

THE MIND-READER

chauffeur to drive on for a hundred yards or so and wait.

When the car had moved off, they looked at one another in silence for a few moments. Dr. Wycherley struck a match and held it up to his own face, so that she might read what he did not wish to put into words.

"You know why I am here? You came to intercept me?" she asked, with a break in her voice that held pathos.

"I know. I sympathise deeply. I have a plan to help Mr. Kennion against his—his insomnia. If you will trust him to me for a few days—*trust him implicitly*—I think you will not regret it. He will sleep well; his nerves will right themselves; he will come back to you with renewed strength and courage for his fight. Again he will be a strong man doing battle for his Bill against the weak sentimentalists and the envy and malice of public life."

"I could help him . . . perhaps."

"You cannot help him directly—you or anyone else. He has to fight himself, to conquer himself. Strength must come from inside. My plan is to help him to help himself, without his knowing it."

"And I? What am I to do?" Her voice quivered under the strain of belief he was demanding.

"It would be best for you to go away for these few days—far away. To Scotland, say . . . It is a big sacrifice I am asking of you. But you, like your husband, are on the pedestal of power, and much is demanded from those to whom much is given."