‘My master […] is a tall, fine build of a man […] do you think I do not know my master after twenty years? Do you think I do not know where his head comes to in the cabinet door, where I saw him every morning of my life?’

‘…there was something queer about that gentleman – something that gave a man a turn […] you felt it in your marrow kind of cold and thin.

‘Well, when that masked thing like a monkey jumped from among the chemicals and whipped into the cabinet, it went down my spine like ice.’