

methods. In town I had seen everybody's favourite nostrum-dispenser, and none of them had relieved me of anything but my hardly-earned cash. I mean to present a study of them one day, to get something back from what I have given. Dr. Kennedy did not accord with the black-coated London brigade, and his opening was certainly different.

"How long have you been feeling unwell?" That was what I expected; this was the common gambit. Dr. Kennedy sat a few minutes without speaking at all. Then he asked me abruptly:

"Did you know Mrs. Eldon?"

"Who?"

"Margaret Eldon? You knew she lived here, didn't you? That it was here it all happened?"

"What happened?"

"Then you don't know." He got up from his chair in a fidgety sort of way and went over to the other window. "I hoped you knew her, that she had been a friend of yours. I hoped so ever since I had your sister's letter. Browans! It seemed so strange to be coming here again. I can't believe it is so long ago; it is all so vivid!" He came back and sat down again. "Perhaps I ought not to talk to you about her, but the whole room and house are so full of memories. She used to sit, just as you are sitting now, for hours at a time, dreaming. Sometimes she would not speak to me at all. I had to go away; I could see I was intruding."

The cynical words on my lips remained unuttered. He was tall, and if his clothes had fitted him he might have presented a better figure. I hate a morning