

# Three at Table eBook

## Three at Table by W. W. Jacobs

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## THREE AT TABLE

The talk in the coffee-room had been of ghosts and apparitions, and nearly everybody present had contributed his mite to the stock of information upon a hazy and somewhat thread-bare subject. Opinions ranged from rank incredulity to childlike faith, one believer going so far as to denounce unbelief as impious, with a reference to the Witch of Endor, which was somewhat marred by being complicated in an inexplicable fashion with the story of Jonah.

"Talking of Jonah," he said solemnly, with a happy disregard of the fact that he had declined to answer several eager questions put to him on the subject, "look at the strange tales sailors tell us."

"I wouldn't advise you to believe all those," said a bluff, clean-shaven man, who had been listening without speaking much. "You see when a sailor gets ashore he's expected to have something to tell, and his friends would be rather disappointed if he had not."

"It's a well-known fact," interrupted the first speaker firmly, "that sailors are very prone to see visions."

"They are," said the other dryly, "they generally see them in pairs, and the shock to the nervous system frequently causes headache next morning."

"You never saw anything yourself?" suggested an unbeliever.

"Man and boy," said the other, "I've been at sea thirty years, and the only unpleasant incident of that kind occurred in a quiet English countryside."

"And that?" said another man.

"I was a young man at the time," said the narrator, drawing at his pipe and glancing good-humouredly at the company. "I, had just come back from China, and my own people being away I went down into the country to invite myself to stay with an uncle. When I got down to the place I found it closed and the family in the South of France; but as they were due back in a couple of days I decided to put up at the Royal George, a very decent inn, and await their return.

"The first day I passed well enough; but in the evening the dulness of the rambling old place, in which I was the only visitor, began to weigh upon my spirits, and the next morning after a late breakfast I set out with the intention of having a brisk day's walk.

"I started off in excellent spirits, for the day was bright and frosty, with a powdering of snow on the iron-bound roads and nipped hedges, and the country had to me all the



charm of novelty. It was certainly flat, but there was plenty of timber, and the villages through which I passed were old and picturesque.

“I lunched luxuriously on bread and cheese and beer in the bar of a small inn, and resolved to go a little further before turning back. When at length I found I had gone far enough, I turned up a lane at right angles to the road I was passing, and resolved to find my way back by another route. It is a long lane that has no turning, but this had several, each of which had turnings of its own, which generally led, as I found by trying two or three of them, into the open marshes. Then, tired of lanes, I resolved to rely upon the small compass which hung from my watch chain and go across country home.



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“I had got well into the marshes when a white fog, which had been for some time hovering round the edge of the ditches, began gradually to spread. There was no escaping it, but by aid of my compass I was saved from making a circular tour and fell instead into frozen ditches or stumbled over roots in the grass. I kept my course, however, until at four o’clock, when night was coming rapidly up to lend a hand to the fog, I was fain to confess myself lost.

“The compass was now no good to me, and I wandered about miserably, occasionally giving a shout on the chance of being heard by some passing shepherd or farmhand. At length by great good luck I found my feet on a rough road driven through the marshes, and by walking slowly and tapping with my stick managed to keep to it. I had followed it for some distance when I heard footsteps approaching me.

“We stopped as we met, and the new arrival, a sturdy-looking countryman, hearing of my plight, walked back with me for nearly a mile, and putting me on to a road gave me minute instructions how to reach a village some three miles distant.

“I was so tired that three miles sounded like ten, and besides that, a little way off from the road I saw dimly a lighted window. I pointed it out, but my companion shuddered and looked round him uneasily.

“‘You won’t get no good there,’ he said, hastily.

“‘Why not?’ I asked.

“‘There’s a something there, sir,’ he replied, ‘what ’tis I dunno, but the little ’un belonging to a gamekeeper as used to live in these parts see it, and it was never much good afterward. Some say as it’s a poor mad thing, others says as it’s a kind of animal; but whatever it is, it ain’t good to see.’

“‘Well, I’ll keep on, then,’ I said. ‘Goodnight.’

“He went back whistling cheerily until his footsteps died away in the distance, and I followed the road he had indicated until it divided into three, any one of which to a stranger might be said to lead straight on. I was now cold and tired, and having half made up my mind walked slowly back toward the house.

“At first all I could see of it was the little patch of light at the window. I made for that until it disappeared suddenly, and I found myself walking into a tall hedge. I felt my way round this until I came to a small gate, and opening it cautiously, walked, not without some little nervousness, up a long path which led to the door. There was no light and no sound from within. Half repenting of my temerity I shortened my stick and knocked lightly upon the door.



“I waited a couple of minutes and then knocked again, and my stick was still beating the door when it opened suddenly and a tall bony old woman, holding a candle, confronted me.

“‘What do you want?’ she demanded gruffly.

“‘I’ve lost my way,’ I said, civilly; ‘I want to get to Ashville.’

“‘Don’t know it,’ said the old woman.



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“She was about to close the door when a man emerged from a room at the side of the hall and came toward us. An old man of great height and breadth of shoulder.

“‘Ashville is fifteen miles distant,’ he said slowly.

“‘If you will direct me to the nearest village, I shall be grateful,’ I remarked.

“He made no reply, but exchanged a quick, furtive glance with the woman. She made a gesture of dissent.

“‘The nearest place is three miles off,’ he said, turning to me and apparently trying to soften a naturally harsh voice; ‘if you will give me the pleasure of your company, I will make you as comfortable as I can.’

“I hesitated. They were certainly a queer-looking couple, and the gloomy hall with the shadows thrown by the candle looked hardly more inviting than the darkness outside.

“‘You are very kind,’ I murmured, irresolutely, ‘but—’

“‘Come in,’ he said quickly; ‘shut the door, Anne.’

“Almost before I knew it I was standing inside and the old woman, muttering to herself, had closed the door behind me. With a queer sensation of being trapped I followed my host into the room, and taking the proffered chair warmed my frozen fingers at the fire.

“‘Dinner will soon be ready,’ said the old man, regarding me closely. ‘If you will excuse me.’

“I bowed and he left the room. A minute afterward I heard voices; his and the old woman’s, and, I fancied, a third. Before I had finished my inspection of the room he returned, and regarded me with the same strange look I had noticed before.

“‘There will be three of us at dinner,’ he said, at length. ‘We two and my son.’

“I bowed again, and secretly hoped that that look didn’t run in the family.

“‘I suppose you don’t mind dining in the dark,’ he said, abruptly.

“‘Not at all,’ I replied, hiding my surprise as well as I could, ‘but really I’m afraid I’m intruding. If you’ll allow me—’

“He waved his huge gaunt hands. ‘We’re not going to lose you now we’ve got you,’ he said, with a dry laugh. ‘It’s seldom we have company, and now we’ve got you we’ll keep you. My son’s eyes are bad, and he can’t stand the light. Ah, here is Anne.’



“As he spoke the old woman entered, and, eyeing me stealthily, began to lay the cloth, while my host, taking a chair the other side of the hearth, sat looking silently into the fire. The table set, the old woman brought in a pair of fowls ready carved in a dish, and placing three chairs, left the room. The old man hesitated a moment, and then, rising from his chair, placed a large screen in front of the fire and slowly extinguished the candles.

“‘Blind man’s holiday,’ he said, with clumsy jocosity, and groping his way to the door opened it. Somebody came back into the room with him, and in a slow, uncertain fashion took a seat at the table, and the strangest voice I have ever heard broke a silence which was fast becoming oppressive.

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“A cold night,’ it said slowly.

“I replied in the affirmative, and light or no light, fell to with an appetite which had only been sharpened by the snack in the middle of the day. It was somewhat difficult eating in the dark, and it was evident from the behaviour of my invisible companions that they were as unused to dining under such circumstances as I was. We ate in silence until the old woman blundered into the room with some sweets and put them with a crash upon the table.

“Are you a stranger about here?’ inquired the curious voice again.

“I replied in the affirmative, and murmured something about my luck in stumbling upon such a good dinner.

“Stumbling is a very good word for it,’ said the voice grimly. ‘You have forgotten the port, father.’

“So I have,’ said the old man, rising. ‘It’s a bottle of the “Celebrated” to-day; I will get it myself.’

“He felt his way to the door, and closing it behind him, left me alone with my unseen neighbour. There was something so strange about the whole business that I must confess to more than a slight feeling of uneasiness.

“My host seemed to be absent a long time. I heard the man opposite lay down his fork and spoon, and half fancied I could see a pair of wild eyes shining through the gloom like a cat’s.

“With a growing sense of uneasiness I pushed my chair back. It caught the hearthrug, and in my efforts to disentangle it the screen fell over with a crash and in the flickering light of the fire I saw the face of the creature opposite. With a sharp catch of my breath I left my chair and stood with clenched fists beside it. Man or beast, which was it? The flame leaped up and then went out, and in the mere red glow of the fire it looked more devilish than before.

“For a few moments we regarded each other in silence; then the door opened and the old man returned. He stood aghast as he saw the warm firelight, and then approaching the table mechanically put down a couple of bottles.

“I beg your pardon,’ said I, reassured by his presence, ‘but I have accidentally overturned the screen. Allow me to replace it.’

“No,’ said the old man, gently, ‘let it be.

“We have had enough of the dark. I’ll give you a light.’



“He struck a match and slowly lit the candles. Then—I saw that the man opposite had but the remnant of a face, a gaunt wolfish face in which one unquenched eye, the sole remaining feature, still glittered. I was greatly moved, some suspicion of the truth occurring to me.

“My son was injured some years ago in a burning house,’ said the old man. ‘Since then we have lived a very retired life. When you came to the door we—’ his voice trembled, ‘that is-my son—’

“I thought,” said the son simply, ‘that it would be better for me not to come to the dinner-table. But it happens to be my birthday, and my father would not hear of my dining alone, so we hit upon this foolish plan of dining in the dark. I’m sorry I startled you.’



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“I am sorry,” said I, as I reached across the table and gripped his hand, “that I am such a fool; but it was only in the dark that you startled me.”

“From a faint tinge in the old man’s cheek and a certain pleasant softening of the poor solitary eye in front of me I secretly congratulated myself upon this last remark.

“We never see a friend,” said the old man, apologetically, “and the temptation to have company was too much for us. Besides, I don’t know what else you could have done.”

“Nothing else half so good, I’m sure,” said I.

“Come,” said my host, with almost a sprightly air. “Now we know each other, draw our chairs to the fire and let’s keep this birthday in a proper fashion.”

“He drew a small table to the fire for the glasses and produced a box of cigars, and placing a chair for the old servant, sternly bade her to sit down and drink. If the talk was not sparkling, it did not lack for vivacity, and we were soon as merry a party as I have ever seen. The night wore on so rapidly that we could hardly believe our ears when in a lull in the conversation a clock in the hall struck twelve.

“A last toast before we retire,” said my host, pitching the end of his cigar into the fire and turning to the small table.

“We had drunk several before this, but there was something impressive in the old man’s manner as he rose and took up his glass. His tall figure seemed to get taller, and his voice rang as he gazed proudly at his disfigured son.

“The health of the children my boy saved!” he said, and drained his glass at a draught.”