

ON MEDENHAM DOWN

"I don't want power," she burst out impulsively. "I only want . . . my husband. The rest is emptiness."

The glory of the starlit night wrapped itself around them—the meretricious glitter of the great city with its strivings and strugglings was far away. She began to weep very softly and pitifully.

Then with a sudden effort Lilith Kennion drew herself together. "I will trust you," said she bravely, and held out her hand.

Dr. Wycherley raised it to his lips with old-world courtesy, and went to call the car back.

A little later he had returned to the flower-banked porch of "The George," and soon he had managed to introduce the topic of the mystery of sleep. Kennion mentioned wearily that he had been sleeping very badly of late, and the barrister, taking the opening, spoke of his friend's powers to induce sleep.

"If you wish for sound sleep, I can give it you," said Dr. Wycherley.

"I have heard of that kind of thing," returned Kennion. "It sounds to me dangerous."

"It rests with yourself. I do not press my gifts," returned Dr. Wycherley. "To-morrow I shall be tramping on, and we shall probably not meet again. If you wish to break the chain of sleepless nights, I can do it for you now, but not to-morrow night." There was soothing in the voice and Kennion felt drawn to confidence.

He accepted the offer, and presently in the bedroom Dr. Wycherley passed him into the lighter stages of hypnosis.