

THE MIND-READER

something impending in the immediate present? It came to the sensitive mind of the mental healer as a rasping against the calm ether of the starlit night in the quiet village. Most of us experience that vague sensation of impending events at one time or other, and sometimes we act upon it against the logic of our reasoning faculties. Dr. Wycherley, with his super-sensitive perceptions, knew better than to neglect the warnings of intuition. He had schooled himself to respect and follow intuition, and in this case he made an excuse to the other two men and set out to walk to the end of the village, out into the lane which connects by a tangle of lanes with the broad highway of the London-Canterbury road. From that direction he sensed the coming of some event which would cut sharply into the peace of the village inn.

Rounding a corner between the high hedges, the glare of a motor-lamp flashed full upon him, and a car braked up on its haunches with a grinding of wheels.

"Is this right for Medenham?" asked the chauffeur. "We've got mixed up in these twisty lanes."

But Dr. Wycherley's eyes had turned to the solitary occupant of the car, a lady. Her veil was thrown back to let the cool night air play on her face, and with a shock he recognised her as Lilith Kennion, the wife of the Home Secretary. The portrait of the beautiful Mrs. Kennion by Shannon had been one of the features of that year's Academy—she as well as her husband was a celebrity. But now there were lines of pain and anxiety in her face, and in a flash Dr. Wycherley realised that she had come to a knowledge of the situa-