

reasons for being in London, added a few lines, that I hoped he would understand, about having abandoned my intention of turning my morphia dreams into "copy"; tried to convey to him that he had nothing to fear from me. . . .

I never had an answer to my letter. I parried Ella's raillery, resumed my old life. But I could not forget my country practitioner, nor what I owed him. A peculiar tenderness lingered. However I might try to disguise names and places, he would read through the lines if I wrote the love-story of Gabriel Stanton and Margaret Eldon. It was difficult to say what would be the effect on his mind, and I would not take the risk. I held over my story as long as I was able, even wrote another meantime. But three months ago I became a free woman. For I read in the obituary column of my morning paper that Peter Kennedy, M.D., F.R.C.S., of Pinelands, had died from the effects of a motor-accident.

The obituary notices were very handsome and raised him from the obscurity of a mere country practitioner. It mentioned the distinguished persons he had had under his care. Even myself! I suspected Dr. Lansdowne of having sent the notices to the press; his name occurred in all of them, the partnership was bugled.

Peter Kennedy died well. He was driving his car quickly on an urgent night call. Some strange cur frisked into the road, and to avoid it he swerved suddenly. Death must have been instantaneous. I was glad that he died without pain. Yet I had rather he was alive to-day, although Margaret's story