

"Three years. As you know she sickened and died of typhoid just a month before we were to have been married," and there was a far-off look in the respondent's eyes.

After a few moments of silence, the doctor began again:

"And this Miss Chatterton—the lovely Miss Chatterton, as she is called—when is that to be?" Geoffrey Lloyd was watching his friend narrowly.

"Eleanor does not wish it," mournfully replied the patient.

"Nonsense, man!" thundered Dr. Lloyd. "You're obsessed. I'll have to lay this ghost for you. You've been working at the bank too much. We'll investigate this white automobile episode and then you for Atlantic City or Virginia Beach. Come to, man! Let's think it out," and Geoffrey Lloyd wheeled around in his chair and brought his clenched hand down sharply on his desk, at the same time reaching with his left to a case of books on the wall above it.

Taking down a three-quarter Morocco binding, he began turning its pages hurriedly, but not readily finding what he wanted, turned back to the index; while Claude took out a cigarette case, and placing one on the desk for the doctor, struck a match, passed the light, and then helped himself.

"Here it is," exclaimed the doctor.

"Here what is?" returned Claude, petulantly. "I guess you're the one that's bewildering your balance this time."

"Psychoanalysis—interpretation of dreams—repression—the passion of grief for a departed friend—long fidelity—motives—unrepressed wishes—propensity to consult with adviser—anxiety—" and a whole host of incoherent words and phrases mumbled the doctor for several minutes, almost unconscious that any such person as Claude Bernard was in existence, let alone sitting there quietly smoking a cigarette in that very consulting-room.

Suddenly Dr. Lloyd turned, having closed the book with a slap:

"Here, Claude, take this pad and pencil and write out all your thoughts on this matter—I have to go out for an hour. Write them down, whatever they are and wherever they lead you. Keep strictly close to the line."

In a little over the hour the doctor returned.

"Ah, Claude! I see you have been busy," he said, as he surveyed the pile of manuscript lying face downwards on his desk—"and still going strong."

"Well," he continued, "that will do now. Let's search for a