

near him. He invariably declined them, and said he would take one of the others from the tea-box—my very best, kept in tea for sake of dryness. If I reversed the process he reversed his action. His instinct regarding cigars was supernatural, and I almost believe that he had—like the Black Dwarf's cat—the 'poor' of reading character and interpreting events—an uncanny divination.

I knew by the time we reached Valetta that Roscoe would get well; but he recognised none of us until we arrived at Gibraltar. Justine Caron and myself had been watching beside him. As the bells clanged to 'slow down' on entering the harbour, his eyes opened with a gaze of sanity and consciousness. He looked at me, then at Justine.

'I have been ill?' he said.

Justine's eyes were not entirely to be trusted. She turned her head away.

'Yes, you have been very ill,' I replied, 'but you are better.'

He smiled feebly, adding: 'At least, I am grateful that I did not die at sea.' Then he closed his eyes. After a moment he opened them, and said, looking at Justine: 'You have helped to nurse me, have you not?' His wasted fingers moved over the counterpane towards her.