

what a beast he, Jefferies, had been to him, and how he'd only got what he deserved, seeing that if he'd been at the O. P. Charteris wouldn't have been there, and would never have been knocked out, and it all came of his not counting the planks in the duck board. Also he was quite unaware that he had lifted his left arm and crossed his left leg over the right, and, stranger still, that during that quarter of an hour's unconsciousness he had been speaking without a lisp.

That night, about eleven o'clock, he suddenly fell fast asleep. He awoke with the sun streaming into the room, and was astonished that he could recall no apprehension preceding sleep. The door, too, was still locked, his head was clear and his tongue clean. He said as much to the doctor later in the day. He was beginning to think the latter rather a decent sort. He felt half inclined to tell him all about Charteris.

"Was it about eleven o'clock you fell asleep?" said the doctor.

"Yes," said Jefferies, and wondered how the doctor had hit upon the exact time. But Jefferies had never heard of post-hypnotic suggestion.

At the end of a fortnight he was a different man. The sleeplessness had wholly disappeared, so had the motor symptoms, and the lisp with them. The doctor assured him that he would stake his professional reputation on his being his old self within an appreciable time, and such assurance is infectious. Jefferies did not know that the doctor had been