

his landlady that she had no right to sell his few possessions. Ten days later, as we were sitting at dinner at our usual small restaurant in Soho, he came in. His clothes were dirty and ragged, and his boots were almost worn out. He had no money, he said, but he was going to the library in the morning, where some was due to him. He was skilful in parrying our urgent questions, and we scarcely knew if he wished us not to know where he had been, or if he were ignorant himself. But there was a brighter light in his eyes than we had seen since first he came among us, and a clear ring in his voice.

For the rest of that year he worked regularly in the library, and read and wrote or saw his friends in the evenings. Sometimes when we were with him in the streets a man or a woman would speak to him in an odd tongue. He always pretended not to understand them, but we noticed that afterwards he contrived to be rid of us for the rest of the evening. We knew that somehow his life was not ours, but we liked him very well.

In the following May he disappeared again, though for a few days only. In June he went, and in July, returning each time tired out, happy, and secret, an insoluble enigma. There began to be troubles for him with the library authorities.