

disease. Occasionally her nights were awful. Still, Lawrence was not altogether unhappy. He had probed life. He had attained calm. He was performing what he conceived to be his duty. He was intellectually and morally free. He had his books. He saw Mark now and then. He had deliberately discarded the most disturbing element in existence. Then Cousin Sarah grew steadily worse. There had recently come a moment when he had been forced to decide whether he should send his cousin to the hospital or engage a nurse from the Nurses' Home attached to the County Hospital at Pirehill. He engaged the nurse. She had arrived that Saturday afternoon. She was upstairs with her patient, and he was expecting her to come down to him and report.

He had to wait considerable time, and putting a book which he had been reading on a pile of other books on the table, he stepped to the window and gazed out, drumming on the pane. Exactly opposite lived the doctor, who called in when he could, at odd hours, to see this conveniently situated patient.

Then Lawrence heard the door of the sitting room open, and a step. And he turned to meet the nurse.

"Well?" he demanded, with an equable, friendly smile.