

MR. DUGGLEBY

"That special train you were waiting for is in," said the agent.

"In the station now?" repeated the doctor angrily; "why was I not told?"

"It has only just come in, sir," said the agent. Then he called to the gate keeper:

"Let Dr. Berry out."

The doctor was shouldering his way through the crowd to the door.

"Where did you say?" said the agent to me.

"New York."

The words were only a whisper. I had to repeat them twice before he heard. Impatiently, he slapped down a ticket before me.

The gate keeper was opening the door. Dr. Berry started out, then stopped short in the doorway. A man coming in at the same moment almost collided with him, but the doctor showed no sign of anger.

"Mr. Duggleby," he exclaimed, "I am very, very glad you have come!"

I heard the name and saw the face of the man addressed as Duggleby all in the same instant. And somehow the sight and sound together seemed to ring a little bell of recognition away down within me.

I knew the name; I knew the face. A shrewd,