly blundered into him. He stood looking back right into my face and listening. I could have sworn, he said, His long harly hand pulled at his lower lip. His eye went up and down the staircase.

hand was on the handle of a door, and then he stopped a the same puzzled anger on his face. He was becoming a aint sounds of my movements about him. The man must i

diabolically acute hearing. He suddenly flashed into rage. "If there's anyone in this house- he cried with an cath, and left the threat unfinished. He put his hand in his pocket, falled to find what he wanted, and nushing past me went blundering noisily and pugnaciously downstains. But I did not follow him. I sat on the head of the staircase until his return.

Tesched to begive the house, and spet ones then in which we have been a subject to the house, and spet ones then in hind ye an nosetesty as possible. The house was very old and further-down damp to hat the goal in the states was regis (in the welds, and to hum them. Several rooms led inspect were unfurnished, and others were littered with the harbitail nuther, buyst second-hand, judged, from its appearance, in one room next to his littorial and other were littered with the harbitail nuther, buyst second-hand, judged, from its appearance. In one room next to his littorial and set of the harbitail nuther, buyst second-hand, judged, and buyst second-hand, in the harbitail nuther, but harbitail nuther harbitail nuther than pare of his earth rooms and the harbitail nuther harbitail nuther than the harbitail stool open-mounted and supplement. Then there then he're has delively. Damn here

He shut the door quietly, and immediately I heard the key turn in the lock. Then his footstops refreated. I realised abruptly that I was locked in. For a mixtle I did not know what to do. I was locked in For a mixtle I did not know what to do. I was locked promotion to window and back, and stood perplexed. A gust of anger came upon me. But I decided to insepte the clothes before I did anything further, and my first attempt brought down a pile from an upper staff. This thought him back, more ensister than once ensure that the ensister than time he actually touched me, jumped back with amazement and stood astonished in the middle of the room.

Presently he calmed a little. 'Rats,' he said in an undertone, fingers on lps. He was evidently a little scared. I deged quietly out of the room, but a plank creaked. Then the infernal talls buttle started going all over the house, revolver in hand and locking door after door and pocketing the keys. When I realised what he was up to I had at fit of rage—I could hardly control myself sufficiently to watch my opportunity. By this tres liven he was also no in the house,

"Knocked him on the head?" exclaimed Kemi

"Yes-stunned him-as he was going downstairs. Hit him from behind with a stool that stood on the landing. He went downst like a bag of old boots."

*But-I say! The common conventions of humanity-

"Are all very well for common people. But the point was, Kemp, that I had to get out of that house in a disguise without his seeing me. I couldn't think of any other way of doing it. And then I gagged him with a Louis Quatorze vest and tied him up in a sheet."

"Made a sort of bag of it. It was rather a good idea to keep the idoit scared and quiet, and a devilish hard thing to get out of-head away from the string. My dear Kemp, if s no good your string glairing as though! was a marderer. It had to be done. He had his revolver. If once he saw me he would be able to describe me-."

"But still," said Kemp, "in England--to-day. And the man was in his own house, and you were--well, robbing."

"Robbing! Confound it! You'll call me a third next! Surely, Kemp, you're not fool enough to dance on the old strings. Can't you see my position?"

"And his too," said Kemp.

The Invisible Man stood up sharply. "What do you mean to say?"

Kemp's face grew a trifle hard. He was about to speak and checked himself. "I suppose, after all," he said with a sudden change of manner, "the thing had to be done. You were in a fix. But still..."

*Of course I was in a fix--an infernal fix. And he made me wild too--hunting me about the house, fooling about with his revolve

"I never blame anyone," said Kemp. "It's quite out of fashion. What did you do next?"

Two was house, Downsteam I found a loaf and some rank cheese—more than antificient to satisfy my hunger. I took some bandy and water, and then well up paid my inprempts high-ye was lying quite upon the street, who lace of the satisfies and the satisfies which was a street, two lace cuttients below with did guarding the window. I went and upwered out frough their interference. Outside who day was tright-by- contant with the brown shadows of the dament founce in which load myself, and contained to make in which load myself, and the satisfies believed, the satisfies and the satisfies

"I began a systematic search of the place. I should judge the hunchback had been alone in the house for some time. He was a curious person. Everything that could possibly be of service to me I collected in the clothes storeroom, and then I made a deliberate selection. I found a handbag I thought a suitable possession, and some powder, rouge, and sticking-plaste

That thought of paring and powdering my face and all that there was to show of me, in order to reader myself-visible, but the disablantings of the lay in the last that it should require the disablantings of the lay in the last that it should require the disablantings of the lay in the last that it should require the form of the last that the last the last that the last the

into the world again, equipped

"Then came a curious hesitation. Was my appearance rea credible? I tried myself with a little bedroom looking-glass inspecting myself from every point of view to discover any inspecting myself from every point or view to discover any forgotten chink, but it all seemed sound. I was grotesque theatrical pitch, a stage miser, but I was certainly not a ph impossibility. Gathering confidence, I took my looking-glas into the shop, pulled down the shop blinds, and surveyed from every point of view with the help of the cheval glass in th

"I spent some minutes screwing up my courage and then unlocked the shop door and marched out into the street, leaving the little man to get out of his sheet again when he liked. In five minutes a dozen turnings intervened between me and the costamer's shop. No one appeared to notice me very pointedly. My last difficulty seemed overcome."

"No," said the Invisible Man. "Nor have I heard what became of hir I suppose he untied himself or kicked himself out. The knots were pretty tight."

He became silent and went to the window and stared out

"Ohl-disilisationment again: I flought my troubles were over. Practically I flought I float (impurity to do whatever I choose, veryintry—the object was my rescred. So thought. Whatever I did, whatever the consequences might be, was nothing to me. I had my respectively the consequences might be, was nothing to me. I had the consequences might be consequenced to the consequence of the co

that I could not eat unless I exposed my invisible face. I fini ordering the lunch, told the man I should be back in ten mir and went out exasperated. I don't know if you have ever be disappointed in your appetite."

"Not quite so badly," said Kemp, "but I can imagine it

"I could have smashed the silly devils. At last, faint with the desire for tasteful food, I went into another place and demander private room." I am deligrand; I said. "Brely looked at me curiously, but of course it was not their affair—and so at last god my lunch. It was not particularly well served, but it sufficed, and when I had had it. I sat over a cigar, trying to plan my line of action. And outside as novestorn was beginned.

"The more I thought it over, Kemp, the more I realised what a helpless absurdity an Invisible Man was—in a cold and dirty climate and a crowded civilised city. Before I made this mad experiment I had dreamt of a thous man reckons desirable. No doubt invisibility made it possib a main records describe. No doubt invisibility made it possible to get them, but it made it impossible to engly them when they are got. Ambition-what is the good of pride of place when you cannot appear there? What is the good of the love of woman wher her name must needs be Dellahe? I have no taste for politics, for the blackguardisms of fame, for philanthropy, for sport. What was to do? And for this I had become a wrapped-up mystery, a swather and bandaged caricature of a mar

He paused, and his attitude suggested a roving glance at the

"But how did you get to Iping?" said Kemp, anxious to keep his guest busy talking.

"I went there to work. I had one hope. It was a half idea! I have 1 went there to work. I had one hope. It was a half idea! I have it still. It is a full blown idea now. Away of getting back! Of restoring what I have done. When I choose. When I have done all I mean to do invisibly. And that is what I chiefly want to talk to you about now."

"Yes. I had simply to get my three volumes of memoranda and m cheque-book, my luggage and underclothing, order a quantity of chemicals to work out this idea of mine—I will show you the coulations as soon as I get my books—and then I started. Jove! emember the snowstorm now, and the accursed bother it was to ep the snow from damping my pasteboard nose."

"At the end," said Kemp, "the day before yesterday, when they found you out, you rather--to judge by the papers--"

"No," said Kemp. "He's expected to recover."

"That's his luck, then. I clean lost my temper, the fools! Why couldn't they leave me alone? And that grocer lout?"

"I don't know about that tramp of mine," said the Invisible Man, with an unpleasant laugh.

"By Heaven, Kemp, you don't know what rage_is_! ... To have worked for years, to have planned and plotted, and then to get some fumbling purblind idot messing across your course! ... Every conceivable sort of silly creature that has ever been created has been sent to cross me.

*If I have much more of it, I shall go wild--I shall start mowing 'em.

"As it is, they've made things a thousand times more difficult."

"But now," said Kemp, with a side glance out of the window, "what are we to do?"

He moved nearer his guest as he spoke in such a manner as to prevent the possibility of a sudden glimpse of the three men who were advancing up the hill road—with an intolerable slowness, as it seemed to Kemp.

"What were you planning to do when you were heading for Port Burdock? _Had_ you any plan?"

"I was going to dear out of the country, that I have altered that plan rather since seeing you. I flought it would be wate, now the plan rather since seeing you. I flought it would be wate, now the large of the plan rather since seeing you have a large of the plan rather since and the plan rather since and the plan rather since of the passage. Thereof i could go by train ratio Spain, or else her misst of the passage. Thereof i could go by train ratio Spain, or else her written and the plan rather since of the passage. Thereof i could go by train ratio Spain, or else her written and the plan And do things; it was using that tramp as a money box and fluggage carrier, until i decided how to get my books and things seed on be made me."

"That's clear "

"Best plan to get the books out of him first."

"But where is he? Do you know?

"He's in the town police station, locked up, by his own request, in the strongest cell in the place."

"Certainly," said Kemp, a little nervously, wondering if he heard footsteps outside. "Certainly we must get those books. But that won't be difficult, if he doesn't know they're for you."

Kemp tried to think of something to keep the talk going, but the Invisible Man resumed of his own accord.

"Blundering into your house, Kemp," he said, "changes all my plans. For you are a man that can understand. In spite of all that has happened, in spite of this publicity, of the loss of my books, of what I have suffered, there still remain great possibilities, huge possibilities."

Kemp hesitated. "That was implied." he said.

"Ah! Now--" The Invisible Man stood up, and sticking his arms akimbo began to pace the study.

"I made a mistake, Kemp, a huge mistake, in carrying this thing through alone. I have wasted strength, time, opportunities. Alone–it is wonderful how little a man can do alone! To rob a little, to hurt a little, and there is the end.

What I want, Kemp, is a goal-keeper, a helper, and a hiding-place in arrangement whereby I can sleep and eat and rest in peace, as insuspected. I must have a confederate. With a confederate, with food and rest-a thousand things are possible.

advantage for eavesdropping and so forth-one makes sounds. It's of little help—a little help perhap—in housebreaking and so to little help—a little help perhap—in housebreaking and so the other hand all made for each. This is residely, in fact, is orly good in two cases. It's useful in getting away, it's useful in approaching. It's particularly useful, therefore, in killing: I can walk round a man, whatever weapon he has, choose my point, strike are little. Ordige in this Eccaye as I little.

Kemp's hand went to his moustache. Was that a movement

"And it is killing we must do, Kemp."

"It is killing we must do," repeated Kemp. "I'm listening to your plan, Griffin, but I'm not agreeing, mind. _Why_killing?"

"Not wanton killing, but a judicious slaying. The point is, they know there is an invisible Man-as well as we know there is an invisible Man-hard hardwiseld Man-Mort in Manifest Man-marked Man-Mort in Manifest Man-Mort in Manifest Man-Mort in Manifest Man

"Humph!" said Kemp, no longer listening to Griffin but to the sound of his front door opening and closing.

"It seems to me, Griffin," he said, to cover his wanderin attention, "that your confederate would be in a difficult

"Nothing," said Kemp, and suddenly began to speak loud and fast. "I don't agree to this, Griffin," he said. "Understand me, I don't agree to this. Why dream of playing a game against the race? How can you hope to gain happiness?" Don't be allone wolf. Publish

your results; take the world--take the nation at least--into your confidence. Think what you might do with a million helpers--*

The Invisible Man interrupted--arm extended. "There are footsteps coming upstairs," he said in a low voice.

"Nonsense," said Kemp "Let me see," said the Invisible Man, and advanced, arm extended, to the door.

And then things happened very swiftly. Kemp hesitated for a second and then moved to intercept him. The Invisible Man started and stood still. "Traitor!" cried the Volice, and suddenly the dressing-gown opened, and sitting down the Unseen began to disrobe. Kemp made three swift steps to the door, and forthwith the Invisible Man—his legs had varished—sprang to his feet with a shoul. Kemp fung the

With a quick movement Kemp thrust the Invisible Man back, sprang aside, and slammed the door. The key was outside and ready. In another moment Griffin would have been alone in the belvedere study, a prisoner. Save for one little thing. The key had been slipped in hastily that morning. As Kemp slammed the door it fell noisily upon the carpet.

Kemp's face became white. He tried to grip the door handle with both hands. For a moment he stood lugging. Then he door gave inches. But he got is closed again. The accord lime if was given inches. But he got is closed again to accord lime if was given and a copining. His throat was gripped by invisible fingers, and he left has hot on the handle to defend himself. He was forced back, tripped and pitched heavily into the corner of the landing. The empty dressing goans was flung on the bot pol him.

Halfway up the staircase was Colonel Adye, the recipient of Kemp's letter, the chief of the Burdock police. He was staring aghast at the sudden appearance of Kemp, followed by the extraordinary sight

of clothing tossing empty in the air. He saw Kemp felfed, and struggling to his feet. He saw him rush forward, and go down again, felfed like an ox.

Then suddenly he was struck violently. By nothing! A vast weight Then suddenly ne was struck violently, by nothings a vast weign it seemed, leapt upon him, and he was hurled headlong down it staircase, with a grip on his throat and a knee in his groin. An invisible foot trod on his back, a ghostly pather passed downstain he heard the two police officers in the half shout and run, and the footback of the back of the stair of the half shout and run, and the footback of the stair of the stair of the stair of the stair of the stair.

He rolled over and sat up staring. He saw, staggering down the staircase, Kemp, dusty and disheveled, one side of his face white from a blow, his lip bleeding, and a pink dressing-gown and some underdothing held in his arms.

"My God!" cried Kemp, "the game's up! He's gone!

CHAPTER XXV

THE HUNTING OF THE INVISIBLE MAN

For a space Kemp was too inarticulate to make Adye understand the swift things that had just happened. They stood on the landing, Kemp speaking swiffly, the grotesque swathings of Griffin still on his arm. But presently Adye began to grasp something of the

"He is mad " said Kemp: "Inhuman. He is nure selfishness. He thinks "He is mad," said Kemp," inhuman. He is pure selfishness. He thinks of nothing but his own advantage, his own safety. I have listened to such a story this morning of brutal self-seeking... He has wounded men. He will kill them unless we can prevent him. He will create a panic. Nothing can stop him. He is going out now-furious!"

"He must be caught." said Adve. "That is certain.

prevent his leaving this district. Once he gets away, he may go through the countryoide as he wills, kiling and mainring. He dreams of a region of terroit. A region of terroit, let leave the country of the country of

"Says he hasn't them. But he thinks the tramp has. And you must "Says he hasn't êven, But he Bhihs the tramp has. And you must prevent him from eating or sleeping day and night the county must be asift for him. Food must be locked up and secured, all food, so that he will have be break he way to it. The houses everywhere must be barred against him. Heaven send us cold nights and rain! The whole country-slow must begin humingr and keep huming; I tell you. Adye, he is a danger, a disaster, writers he is printed and secured, it is frightful to think of the things that may happen."

"What else can we do?" said Adye. "I must go down at once and be organising. But why not come? Yes--you come too! Come, and we must hold a sort of council of war--get Hopps to help--and the railway managers. By Jovel it's urgent. Come along-tell me as we go. What else is there we can do? Put that stuff down."

In another moment Adve was leading the way downstairs. They found the front door open and the policemen standing outside staring at empty air. "He's got away, sir," said one. "We must go to the central station at once," said Adye. "One of you go on down and get a cab to come up and meet us-quickly. And now, Kemp, what else?"

"Dogs," said Kemp. "Get dogs. They don't see him, but they wind him. Get dogs."

"Good," said Adye. "It's not generally known, but the prison officials over at Halstead know a man with bloodhounds. Dogs. What else?" "Bear in mind," said Kemp, "his food shows. After eating, his food

shows until it is assimilated. So that he has to hide after eating. You must keep on beating. Every thicket, every quiet corner. And put all weapons—all implements that might be weapons, away. He can't carry such things for long. And what he can snatch up and strike men with must be hidden away."

"Good again," said Adye. "We shall have him yet!

"Powdered glass," said Kemp. "It's cruel, I know. But think of what he may do!"

Adye drew the air in sharply between his teeth. "It's unsportsmanlike. I don't know. But I'll have powdered glass got ready. If he goes too far...."

"The man's become inhuman, I tell you," said Kemp. "I am as sure he will establish a reign of terror-so soon as he has got over the emotions of this escape—as I am sure I am talking to you. Our only chance is to be ahead. He has cut himself off from his kind. His blood be upon his own head."

CHAPTER XXVI

THE WICKSTEED MURDER

The invisible Man seems to have nathed out of Kemp's house in a state of hinf fury. A little child playing near Kemp's gelessey was violently caught up and forem assis, so shift a said was stroken, and thereafter for some hours the invisible Man passed out of human processors. As one inconsistence were not wrather deli full over can imagine him hunying strough he had sane forestoon, up the hill and no to the open domarised beniefs of Missoulco, singing and despiring all sain, heated and weary, and fifth in hickets of Historicons, to pole to sightle against and ware, and the hickets of Historicons, to pole to sightle against the missoul some sightle and ware, and the hickets of Historicons, to pole to sightle against the missoul some sightle and ware, and the hickets of Historicons, to pole to sightle against the missoul some sightle and ware, and the hickets of Historicons, to pole to sightle against the missoul some sightle and the sightle and the missoul some sightle and the missoul so

One wonders what his state of mind may have been during that time One wonders what his scare of mind may have been ourning that the and what plans he devised. No doubt he was almost establicably exasperated by Kemp's treachery, and though we may be able to understand the motives that led to that docelt, we may still imagine and even sympathise a little with the furly the attempted surprise must have occasioned. Perhaps something of the stunned istonishment of his Oxford Street experiences may have returned to astunisations for the Outlood street experiences may have required to him, for he had evidently counted on Kemp's co-operation in his brutal dream of a terrorised world. At any rate he vanished from human ken about midday, and no living witness can tell what he did until about half past two. It was a fortunate thing, perhaps, for humanity, but for him it was a fatal inaction.

During that time a growing multitude of men scattered over the countryside were busy. In the morning he had still been simply a legend, a terror, in the afternoon, by virtue chiefly of Kemp's drily worded proclamation, he was presented as a tangible antagonist, to be wounded, captured, or overcome, and the antagonist, to be wounded, captured, or overcome, and the countrylate bugs or maniferation of the country of the country of the page of the country of the

Mounted policemen rode along the country lanes, stopping at every cottage and warning the people to lock up their houses, and keep indoors unless they were armed, and all the elementary schools had broken up by three o'clock, and the children, scared and keeping broken up by three o'clock, and the children, scared and keeping together in groups, were hurrying home. Kemp's proclamation-signed indeed by Adye-was posted over almost the whole district by four or five o'clock in the afternoon. It gave briefly but clearly all the conditions of the struggle, the necessity of keeping the Invisible Man from food and sleep, the necessity for incessant watchildress and for a porept attention to any evidence of his movements. And so self and decided was the action of the authorities, so prompt and universal was the bell of his his stange being, that bellow inspiral and and solvered handerd sequent misches was in a stringent state of singe. And before nightful, too, a thrill of horror were through the authority energy control price of the property will be approximately the property of the property will be approximately the property of the property will be property or the property of the property will be property or the property of the property will be property or the property of the property will be property or the property of the property will be property or the property of the property will be property or the property of the property will be property or the property of the property will be property or the property of the property will be property or the property of the property will be property or the property of the property will be property or the property of the property will be property or the property will be pro

If our supposition that the Invisible Man's refuge was the Hintondean thickets, then we must suppose that in the early attemoon he sailed out again bent upon some project that invo-the use of a weapon. We cannot know what the project was, bu evidence that he had the iron rod in hand before he met Wickst is to me at least overwhelming.

Of course we can know nothing of the details of that encounter. It occurred on the edge of a green jet, not two hundred yards from Lord Bucksch lodge gate. Every high points is a despired point in a despired point in a despired point in a despired received, his agintered validing slick, but why the attack was made, save in a mundredour strengt, it is impossible to imagine. Indeed the theory of madriess is almost unavoidable. Mr. Wicksteed was a man of dery, the or thoy six, schema to Lord Bucksch, of indirectives. forty-five or forty-six, steward to Lord Burdoxic, of inotherative habilist and appearance, the very last person in the world to provoke such a terrible artiagonist. Against him it would seem the Invisible such a terrible artiagonist. Against him it would seem the Invisible Man used an iron not dragged from an broken piece of Fence. He stopped this quiet man, going quietly home to his middly meal, attacked him, bed down his feelbe defences, broke his arm, felled him, and smashed his head to a jelly.

Of course, he must have diagged this rod out of the fencing before he met his votin-he must have been carying it rowly in he land; on he matter. One the must have been carying it rowly in he land; on he matter. One is the circumstance has the gravel pit was not in Mr. Wicksteed's direct path home, but nearly a couple of hundred yards out of his way. The other is the assession of all title glind yards out of his way. The other is the assession of all title glind to the effect that going to her alternoon school, she saw the mounteder land howing in a pecular manner across a field towards mounted man howing in a pecular manner across a field towards when the contract of the contract of

the gravel pit. Her pantomime of his action suggests a man pursu something on the ground before him and striking at it ever and again with his walking-stick. She was the last person to see him alive. He passed out of her sight to his death, the struggle being hidden from her only by a clump of beech trees and a sligh ion in the ground.

Now this, to the present writer's mind at least, lifts the murder out of the realm of the aboutlesty warrion. We may imagine that for the aboutlesty warrion. We may imagine that will be about the state of the stat he may not even have heard of the Invisible Man. One can their imagine the Invisible Man making off—quelty in order to avoid discovering his presence in the neighbourhood, and Wicksteed excited and curious, pursuing this unaccountably locomotive object--finally striking at it.

No doubt the Invisible Man could easily have distanced his middle-aged pursuer under ordinary circumstances, but the position in which Wicksteed's body was found suggests that he had the ill luck to drive his quarry into a corner between a drift of straiging netiles and the gravet pit. To those who appreciate the extraordinary leasability of the invisible Man, the read of the encounter will be easy to imagine.

But this is pure hypothesis. The only undeniable facts—for stories of children are often unreliable—are the discovery of Wicksteed's body, done to death, and of the blood-stained iron rod flung among body, done to beath, and of the blood-standed (rinnf), suggests that the nettles. The absolute of the red by Girnf of suggests that in the entition. The absolute excitation of the affair, the purpose level standardone I fee was certainly an interestive geodestical and underlining man, but the sight of his substandardone I fee was certainly an interestive geodestical and underlining man, but the sight of his substandardone I fee was certainly an interestive geodestical and his feet, may have released doorse from gent formation without the feet, may have released doorse from gent formation without the size of a time may have flooded without per scheme of action to the had contrived.

fter the murder of Mr. Wicksteed, he would seem to have struct cross the country towards the downland. There is a story of a

voice heard about sunset by a couple of men in a field near Fern Bottom. It was wailing and laughing, sobbling and groaning, and eve and again it shouled. It must have been queer hearing. It drove up across the middle of a clover field and died away towards the

That aftermoon the Invisible Man must have learnt something of the rapid use Kemp had made of his confidences. He must have found house located and securch, temp share believed about railway stations and provided about inns, and no doubt he read the productations and readed securching the productation contributed and the rails of the company against him. And as the evening advanced, the fields became dotted horse and there will special of these of the rain, and tonigk with the rail filter will repose of three or four man, and tonigk with the typings of doigs. These men-hosters had performed accordance in the contributed of the contributed and the contributed the case of an encounter as to the way they should support one another. But he avoided them all. We may understand something of his exasperation, and it could have been none the less because he himself had supplied the information that was being used so remorestessity against him. For that day at least he lost heart; for nearly tentry, four hours, save when he turned on Wicksteed, he was a hunted man. In the night, he must have eaten and slept, for in the amonton he was the heard at one history counterful.

CHAPTER XXVII

Kemp read a strange missive, written in pencil on a greasy sheet of

"You have been amazingly energetic and clever," this letter ran, "though what you stand to gain by it I cannot imagine. You are against me. For a whole day you have chased me; you have tried to rob me of a night's rest. But I have had food in spite of you, I have slept in spite of you, and the game is only beginning. The game is only beginning. The game is only beginning. The start the Terror. This amonouses the first day of the Terror. Port Burdock

is no longer under the Queen, tell your Colonel of Police, and the rest of them, it is under me-the Terrord This is day one of year one of the may expoin—the Epoch of the Insisteb Man. I am year one of the may expoin—the Epoch of the Insisteb Man. I am first day, there will be one execution for the sake of example—ann named Kemp. Death starts for him to-day. He may jock him away, hide himself away, get guards about him, put on armout him likes—Death He unsteen Death, is coming. Let him take precautions, it will impress my people. Death starts from the pillar box by midday. The letter will fall in as the postman along, then off! The game begins. Death starts. Help him not, my people, lest Death fall upon you also. To-day Kemp is to die."

Kemp read this letter twice, "It's no hoax," he said. "That's his voice! And he means it."

He got up slowly, leaving his lunch unfinished—the letter had come by the one o'clock post—and went into his study. He rang for his housekeeper, and told her to go round the house examine all the fastenings of the windows, and close all shutters. He closed the shutters of his study himself. For locked drawer in his bedroom he took a little revolver, ex carefully, and put it into the pocket of his lounge jacket. He cureusly, and put it into the pocket or its sounge jacket. He wrote a number of brief notes, not to Colonel Aloy, gaine them to his servant to take, with explicit instructions as to her way of leaving the house. "There is no danger," he said, and added a mental resenration, "to you." He remained meditative for a space after doing this, and then returned to his cooling lunch.

He went up to the belvedere, carefully shutting every door after him. "It's a game," he said, "an odd game-but the chances are all for me, Mr. Griffin, in spite of your invisibility. Griffin _contra mundum_ ... with a vengeance."

He stood at the window staring at the hot hillside. "He must get god every day-and I don't envy him. Did he really sleep last light? Out in the open somewhere—secure from collisions. I wish we could get some good cold wet weather instead of the hea

'He may be watching me now.

He went close to the window. Something rapped smartly against the brickwork over the frame, and made him start violently back.

"I'm getting nervous," said Kemp. But it was five minutes before he went to the window again. "It must have been a sparrow," he said.

Presently he heard the front-door bell ringing, and hurried downstairs. He unbollted and unlocked the door, examined the chain, but it up, and opened cautiously without showing himself. A familiar voice hailed him. It was Adye.

Kemp released the chain, and Adye entered through as narrow an opening as possible. He stood in the halt, looking with infinite relief at Kemp refastering the door. Those was snatched out of her hand, Scared her hornbly. She's down at the station. Hysterics. He's close here. What was it about?"

"What a fool I was," said Kemp. "I might have known. It's not an hour's walk from Hintondean. Already?"

"What's up?" said Adve

"Look here!" said Kemp, and led the way into his study. He han Adye the Invisible Man's letter. Adye read it and whistled softly. "And you--?" said Adye.

"Proposed a trap--like a fool," said Kemp, "and sent my pro-out by a maid servant. To him."

Adye followed Kemp's profanity.

"He'll clear out," said Adye

Areacountly a mesh of glass area form upstains. Also had a shorry glampe of a little revolve hard for of fewnity potent. This a window, upstains' said Kemp, and led the usey up. There came a second smash while they were still on the stancase. When they reached the study they found to no of the three windows smashed, when they were the study they found to not the three windows smashed, while the study they can be settled paid. The two men studged in the doorney, contemptating the wendage. Kemp sevore again, and as he did so the three window well what a snap lake p paids. Jung starred for a first window well what a snap lake p paids. Jung starred for a first window well what a snap lake p paids. Jung starred for a first window well what snap lake p paids.

"There's no way of climbing up here?" "Not for a cat," said Kemp

"Not here. All the downstairs rooms--Hullo!"

Smash, and then whack of boards hit hard came from downstal "Confound him!" said Kemp. "That must be-yes--it's one of the bedrooms. He's going to do all the house. But he's a fool. The shutters are up, and the glass will fall outside. He'll cut his

her window proclaimed its destruction. The two men stood ng perplexed. "I have it!" said Adye. "Let me have a stick o

something, and I'll go down to the station and get the blo put on. That ought to settle him! They're hard by--not ten minutes--*

Another window went the way of its fellow

Kemp's hand went to his pocket. Then he hesitated. "I haven't one--at least to spare."

"I'll bring it back," said Adye, "you'll be safe here. Kemp, ashamed of his momentary lapse from truthfulness, handed him the weapon.

As let y couch related y; it is had fery hard one of se and one bedoors whom must hard paid. An expense to the door and begin to slight be took as a sterliny apposition. He fore was a little paid that usual, for must step starting of "and Kemp, in a sorbier moment Anje was on the doorstep and the bolls were dropping but into the stables, the heritated for a moment. Hesting more and suppose, down the steps, let crossed the lams and approached the plant. All the brease seamed to spige over the gases. Something moved must him. "Slop a bit," said a Vice, and Anjes stopped doed and to have big faither on the receiver.

"Well?" said Adye, white and grim, and every nerve tense

"Oblige me by going back to the house," said the Voice, as tense and grim as Adye's.

"Sorry," said Adye a little hoarsely, and moistened his lips with his tongue. The Voice was on his left front, he thought. Suppose he were to take his luck with a shot?

"What are you going for?" said the Voice, and there was a movement of the two, and a flash of sunlight from the ope

Adye desisted and thought. "Where I go," he said slowly, "is my own business." The words were still on his lips, when an arm came round his neck, his back fell a knee, and he was sprawing backward. He drew clumsly and fired absurdly, and in another moment he was struck in the mound and the revolver wested from his gip. He made a vain clutch at a stippery limb, tired to struggle up and fell back. "Damn" said Adye. The Voice suppled. "If all you now if it is not a stipped to the said and the said to the said of the said to the said the said to the said to the said the sai wasn't the waste of a bullet," it said. He saw the revolver in mid-air, six feet off, covering him.

"Get up," said the Voice

"Attention," said the Voice, and then fiercely, "Don't try any games. Remember I can see your face if you can't see mine. You've got to go back to the house."

"That's a pity," said the Invisible Man. "I've got no quarrel with you."

Adye moistened his lips again. He glanced away from the barrel of the revolver and saw the sea far off very blue and dark under his midday sun, the amonth green down, the white dill off the Head, and the multifudinous town, and suddenly he knew that life was very sweet. His eyes came both to this little metall thing hanging between heaven and earth, six yards away. "What am 1 to do?" he

"What am $_I$ to do?" asked the Invisible Man. "You will get help. The only thing is for you to go back."

"I will try. If he lets me in will you promise not to rush the

"I've got no quarrel with you," said the Voice

Kemp had hurried upstairs after letting Adye out, and now crouching among the broken glass and peering cautiously over the edge of the study window still. he saw Adye stand partering with the Unseen. "Why doesn't he fire?" whispered Kemp to himself. Then the revolver moved a little and the glint of the surlight flashed in Kemp's oyes. He shaded his eyes and into to see the source of the

"Surely!" he said, "Adye has given up the revolver

"Promise not to rush the door," Adye was saying. "Don't push a winning game too far. Give a man a chance."

"You go back to the house. I tell you flatly I will not promise anything."

Aging is action retend audiently reads it is sured sweets the louse, swilling slawly will be leads shipled him. Kerny subtreet the puzzed. The revolver variaties, flashed again into sight, variated again, and became evident on a closer scruting as a little dark object following Ayle. Then throps happened very quickly. Anyle leads to flower than the properties of the properties of the properties of the puzzed of the properties of the puzzed of the puzzed of the purple of the in the air. Kerny did not hear the sound of the abid. Anyle written, reader himself on one mit, followed, and by

For a sear Keep enterior of sering a the quest seriescenter of App in mithed. The allmotion save price and self-individual series seemed string in all the world save a couple of yellow butlerflies change such other through the shurbody between the house and the road gate. Adje silly on the lawn mear the gate. The blacks of all sammer house was walled figure, appearing and offer an adeep. Kemp southiers the surroundings of the house for a glimps of the recover. But the dissimilation is series of the solution of the recover. But the dissimilation is series of the basis for a fire game.

last turnulhous, but pursuant to Kemp's instructions the servants had locked themselves into their rooms. This was followed by a selection. Kemp all staining and then begon perior quadroom's year of the times venticate, one after sorbet. He went to the staincase of the servant of the staincase of the servant of the stain of the staincase of the servant of the staincase of the servant of the se

Everything was deadly still. The three people seemed very slow in approaching. He wondered what his antagonist was doing.

He started. There was a smash from below. He besitated and wen He stated. There was a smash from below, lie hestated and west downstrian spain. Solving the house resourced with heavy bloss and fine platinering of wood. He head as means has fit in deficition, de danged fine platinering of wood. He head as means has fit in deficition, de large compared the hitchen down, and he did so the hitchen, soil part of promote the hitchen down, and he did so the hitchen, soil part of principal control of the hitchen down from the soil from the local fine hitchen down from the soil from the local fine hitchen down from the local was found from the local was described in the week produced and the local fine soil for the local fine and the local fine soil fine soil for the local fine and the local fine soil fine and then the little weapon sprang into the air. He dodged back. The revolver cracked just too late, and a spilner from the edge of the closing door flashed over his head. He stammed and locked the door, and as he stood outside he heard Griffin shouting and laughing. Then the blows of the axe with its splitting and smashing consequences, were resumed.

Kemp stood in the passage trying to think. In a moment the Invisible Man would be in the kitchen. This door would not keep him a moment, and then--

A ringing came at the front door again. It would be the policemen. He ran into the hall, put up the chain, and drew the bolts. He made the gif speak before he dropped the chain, and the three people blundered into the house in a heap, and Kemp stammed the door

"The Invisible Man!" said Kemp. "He has a revolver, with to shots-left. He's killed Adye. Shot him anyhow. Didn't you s the lawn? He's lying there."

"Who?" said one of the polic

"We came in the back way," said the girl.

"What's that smashing?" asked one of the policemen.

Suddenly the house was full of the Invisible Man's resounding blows on the kitchen door. The girl starred towards the kitchen shuddered, and retreated into the dining-room. Kemp tried to explain in broken sentences. They heard the kitchen door give.

"This way," said Kemp, starting into activity, and bundled the policemen into the dining-room doorway. "Poker," said Kemp, and rushed to the fender. He handed the poker he had carried to the policeman and the dining-room one to the other. He suddenly flung himself backward.

"Whup!" said one policeman, ducked, and caught the axe on his poker. The pistol snapped its penultimate shot and ripped a valuable Sidney Cooper. The second policeman torought his poker down on the little weapon, as one might knock down a wasp, and sent it rattling to the firer.

At the first clash the girl screamed, stood screaming for a moment by the fireplace, and then ran to open the shutters—possibly with an idea of escaping by the shattered window.

The axe receded into the passage, and fell to a position about two feet from the ground. They could hear the Invisible Man breathing. "Stand away, you two," he said. "I want that man Kemp."

"We want you," said the first policeman, making a quick step forward and wiping with his poker at the Voice. The Invisible Mar must have started back, and he blundered into the umbrella star

Then, as the policeman staggered with the swing of the blow he had aimed, the Invisible Man countered with the axe, the helmet crumpled like paper, and the blow sent the man spinning to the floor at the head of the kitchen stairs. But the second policeman, aiming behind the axe with his poker, his something soft that snapped. There was a sharp exclamation of pain and then the axe field to the ground. The policeman wiped again at vacancy and hit nothing; he put his foot on the axe, and struck again. Then he stood, poker clubbed, listening

He heard the dining-room window open, and a quick rush of feet within. His companion rolled over and sat up, with the blood running down between his eye and ear. "Where is he?" asked the man on the floor.

Don't know. I've hit him. He's standing somewhe Unless he's slipped past you. Doctor Kemp--sir.

The second policeman began struggling to his feet. He stood up. Suddenly the faint pad of bare feet on the kitchen stairs could be heard. "Yapf" ricid the first policeman, and incontinently flung his poker. It smashed a little gas bracket.

He made as if he would pursue the Invisible Man downstairs. Then he thought better of it and stepped into the dining-room.

Doctor Kemp-- he began, and stopped short. "Doctor Kemp's a hero," he said, as his companion looked over his

The dining-room window was wide open, and neither hous Kemp was to be seen.

CHAPTER XXVIII THE HUNTER HUNTED

Mr. Heelas, Mr. Kemp's nearest neighbour among the villa holders, was asleep in his summer house when the siege of Kemp's house began. Mr. Heelas was one of the sturdy minority who refused to believe "in all this nonesnes" about an Invisible Man. His wife, however, as he was subsequently to be reminded, did. He insisted however, as he was subsequently to be reminded, did. He insisted upon walking about his garden just as if nothing was the matter, and he went to sleep in the afternoon in accordance with the custo of years. He sleet through the smashing of the windows, and then worke up suddenly with a curious persuasion of something wrong, looked across at Kemp's house, rubbed his eyes and looked again Then he put his feet to the ground, and sat listening. He said he inen ne pur nis reet to the ground, and sat listering. He said he was dammed, but still the strange thing was visible. The house looked as though it had been deserted for weeks-after a violent riot. Every window was broken, and every window, save those of the belvedere study, was blinded by the internal shutters.

"I could have sworn it was all right"--he looked at his watch--"twenty minutes ago.

He became aware of a measured concussion and the clash of glass, for away in the distance. And then, as the set open mouthed, came a still more wonded them. The shatters of the distance connivisation was flaring spoen violently, and the housemad in her cultion that and said that the shatter of the shatter

"Lord!" cried Mr. Heelas, struck with an idea; "it's that Invisible Man brute! It's right, after all!"

With Mr. Heelas to think things like that was to act, and his cook watching him from the top window was amazed to see him come pelting towards the house at a good nine miles an hour. There was a towards the house at a good nine miles an hour. There was a stamming of door, a surgey of bels, and the viscot diff. Heless believing the a bull. "Shot the doors, shut the viscotows, shut the bull of screams and derections, and sourging feet. He ran himself to shut the French windows that opened on the veranch, as he dod Kempi he and and shoulder and kene papeared over the edge of the Kempi he and and shoulder and kene papeared over the edge of the feet of the shoulder and kene parent of the should be appropriated the shoulder and kene pained should be appropriated. All was a compared to the should be paged to the control of the shoulder should be appropriated. All was a curring pactors the feet for bouse.

sorry if he's after you, but you can't come in!

Kemp appeared with a face of terror close to the glass, rapping and then shaking frantically at the French window. Then, seeing his efforts were useless, he ran along the veranda, vaulted the end, and went to hammer at the side door. Then he ran round by the side and well to fraintness at the state clot. There is an it clot by the suc-gate to the front of the house, and so into the hill-road. And Mr. Heelas staring from his window—a face of horror—had scarcely witnessed Kemp vanish, ere the asparagus was being trampled this way and that by feet unseen. At that Mr. Heelas file precipitately upstairs, and the rest of the chase is beyond his purview. But as

Emerging into the hill-road, Kemp naturally took the downward direction, and so it was he came to run in his own person the very race he had watched with such a critical eye from the belyedere race in enab watched with such a croincal eye from the betweeter study only four days ago. He ran it well, for a man out of training, and though his face was white and well, his wits were cool to the last. He ran with wide strides, and wherever a patch of rough ground intervened, wherever there came a patch of raw flints

The first time his Kerap document with the Microsoft was indexinably was and consisted, and fast the billionad was indexinably was and described, and fast the billionad was indexinably was and described, and fast the billionad was indexinably with the consistency of the consiste

The people below were staring at him, one or two were running, and his breath was beginning to saw in his streat. The tram was quite near now, and the "Joilly Croketers" was nosisy barring its doors. Beyond the tram were posts and heaps of gravel-the chainage works. He had a transitory idea of jumping into the tram and stamming the doors, and then he resolved to go for the police stamming the coors, and then he resolved to go for the posice station. In another moment he had passed the door of the "Jully Cricketers," and was in the blistering fag end of the street, with human beings about him. The tram driver and his helper--arrest by the sight of his furious haste--stood staring with the tram horses unhitched. Further on the astonished features of navvies appeared above the mounds of gravel.

appealed 2000 the REDIXANO U year. As a depart of his paramet, and leagh for his paramet, and leagh forward again. The Invested Man! The cried to the nerview, this varies periodicating estates and by an inspiration leagh the excessation and placed a budy group between his mad the chart. Then abdording the feed of the policy selection the turned context. Then abdording the feed of the policy selection the turned heatstand for the term of a second at the door of a sweethand should be context. Then abdorded for the most of an alley hard no book into the man and the selection of the context of the conte

yards from the tram-line end, and immediately he turnultuous vociferation and running people.

He glanced up the street towards the hill. Hardy a dozen yards off ran a hope nowy, current or hargement and sleating victionally with facilities and the street of the street of the street of the street of shorted. Up the street others followed them to, affixing and shorted Down towards the town, men and women were current, and shorted Down towards the town, men and women were current, and the shard. "Spread of Spread off circle down one. Kemp subdetiny grasped the altered condition of the chase. He stopped, and looked nound, parting." He's call benefit for circle. "Forms it is access."

totals, painting, the bodier letter in other Totals at the observa-tion and the universal total total total total total total total count towards this universal regions; he just managed to late his separative states and separative harders on the ground. It author moment at letter compressed his dephragm, and a couple of agein hands; greated him tout, but if any good or was seasiles hand ageing hands; greated him tout, but if any good or was seasiles as length hands; greated him tout, but if any good or was seasiles as seasiles, and then the equate of the ravoy came whiting frough he air above him, and death seasiles was seasiles and affect and the late air and the seasiles of the savey came whiting frough he air above him, and death. Seasiles and all that it let the seasiles and with a community of the savey counter that the seasiles and related and with a community of the savey of the savey of the related and with a community of the savey of the savey of the related and with a community of the savey of the savey of the related and the savey of the savey

In another second there was a simultaneous rush upon the struggle, and a stranger coming into the road suddenly might have thought an exceptionally avayage game of Rugby football was in progress. And there was no shouting after Kemp's cry--only a sound of blows and feat and heavy preathline. Then came a mighty effort, and the Invisible Man threw off a couple of his antagonists and rose to his knees. Kemp clung to him in front like a hound to a stag, and a dozen hands gipped; clutched, and tore at the Unseen. The tram conductor suddenly got the neck

Down went the heap of struggling men again and rolled over

was, I am afraid, some savage kicking. Then suddenly a wild scream of "Mercy! Mercy!" that died down swiftly to a sound like choking.

"Get back, you fools!" cried the muffled voice of Kemp, and there was a vigorous showing back of stalwart forms. "He's hurt, I tell you. Stand back!"

There was a brief struggle to clear a space, and then the circle of eager faces saw the doctor kneeling, as it seemed, fifteen inches in the air, and holding invisible arms to the ground. Behind him a constable gripped invisible armse.

"He's not shamming," said the doctor, cautiously raising his knee; "and I'll hold him." His face was bruised and already going red; he spoke thickly because of a bleeding lip. He released one hand and seemed to be feeling at the face. "The mouth's all wet," he said. And then, "Good God!" He stood up abruptly and then knelt down on the ground by the side of the thing unseen. There was a pushing and shuffling, a sound of heavy feet as risesh people tumed up to increase the pressure of the crowd. People now were coming out of the houses. The doors ad the "lolly Cricketers" stood suddenly wide open. Very little was referred to the "lolly Cricketers" stood suddenly wide open. Very little was the stood of the crown of t

Kemp felt about, his hand seeming to pass through empty air. "He's not breathing," he said, and then, "I can't feel his heart. His side--ugh!"

Suddenly an old woman, peering under the arm of the big navvy, screamed sharply. "Looky there!" she said, and thrust out a wrinkled finger.

And looking where she pointed, everyone saw, faint and transparent as though it was made of glass, so that veins and arteries and bones and nerves could be distinguished, the outline of a hand, a hand limp and prone. It grew clouded and cpaque even as they stared

And so, slowly beginning at the hands and feet and executing along that these than the last of the lab body, then sharing change that the state of the lab body, the sharing change that the lab body and the lab

When at last the crowd made way for Kemp to stand erect, there lay, naked and pitful on the ground, the bruised and broken body of a young man about thith, His hair and thore were withe-not grey with age, but withe with the witheness of albritism—and his eyes were like gamets. His hands were clenched, his eyes wide open, and his expression was one of anger and dismay.

Someone brought a sheet from the "Jolly Cricketers," and having covered him, they carried him into that house. And there it was, or a shabby bed in a tawdry, ill-lighted bedroom, surrounded by a cro of ignorant and excited people, troken and wounded, betrayed an unpitied, that Griffin, the first of all men to make himself invisible, Griffin, the most gifted physicist the world has ever seen, ended in infinite disaster his strange and terrible caree

THE EPILOGUE

So ends the story of the strange and evil experiments of the Invisible Man. And if you would learn more of him you must go to a little inn near Port Stowe and talk to the landlord. The sign of inter inn near Port stower and task to the landiore. I he sign or the inn is an empty board save for a hat and boots, and the name is the 8th of this story. The landlord is a short and copulent little man with a nose of cylindrical proportions, wity hair, and a sporadic rosiness of visage. Drink generously, and he will tell you generously of all the things that happened to him after that time, and of how the lawyers tried to do him out of the treasure found upon him.

"When they found they couldn't prove whose money was which. I'm "when may bound may couldn't prove whose money was written, in blessed," he say, "if they didn't try to make me out a blooming treasure trove! Do I _look_ like a Treasure Trove? And then a gentleman gave me a guinea a right to tell the story at the Empire Music 'All-just to tell 'em in my own words-barring one."

And if you want to cut off the flow of his reminiscences abruptly, you can always do so by asking if there werent three manuscript books in the story, led admits there were and proceeds to explain, with asservations that everybody thinks, Ine, Inas terril But bless you hearst. The Insistel Bean it was ook leen of to hold rem when I cut and ran for Port Slowe. It is that Nr. Kemp put people on with the kide of Imp. I having em.?

He is a bachelor man—his tastes were ever bachelor, and there are no women folk in the house. Outwardly he buttons—it is expected of him—but in his more vital privacies, in the matter of braces for example, he still turns to string. He conducts his house without enterprise, but with eminent decorum. His movem are slow, and he is a great thinker. But he has a reputation for wisdom and for a respectable parsimony in the village, and his knowledge of the roads of the South of England would beat Cobbett

And on Sunday mornings, every Sunday morning, all the year round, while he is closed to the outer world, and every night after ten, he goes into his bar parlour, bearing a glass of gin fairly flinged with water, and having placed this down, he locks the door and caranines the billings, and even looks under the table. And then, being satisfied of his softluck, he unlocks the cupboard and a box in the cupboard and a flower in the cupboard and a drawer in that box, and produces three n me cupocate and a rawer in mat occ, and produces wree volumes bound in brown leather, and places them solemnly in the middle of the lable. The covers are weather-worn and tinged with an algal green-for once they soloumed in a dich and some of the pages have been washed blank by dirly water. The landlord sits dow

he passed the staircase window, he heard the side gate slan

and shoulders and lugged him back.

in an armchair, fills a long clay pipe slowly--gloating over the books the while. Then he pulls one towards him and opens it, and begins to study it--turning over the leaves backwards and forwards.

His brows are knit and his lips move painfully. "Hex, little two up in the air, cross and a fiddle-de-dee. Lord! what a one he was for intellect!"

Presently he relaxes and leans back, and blinks through his smoke across the room at things invisible to other eyes. "Full of secrets," he says. "Wonderful secrets!"

"Once I get the haul of them-_Lord_!"

"I wouldn't do what _he_ did; I'd just--well!" He pulls at his pipe.

So he lapses into a dream, the undying wonderful dream of his life.

And though Kemp has fished unceasingly, no human being save the landlord knows those books are there, with the subtle secret of invibibility and adzern other strange secrets written therein.

And none other will know of them until he dies.