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Benjulia himself.
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waiter—who observed that his bed had not been slept in. All he wanted for breakfast was the strongest coffee that could be made. It was not strong enough to please him when he tasted it ; and he had some brandy put in. He paid, and was liberal to the waiter, and went away.

The policeman on duty, that day, whose beat included the streets at the back of Fairfield Gardens, noticed in one of them, a tall gentleman walking backwards and forwards, and looking from time to time at one particular house. When he passed that way again, there was the gentleman still patrolling the street, and still looking towards the same house. He waited a little, and watched. The place was a respectable lodging house, and the stranger was certainly a gentleman, though a queer one to look at. It was not the policeman's business to interfere on suspicion, except in the case of notoriously bad characters. So, though he did think it odd, he went on again.

Between twelve and one o'clock in the afternoon, Ovid left his lodgings, to go to the neighbouring livery stables, and choose an open carriage. The sun was shining and the air was brisk and dry, after the stormy night. It was just the day when he might venture to take Carmina out for a drive.

On his way down the street, he heard footsteps behind him, and felt himself touched on the shoulder. He turned—and discovered Benjulia. On the point of speaking resentfully, he restrained himself. There was something in the wretch's face that struck him with horror.

Benjulia said, 'I won't keep you long ; I want to know one thing. Will she live or die ?'

'Her life is safe—I hope.'

'Through your new mode of treatment ?'

His eyes and his voice said more than his words. Ovid instantly knew that he had seen the book ; and that the book had forestalled him in the discovery to which he had devoted his life. Was it possible to pity a man whose hardened nature never pitied others ? All things are possible to a large heart. Ovid shrank from answering him.

Benjulia spoke again.

'When we met that night at my garden gate,' he said, 'you told me my life should answer for her life, if she died. My neglect has not killed her—and you have no need to keep your