

"You want to know whether I have ever done anybody what I did for Margaret Eldon?"

"Yes, that is what I asked you."

"Will you believe me when I tell you?"

"Perhaps. Why did you first encourage me to write Margaret Eldon's life and then try and prevent my doing it?"

"You won't believe me when I tell you."

"Probably not."

"I wanted to know whether she had forgiven me, whether she was still glad. When you told me you saw and spoke to her . . ."

"It was almost before that, if I remember right."

"It may have been. Do you remember I said that we were a reincarnation. The first time I came in and saw you sitting there, at her writing-table, in her writing-chair, I thought of you as a reincarnation. The light in his eyes was rather fitful, strange."

"I was right, wasn't I, Margaret?" He put his hand on my knee. I remembered how she had done it off under similar circumstances. I let it lie there. Why not?

"My name is Jane." It came back to me that she had said this to him once before.

"You don't care for me at all?"

"I am glad you thought of the intensive iodide treatment. It has its advantages over hyoscine."

"You have not changed?"

"I would rather like you to remember this is the twentieth century."

He sighed and took his hand off my knee, drew it across his forehead.