

hallways and alcoves, but it had fallen rather to rack and ruin by then, and George lost no time in expending his savings and a good portion of his inheritance in bringing the place back to shape.

"It occupied the whole of his time and interest, aside from his patients—for he'd set himself up in a new practice, converting part of the house into a consulting room, dispensary, and surgery. He employed locals to do the work on the house, and became quite well known as the Cavendish who'd come back to claim the old soil.

"Well, it took two years to complete the restorations on the house, and when they were finally finished George was understandably eager for his friends to come see the fruits of his efforts."

*... BUT AN EXPERIENCE THAT SOON PROMISED TO BE EXTRAORDINARY ...*

"I got off the train at the station and hired a ride to drive me out to the manor. I have to say that I was more than a little surprised—and I admit, even amused—at the driver's reaction when I told him I wanted to go to Doctor Cavendish's house.

"'You're going to *stay over* in the doctor's house, are you sir?' he asked me, eying my bag incredulously.

"'Certainly I am,' I said, and asked him why ever not.

"'Well sir,' the fellow says, 'the doctor's a fine man, and he's done a lot of good hereabouts—don't mistake me—but I can't believe he actually *lives* in that place. Why, everyone knows the house and grounds are haunted.'"

*... DUE TO THE APPEARANCE OF A STRANGER ...*

George continued to acquaint me with more areas of the house and restorations whenever he had spare moments from his practice. We also went riding every morning, and took our lunches and dinners together, discussing a range of common interests. During the hours that he was off making the rounds of his patients or welcoming them into his consulting rooms, I amused myself reading from his extensive library