

## ON MEDENHAM DOWN

---

ver Meden, fished by the anglers who come to stay at "The George."

Both the Home Secretary and the barrister had brought rods with them for their week-end stay, and there was no surprise at the arrival in the evening of a silver-haired old man with keen-cut features and dark, grave eyes. No doubt he was also an angler.

Hatchard recognised him as an acquaintance and introduced him to the Home Secretary, and in the starlight they sat out in the porch and chatted leisurely of things that mattered little. But under all this casual conversation—too trivial to need recording—ran strange undercurrents of thought. Early in the evening the Home Secretary had received a telegram. This lay in the outer pocket of his lounge coat, and every now and then his fingers would caress it under cover of the pocket. With the studied calmness of his face—the mask of the man of position—went a bright glitter of the eyes that could not be kept under. While he chatted leisurely on the porch of the inn, his real thoughts were elsewhere, with the woman he loved.

The barrister, also outwardly calm, was watching eagerly for the unfolding of Dr. Wycherley's plan, whatever it might be. All that had been arranged was that Hatchard should support the mental healer in any move he might introduce. Dr. Wycherley, for his part, had kept conversation on the level of the trivial so that Kennion should not suspect his real vocation and draw back into an unassailable shell of defence. First, he had to win confidence. Later . . .

What was that strange sensation, that sense of