

THE MIND-READER

were not in harmony with the quiet beauty of the rural scene. They buzzed within him, burst up into flame, died down into cold analysis, flared again into impetuous desires. The dreams of last night haunted him vividly and warred with his desires. They had been so extremely real—detailed far beyond the usual vaguenesses of dreamland. They *haunted* him.

In a fever of impatience—at one moment aflame, the next cold and shivering—he waited for the reply which should come to one of his three telegrams. He returned early to the inn, without a catch, to receive the answering wire.

It had not come. It did not arrive, in fact, until late in the afternoon, and when it came he crumpled it up feverishly in his hands. "Wait," it said in cipher. "To-morrow night, on the Canterbury road, by the fortieth milestone."

He must perforce wait . . . and think . . . and do battle with his thoughts.

That evening he tramped alone far over the swelling downs, and at midnight he lay down exhausted beside a furze-bush and fell into a deep sleep. A sheep-dog came up and nosed him curiously, then moved away. Another of those tramps, no doubt.

Kennion slept heavily, and again there came to him a series of dreams of a vividness that had never previously been within his experience. He awoke at dawn in the cold gray hill-mists, bathed in sweat, and with a mocking voice ringing in his ears:

"*Who are the Unfit?*"

If the day before had been a battle, to-day, was