

that he must think she had at least felt the approach of the cold hand. He watched her with the interest we are wont to feel in one who is, we see, well-nigh face to face with the mysteries of that strange, hidden world. But to those keen old eyes there were no mysteries; and not much of a world outside the four walls of this chamber of hers.

"I do not know to what will serve your powders, Dr. Kendal," she said to him, tapping with transparent hand certain tiny folded papers his saddle-bags had furnished forth, when nearly an hour later he had risen to go; "but I am sure your visit has been of benefit. You will always be the welcome monsieur, as often as you may spare an hour for an old woman—a *septante* who has been out of the world a good many years already. For me, I commence to believe," she added, graciously, "I have been in error, since a long time, in so shutting all young companionship out of my life, that I forgot it could interest me—until you came."

Young companionship! Kendal was smiling to himself over the words, as he went out.

They had an odd sound in them, applied to himself.

A man's age is not always to be computed from the entry of his birth in the family Bible. It was now some years since Kendal had believed