

enough. You have built up no reserve. You must put on another stone at least before you can consider yourself out of the wood."

"I won't begin anything new, but that story I wrote in water. . . ." I watched him as he said this. I saw his colour rise and his lips tremble.

"Oh, yes. I had forgotten about that." I saw he had not forgotten. "You never saw me as a midnight visitor again?" he asked me with an attempt at carelessness. "Margaret Eldon. Do you remember, in the early days of your illness, how you spoke of her, how she haunted you?" He spoke lightly, but there was anxiety in his voice, and . . . was it fear I saw in his eyes, or indecision? "Since you have begun to get better you have not mentioned her name. You were going to write about her life . . ." he went on.

"And death," I answered, to see what he would say. We were fainting now, getting closer.

"You know she died of heart disease?" he asked quickly.

"I saw her die," I answered, not very coolly or conclusively. His face was very strange and haggard. I felt sorry for him.

"How strange and vivid dreams can be. Most dreams especially," he replied, rather questioning than assertively.

"I thought you agreed mine were not dreams."

"Did I? When was that?"

"When you brought me their letters, told me I was foredoomed to write her story. Hers and his. I can't think why you did."