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whizzed noiselessly round the bend. The terrified nurse screamed, but was too paralyzed to move.

With one bound, John Grey had leaped upon the child and whirled him clear of the car. The driver had applied the powerful brake so suddenly that the car swung round, knocking the man to the ground, where he lay, to all appearance dead.

The occupant of the car put his head out of the window.

"What has happened?"

"We've knocked a man down, Sir Lawrence. He sprang in front of the car to save a child. I'm afraid he's dead."

The driver was down in the road; the occupant of the car had sprung out with a startled exclamation.

THE nurse was crying and alternately shaking and scolding a very sobered little boy, who stared with round eyes at the sudden crowd.

"Mary, is he dead?" he asked solemnly.

Sir Lawrence Goss, bending over the unconscious man, uttered a smothered exclamation; then with the help of the chauffeur and footman, the injured man was carefully lifted into the big car and laid on the seat.

"Drive to Doctor Bassingbroke, Harley Street," was the imperative order, and the great car was again speeding on its way, leaving a gaping crowd, which had collected from nowhere, gazing after it.

Sir Lawrence, on the opposite seat of the car, was bending over, studying the face of the unconscious man, his bushy eyebrows bunched together over deep-set, puzzled eyes.

"I'd stake my reputation it is Arnold Bassingbroke, but by all that's wonderful, what is he dressed in a green uniform for? Looks like somebody's chauffeur! Most extraordinary thing I ever heard of. Well, well, to think he should have been in London all these months and I've never run across him! No wonder people say London is the safest hiding-place in the world; but who would think of looking for Arnold Bassingbroke amongst chauffeurs? What can have been his motive?"

Clever as Sir Lawrence Goss undoubtedly was, he gave the problem up—it was beyond him, and, as they had reached Harley Street, he concentrated his energies to the needs of the moment.

Surprise and consternation again fell upon Dr. Bassingbroke's house when the lost master was carried back to it insensible and to all appearance lifeless.

The middle-aged housekeeper wrung her hands helplessly. The old manservant looked and felt flabbergasted; only Dr. Wilson kept his wits about him. A college chum and medical colleague, he had kept Arnold Bassingbroke's clientele together by the continual reiteration of the polite fiction of ancient tropical diseases, especially the "sleeping sickness" which the favorite young specialist had gone to Africa to study, his return being necessarily indefinite.

This story had been kept up for nine months, until it was becoming a moot question whether to prolong it or admit that Dr. Bassingbroke had succumbed to fever and died abroad.

Doctor Wilson clung tenaciously to hope, he was attached to Bassingbroke and put off the final announcement week after week, and all the time Scotland Yard was secretly at work and inquiry agents and detectives were cautiously and incessantly following false clues and striving in vain to unravel the mystery of Arnold's sudden and complete disappearance, being seriously hampered because they were not allowed to make it public.

And now here he was, brought in unconscious, knocked down by the motor of Sir Lawrence Goss, in a most public place, where apparently any one might have seen him.

Evidently there had been no attempt at concealment on his part, and yet, what could it mean?

Undressed, and laid in his own bed, the hospital was rung up to send a competent nurse, and fate ordained that it should be nurse Wilkinson; who had assisted at the operation, nine

months before, upon James Kenway, the man shot in the trenches in South Africa.

It ran like wild-fire through the hospital that the missing young doctor was found. Everyone had a theory of his or her own to propound, and not one was correct; but curiosity had to abide, for Arnold Bassingbroke lay unconscious to the world.

"Concussion of the brain," was the diagnosis of Sir Lawrence Goss. "And a miracle he was not killed outright. Nearest thing I have ever known."

Sir Lawrence Goss was right, it was a near thing, and when brain fever set in later, the patient raved unintelligible things which no one could fit together into coherent whole.

One monotonous refrain ran through everything: "A marriage has been arranged—do you hear? A marriage has been arranged—but—it—must be stopped!"

Then the patient would try and spring up, fight wildly with the nurse who strove to quiet him, fresh ice pads would be put upon his head, and presently he would sink into a stupor.

"Can't think what he's got on his mind!" muttered the big doctor, more and more puzzled. He came every day, and often several times a day, to the bedside of the sick man, for whom he felt almost a fatherly affection.

Another visitor came also, in response to a hurried telegram, and took up her abode in the doctor's house.

ONE day, some six weeks later, Arnold Bassingbroke opening tired and hollow eyes, found them resting upon the peaceful face of a woman who sat near the window, some needle-work in her hands. The nurse had gone for her short daily walk.

For the space of a minute, the invalid's eyes rested upon the white ringed hands busy with their delicate work, they were lifted to the fine lawn kerchief over the ample bosom, and finally wandered to the placid face with its crown of white hair confined under a cobwebby cap of lace, ornamented with tiny bows of black velvet. Then he whispered in a weak voice:

"Mother!"

She dropped her work, and came softly to the bedside.

"My darling boy! Oh, my darling boy—you know me! Thank God!"

"Of course I know you—but—why are you here?"

"You mustn't talk, Arnold, my darling—you must go to sleep, dear."

She gave him something to drink from a wineglass and smoothed his pillow tenderly. Without protest he closed his eyes and dropped asleep, while she tiptoed back to her seat by the window, wiping her eyes, and breathing a prayer of thankfulness.

The next time Arnold Bassingbroke opened his eyes, they fell upon Nurse Wilkinson and Sir Lawrence Goss, who were both at his bedside. He looked at them in surprise.

"Goss!—Nurse Wilkinson! What has happened? Nothing wrong with Kenway, I hope? Why have you left the case, nurse?"

He tried to rise in sudden alarm.

Sir Lawrence Goss laid a firm detaining hand upon him.

"Don't worry, Arnold—he's doing splendidly," his quick wit had grasped the meaning of Arnold's words and saw that the sick man's mind had reverted to the last operation at which the nurse had assisted him.

"Fact is, my boy," he explained cautiously, "you've been rather badly yourself—got knocked down unfortunately, and—"

"Of course," interrupted Arnold feverishly, "that brute of a cabman just about did for me—how he dared to bring me home, I don't understand—we must have the police on his tracks before he has time to get away."

Sir Lawrence gave the nurse a significant look enjoining silence, and sat down by the bedside.

"Tell me all about it, Arnold," the big man spoke soothingly. "We couldn't make out quite what had happened to you."

"I'll admit, Goss, that I was immensely relieved to get that operation over, and for a change, I turned my attention to that Japanese drug we were talking about. I hadn't slept