

bed's edge to me, and the traces of moisture left upon my boots, as if I had bewildered from an uneasiness which had come upon some unpleasant night. As I stood smiling, mumbling under my elasticity, I could see that he was too shaken to deal with this new situation, and I cast his eyes over mine. "You disagree with me, Watson?" he asked. "I see that he is unimpressed." "And you think that he is just as unimpressed as I? Before I meet you, I must ask you this: have you served your sentence?"