

It did not seem worth while to contradict him as I was not wide awake yet, but swaying on the borderland between dreams and reality. Three people were in the dusk of the well-known room. They disentangled themselves gradually: Nurse Benham, Dr. Kennedy, Ella in the easy chair—Margaret's easy chair. It was evening, and I heard Dr. Kennedy say that I was better, stronger, that he did not think it necessary to give me a morphia injection.

"Or hyoscine."

I am sure I said that, although no one answered me, and it was as if the words had dissolved in the twilight of the room. Incidentally I may say I have never had an injection of morphia since that evening. I know how easy it was to make a mistake with drugs. Many vials look alike in that small valise doctors carry. I was either cunning or clever that night rejecting it. Afterwards it was only necessary to be courageous.

I found it difficult in those first few twilight days recovering consciousness to separate this Dr. Kennedy from that other Dr. Kennedy, from that other Dr. Kennedy, little more than a boy, who had been released by the woman he released, the authoress whose story he had just written. And my feelings towards him fluctuated considerably. My convalescence was very slow and difficult, and I often thought of the solution Margaret Eldon had found, sometimes enviously, and at others with a shuddering fear. At these times I could not bear that Dr. Kennedy should touch me, his hand on my pulse gave me an inward shiver. At others I looked upon him with the deepest interest, wondering