

come to let Sylviane know that her mother is out of danger ?'

The Doctor looked up queerly, as though he detected some sarcasm in Forrest's tone.

He twirled his walking-stick—that stick which Arthur had noticed in the train—and then put his arm into Forrest's and drew him into the tree-lined avenue past the lodge.

'My dear fellow, the fact is I have come down on a strange errand—I scarcely like to breathe it, it is so queer ; but you will have to know, sooner or later, and you may as well know now. I dare say you have discovered that our old servant Sims has quarrelled with us and taken service with Mr. Peterson.'

'I have noticed it,' said Arthur ; 'and I have also noticed something else.'

'What is that ?'

'Go on ; I will tell you afterwards.'

'Well, Sims wrote to my wife a day or two ago, hoping she'd excuse the liberty, and said he had found out a terrible thing—that Mr. Peterson was mad.'

'Mad ?' Forrest was startled in spite of himself.

'Yes, undoubtedly ; a monomaniac on the