

had spoken. His companion in the gray suit had also started at my voice, but he had moved backwards towards the open door.

"Only Mr. Ashcroft and the good Doctor Emanuel," said Bletsoe. "Be not afraid, comrade. The master of the house is, I take it, still confined to his chamber."

Mr. Ashcroft roused himself as Bletsoe spoke, and lifting his head he turned to the servant, and in a firm and angry tone asked, "Who admitted those men?"

The servant stammered a long apology for himself. He had a few minutes previously returned, and as he was in the act of opening the door the two gentlemen came upon him suddenly and demanded admittance. He had, acting upon general orders, denied them admission at first, but learning that one was a gentleman from Scotland Yard he had, through his respect for the law, and the officers thereof, allowed them to enter. Of course he expected instant dismissal: he was prepared for that; but he could not defy the law, or rather the embodiment of the law, in the person of Mr. Snellgrove.

Mr. Snellgrove, a meek-looking man of about thirty years of age, bowed in corroboration of the servant's somewhat laboured statement.

Bletsoe also bowed towards Mr. Ashcroft, and then, turning to me, the spasmodic motion of his mouth disclosing his white, grinning teeth, said, "'Pon my soul and honour, Doctor, I did not expect to find you here. I did not keep