

## ON MEDENHAM DOWN

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tion in which her husband stood and was pressing hot-haste to his side. In the present mood of the Home Secretary, the meeting would inevitably lead to a clash of wills, perhaps to an open declaration from which there would be no turning back. The situation lay poised so delicately that one jar would send the balance crashing downwards.

It was a dangerous move to interpose between husband and wife at such a crisis of their lives, but Dr. Wycherley resolved to take it. He had been reading deeply into the character of Travis Kennion, and he knew that only from *inside*, from the man himself, could help come. Urgings from outside, even from his own wife, would only drive him deeper into his mad obstinacy.

"This is the way to Medenham," replied Dr. Wycherley, "but I wish to speak first with Mrs. Kennion." He raised his hat with an old-world courtesy of manner. "I have something very important to say to you—something vital. Will you spare me a few moments?"

"Who are you?" asked Lilith Kennion.

"A medical adviser of your husband's," was the answer, whispered so that it might not come to the ears of the chauffeur. "More than that, a very sincere well-wisher. Will you not send the car ahead, and let us rejoin it presently?"

There was a magnetism in the personality of the mental healer that few could resist. His gently-expressed wishes had more than the force of commands. Lilith Kennion realised the sincerity of this stranger with the silvery hair and grave dark eyes and told the