

look in my hand. "Mr. Hatherley?" "Yes, sir." "And do you know where he is?" "That's the cellar."
"Where?" "That's the very room in which I should have left the cupboard before I rose from my
chamber. It lies at the corner of the cellar and the handle runs up towards the kitchen. When I got
back into my carriage I told my maid what had happened. She was the first to remark that there
must be a doctor in the house, though I quite mumbled the words. "Yes," said I, "he came in this
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