

"Pretty woman!" he said. "All that more too!"

Peter, suddenly, inexplicably unable to stand, sank on his knees by the sofa, hid his face in his dress. Dr. Lansdowne said, "God bless my soul!" Peter broke into tears like a girl.

"Come, come, this will never do. Pull yourself together, or I shall think . . . I shan't know what to think. . . ."

Peter recovered himself as quickly as he collapsed, rose to his feet.

"It was so sudden," he said apologetically. "I was unprepared. . . ."

"I could have told you exactly what would happen. The case could hardly have ended any other way."

He said a few kind words about himself and his skill as a diagnostician. Peter listened meekly and was rewarded by the offer of a lift home. "You can come up again later, when the family have arrived. They will be sure to want to know about her last moments. . . . Or I might come myself, tell them I foresaw it. . . ."