

Then she removed her hand from the newel post, which had steadied her, and drew herself erect with what seemed like a physical effort.

"I wonder if it would be possible to . . . has his room—been changed? Could I . . . see it?"

"Bless yer heart, child, that ye may," said the landlady sympathetically, as if she had solved the problem. Imrie hated her violently for her solution. "Jist step this way," she added soothingly.

She led the way up interminable flights of stairs, which creaked and groaned no matter how lightly they tried to walk. Finally they stopped climbing, and proceeded down a narrow hall, lighted, after a fashion, by a single gas lamp. Every now and then a draft from somewhere set it quivering gustily.

Judith was walking as if in a dream. Imrie felt certain that she saw none of the sights which he saw, nor heard the sounds, nor smelled the odours. But he was wrong. She felt them all with ten times the keenness that he did.

At length their guide halted, breathing heavily, and after fumbling with a bunch of rusty keys, swung open a door which creaked dismally. A breath of air, faintly pungent with the odour of drugs, came from the room beyond.

Judith and Imrie stood silently waiting in the hall. The only sound was a muttered imprecation from the landlady as she stumbled into something in her