

It seems to me you have been a long time. What does it mean?"

"Sir—she is gone, sir, gone."

"Gone?—who?—where?"

"The girl. I don't know where she's gone, sir; she was in the office when I went in, sir, standing by the window. I told her how you would see her in the library, and asked her to step up."

"Well."

"Well sir, before the words were out of my mouth, away she went, out the door into the street, like a wild thing."

"Like a wild thing, eh? Did she show that, she heard you?"

"No sir, she didn't appear to hear, but she must have heard me. Just went off like a shot, out of the door. I went out and waited for a minute, thinking she might have somebody else waiting outside; but there wasn't anybody, and she hasn't come back again."

"She may go to the—that is, never mind anything more about it, it doesn't matter," I said, going back to the fire and taking a sip of the whiskey. "Come to consult me, I suppose, and lost heart at the last minute, though they don't usually do that when they once make up their minds to come," I thought to myself.

So ended my first—I cannot say interview with—I may say experience of—the girl whose strange story I am telling.