

in attendance. The two physicians moved away from the bedside as she entered, and began to talk quietly together in the embrasure of the window.

‘A curious case!’ said the specialist.

‘Yes. Of course, as you say, it’s a neurotic temperament that’s at the bottom of the trouble. When you’ve got that and a rigorous constitution working one against the other, the results are apt to be distinctly curious. Do you consider there is any hope, Sir Charles?’

‘If I had seen him when he recovered consciousness I should have said there was hope. Frankly, when I left last night, or rather this morning, I didn’t expect to see the Prince alive again—let alone conscious, and able to talk. According to all the rules of the game, he ought to get over the shock to the system with perfect ease and certainty. But I don’t think he will. I don’t think he wants to. And moreover, I think he is still under the influence of suicidal mania. If he had a razor he would cut his throat. You must keep his strength up. Inject, if necessary. I will come in this afternoon. I am due now at St. James’s Palace.’ And the specialist hurried away, with an elaborate bow and a few hasty words of polite reassurances to Prince Aribert.

When he had gone Prince Aribert took the