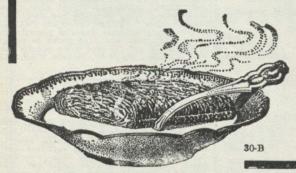
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man, whose head had dropped on to

his chest.

"Found 'im 'avin' a nap all on 'is

"Found 'im 'avin' a nap all on 'is own, in that there puddle."

The new-comer studied the problem by the light of the two lanterns now turned upon the silent sitter.

"Drunk and h'incapable," was the united verdict.

They gripped the limp figure with unnecessary violence by either arm, and the man, whose legs seemed of no use to him, was trailed stumblingly by the stalwarts in blue in the

no use to him, was trailed stumblingly by the stalwarts in blue in the direction of the town.

"Step out, can't yer," exhorted Constable Jones irritably, as they jerked the man along, and, between them, literally hauled him to the police station. There he was unceremoniously tumbled upon a bare form, for inspection by a superior officer.

Constable Jones was mopping

tion by a superior officer.

Constable Jones was mopping his brow, the exertion had decidedly warmed him up, and he was congratulating himself upon his capture.

"Man's ill," said Sergeant Brown curtly, after looking at the huddled heap on the form. "He ought to have been brought in on a stretcher."

The sergeant frowned severely at Jones, and that worthy officer suddenly felt like sinking into his boots. Going to the telephone, the capable Station-Sergeant rang up the workhouse doctor, and then made ineffect ual efforts to force some brandy down

house doctor, and then made inenectual efforts to force some brandy down the throat of the "drunk and h'incapable."

This treatment having no effect, the patient was laid full length on the bench till the arrival of Doctor Binks, who ordered him to be carried on a stretcher to the workhouse infirmary. stretcher to the workhouse infirmary, there to stay till he should recover sufficiently to give an account of him-

Constable Jones, feeling rather sheepish, handed in the battered hat which he had picked up, said all there was to say, and retired to his home, his wife, his breakfast and his bed, in a state of suppressed grievance at merit overlooked and vigilance unrecognized.

For a week the new arrival lay in the workhouse infirmary a complete puzzle to Doctor Binks.

Beyond a bruise at the back of the head, which came to light when his head was shaved, there seemed nothing to account for his condition. To Constable Jones,

ing to account for his condition. To all questions he had no answer. His mind remained a blank.

CHAPTER IV.

An Official Inquiry.

BY the end of a week, rest and food had done much to restore the strength of the man found so strangely on Barnes Common, in that early April morning by Police Constable Jones. The patient became more alert, and was at last considered fit to be taken to the police court to be examined. Unfortunately he could not recollect his name or address, or give any coherent account dress, or give any coherent account of himself. Constable Jones shook his head and tapped it significantly.

"What's your opinion, Doctor Binks? Is the man shamming?" asked the occupant of the magisterial

asked the occupant of the magisterial bench.

"I think not," replied the doctor briskly. "Case of loss of memory evidently—may be temporary, due to collapse—or collapse may be due to wandering through loss of memory."

"Mad—do you think?" came the brisk inquiry.

The man in tweeds started violently, passed a trembling hand across his brow as if striving to brush some cloud away, and lifted dark eyes anxiously from one face to the other.

"Mad? Oh, not necessarily," replied the doctor cheerfully.

"We'd better charge him then—'Found wandering, can give no satisfactory account of himself."

"Or won't," muttered Constable Jones maliciously.

"Detain him at the workhouse under cheaverties."

"Detain him at the workhouse under observation, Binks, pending inquir-

The little doctor in the big glasses nodded, a couple of men in blue winked at each other, and the inquiry for the time being. was over for the time being.

The man in tweeds, a vague look in is eyes, a puzzled and worried ex-



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