

Judith went home at once, and all through the morning, she saw to it that she was not very far from the telephone. Every time it rang her heart pounded a little harder, and each time that the call was not what she hoped it would be, disappointment became a little more keen, the fear of failure a little more pronounced.

The maid who served luncheon reported to the kitchen that her mistress had tasted nothing.

"What did I tell ye?" said the cook with profound mysteriousness, and even the chauffeur's boy, who could not recall that she had told anything, was silenced. "There's things goin' on in this house," she declared impressively, when she observed that the silence about her was respectful, "as how none of ye understand." There was no denial.

At about three o'clock, Judith heard the first news.

"The postmark, of course, told us the general locality," said the placid voice over the telephone, speaking very slowly and distinctly. "I have just heard from one of my operatives who has been investigating the drug-stores in the neighbourhood, that he expects to locate a doctor at any time, who will be able to supply the rest of the information we seek. It may be an hour — perhaps two — perhaps not to-day. But I think I can assure you of ultimate success."