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It was autumn when I again came across the Indian doctor. He called on me. I found him well dressed and happy. He said:

"My friend—for, sir, you must allow me to call you that—I have come to tell the end of my story. I came, also, to thank you for your kind help to a poor vagrant whom you thought mad. Ha, ha, ha! Did you not?"

"When I came out of St. Michel's I was very ill and very poor. But, quite by chance, as you will say, but by the will of my Gods, I think, I met a man whom I knew in India when a little boy. He is a rich barrister in Lincoln's Inn. He is over here studying law so that he go back and preach sedition and all that tommy-rot. Well, he take me in as suffering brother crushed beneath the tyrant's heel, and all that. Well, to proceed, I go first to find out how Lily is getting on. I find that she does not go out of the house . . . that her husband, who had deserted her, had returned when her uncle, who was looking after her, dies, and leaves her all his money . . . as I recounted to you before. Of course, the husband comes back then . . . he is a fiend. It all has to do with the sendings from India . . . he is one of them. I am in a fearful stew about my beloved lady . . . she is ill

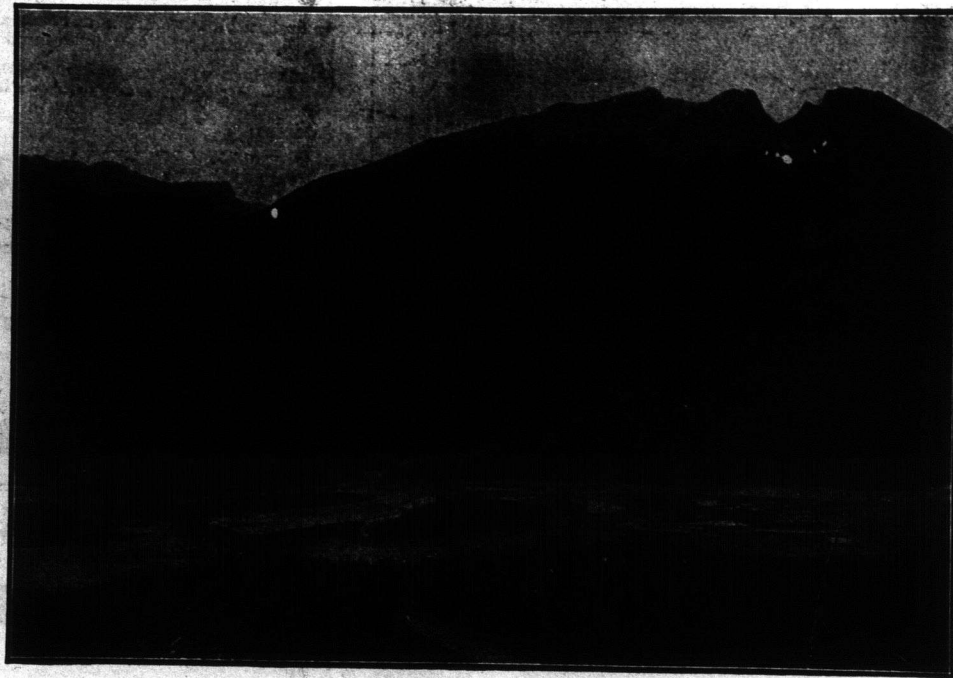
went white, and then the red blood surges into his face, and his eyes blaze. He abuses me in filthy language, and he says he will fetch police. I bluff. I step forward and pick up little bottles off the bed-table and say quietly:

"By all means send for police, sir. I am about to do so myself. They will be much interested in the contents of these bottles." Ha, ha! You should have seen him. He sprang for me. I pull out this automatic pistol and say: 'Stop! The game is up. None of your violence. There is plain-clothes detective waiting outside. Let me tell you that anything you may say will be taken down and used as evidence against you. Go downstairs!'

"Good God!" he says, in a low voice, 'that—nigger has got me.'

"And he is trembling—I—the poor nigger. Ha, ha! . . . say shortly: 'Now, Mr. So and So, it is in your interest that Lily . . . that your poor wife recovers, that nothing happens. I can leave her with an easy mind. To fly condemns you. Ha, ha!'

"I am covering him with pistol, go out, and I am glad to be in the fresh air. I was really in fearful fix if my suspicions were baseless, or if we could not get evidence. But I go straight to my barrister friend, and we take the medicines to a doctor at the hospital,



A beautiful view on the Athabasca River

. . . my spells seem to be now of no effect. No doctor calls at the house. I decide on bold course of action, being now well clothed and in funds. I call at the house and say to the maid that I am an old Indian friend of Lily's father. The maid says that Lily is too ill to see anyone. She seems glad to talk to someone, and I say that I am a verve old friend of family, and so on. Finally she weeps and says that ever since the man has come back things have gone wrong and her mistress has been verve ill, and that the man was cruel. . . .

Ah, my blood boils, I can tell you! I say I am the doctor, and that she must go and ask her mistress to see me. I am reckless. Lily is in bed . . . she is shocking sight. She can hardly speak. It is most awkward situation, and I almost regret getting into it, but I remember the French proverb—*toujours de l'audace*. She was very upset and kept on looking at the clock and begging me to go. I ask if she has seen a doctor, and she says: 'No; her husband is tending her.'

I pick up the bottles by the bedside and smell and taste them, for I fear poison. I am sure of it. I say I go to fetch the G.P., but she cries out 'No! no!' and is evidently in fear and much cowed. I boldly mention money matters and the return of husband after his desertion . . . and connect with him her present sickness. She began to weep like small child and to pray to God. It was awful.

"I say, pray . . . pray hard, my dear. If you can truly pray, all will be well . . . for I think of the magic from the Brahmins in India. And then I hear footsteps on the stairs. The door opens and the man with the yellow hair and steel eyes comes into the room. I had my back to the window, and my heart beats hard. His jaw fell and he

and he finds two subtle alkalies in them—slow poison. Then we go to the police and they get a warrant, and we all go back to Lily. But the man had flown. He has never been found, nor has his body been recovered. He just went away—like a puff of steam. Lily, of course, got all right quickly now that the drugs were stopped. Her husband had come back when she inherited that money, and tries to make her finance him, and make her will in his favor. She was fool enough to give in to him, instead of going to magistrate for protection.

"But, now, sir, I will tell you the queer part of all this, which you will pooh-pooh. Ha, ha, ha! will you not? The exact time after this event—I mean when Lily was saved by the poor Husb— that it took for the letter to come to England, I hear that my father is dead. I have worked it out, sir, to the very day. He had forgiven me with his last breath and taken off the spells which stopped the magic. . . . They ask me to go back to India . . . to assume the ancient office of my family.

"Ah, sir, that is the wrench. . . . She is now fond of me, but I must leave her and go back to Brahmin. . . . I should have obeyed my father at first. No good can come of such a passion as mine. . . . if never can marry her . . . no good come of it. Even in this tolerant London we should be more or less tabooed; and in the East it would be impossible—impossible! And yet, anthropologically, I am as good a white man as any of you. I am of pure Aryan descent, as I said before.

"I go back to my old earth-mother—India—and shall find rest. I have given the arbor vitae—to my little queen. Ah, I shall always think of her as my marvellously beautiful ideal. Yes, she has promised to cherish the little tree



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