

her dress, the valuable furs thrown carelessly on the seat beside her, but chiefly the indescribable air of having always possessed these things—all this spoke for itself.

The old lady in the corner who studied her shyly thought her very lovely but vaguely disturbing—almost alarming. Her youth was so royal in its fearlessness, so touching in its frank self-reliance. The little old lady and her generation had not known its like. It frightened her. She tried to imagine herself, forty years back, seated in front of this utter stranger looking at him so straightly, meeting his passionate earnestness with such steady, untroubled eyes. The very thought of it brought a blush to her faded cheeks. Yes, things had changed. Youth had swept on like a whirlwind. She did not know whether the pang that went through her was of regret or envy.

But she wished she knew what the man was saying. It was impossible to imagine that any but the one immortal topic could absorb these two so deeply. And yet they knew nothing of each other, and the girl was so young, in spite of her courage, so ignorant of life. . . .

The old lady sighed anxiously. She felt troubled—absurdly responsible. . . .

Suddenly the brakes gripped. The express, like a living thing checked in full flight, shuddered along its length and then sullenly, reluctantly yielded. With a final groan the insistent clank and rumble passed into an expectant silence in which the man's voice sounded clearly.

"You see—the organism, the germ if you like, must be found again in the circulation. If it isn't there you can't be sure—it may be causal or only resultant. You haven't proved anything either way. These conditions are known as Koch's postulates. I suppose it sounds as dull as ditch-water, doesn't it?"

A smile flickered across her grave face.

"Is ditch-water dull?"

He laughed.

"Well—no—it's about the liveliest thing I know. That was a rotten metaphor. But you understand what I mean. The things I've been talking about don't sound exactly romantic—'cultures' and incubators and microscopes and all that. You wouldn't think they'd make every day of my life an adventure. But they do. Of course, like most things, it's sheer drudgery most of the time. But