

"Did I say that?"

"More than once. I suppose you thought I was not going to get better." He did not answer that, except with his rising colour and confusion, and I believed I had hit upon the truth. "I wonder you gave me the iodide," I said thoughtfully.

"I suppose now you think me capable of every crime in the calendar?"

That brought us to quite close quarters, and I took up the challenge.

"No, I don't. Your hand was forced." Then I added, I admit, more cruelly: "Have you ever done it again?"

He had been sitting by my couch in the garden, a basket-work chair stood there always for him. Now he got up abruptly, walked away a few steps. I watched him, then thought of my question, a dozen others rising in my mind. It was some years since Margaret Eldon died; she had been discussed by those who had come in contact with her, and rumour had been set moving that her death had not been unconnected with a love affair. What this was and with whom varied considerably; but few people had known of the real state of affairs. Gabriel Stanton shut that close mouth of his and told no one.

I wondered about Gabriel Stanton, but more about Peter Kennedy, who had walked away from me when I spoke. What had happened to him in these years? Into what manner of man had he grown? He came back presently, sat down again by my couch, spoke abruptly as if there had been no pause.