

heavy-browed man who—yes, who must be Browser. Although they had never spoken to each other before, they remembered each other's faces, and fell into conversation.

"Do you know whose grave this is?" asked George.

"That was a patient of mine, before I got my appointment. Reid was his name—an artist. Careless of his health. Caught a chill and died. Curious grave, isn't it? Asked me to arrange it for him like this. Are you walking back?"

They stepped along together, and George learned among other things that Browser was now Professor of Anatomy at a Midland University. He had kept up his connexion with Aberdeen, and was doing some special research with one of the Professors here at Marischal College. Then they got on to old times.

"I remember the football match in which you broke your collar-bone," said George.

"Ah, yes, that was the turning point in my life. Gave up fooling about and set to work. What a change!"

"Do you remember Wolseley Greville? I saw him in London two months ago."

"Did you?" said Browser, slowing down and staring at George. "Ah, that is possible."

"How, why, have you heard anything of him since then?"

"Yes, that is to say, a little. Tell me where you saw him."

George briefly described the passing glimpse in the music hall.

"That must have been before the trouble with the police. He changed his name and went on tour with some provincial company, merely as an actor with a small part. Not that he could act, but he must have had some hold over the manager. Played in town halls and that sort of place, not regular theatres. Company was at Laurencekirk when the trouble began. Must have been rather pathetic. Manager absconded with the receipts, and the company was