

the huge mirror which hung to one side. It was cracked rather badly, and one of the corners of its finger-marked black frame had separated.

Presently a stout, red-faced woman with untidy hair, appeared from the passageway where the young girl had disappeared. She was using her apron to wipe alternately her hands and the perspiration which exuded copiously from her forehead. One of her eyes was slightly crossed, giving her a curious aspect, half comic, half malevolent.

"I would like to see Mr. Good, if I may," repeated Judith pleasantly, as she approached.

The stout woman raised her hand with a gesture of regret. "Pshaw now — you're too late."

"Too late?" echoed Judith, her voice trembling.

"Yiss, it's too bad, surely," said the woman calmly. "He died goin' on two days, it is."

For an instant Imrie thought that Judith was going to faint. All the colour left her face. As she stood there, trembling and swallowing hard, her pallor showing green in the dim and flickering gas-light, he thought he had never seen anything more pitiful.

"Was you a friend of his'n?" asked the stout woman, apparently rather surprised at the reception of her intelligence.

"Yes," whispered Judith, drawing the words in through compressed lips, "I was a — friend."