

bring me a new pair of dogskin gloves from Munster's to prove you've been there. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes, doctor, if you really consider it necessary."

"It is more than necessary. It is *imperative*. I want to bring the roses back to your cheeks, Lady Chichester, and the gloss to your hair. You are not doing yourself justice at all. You will look ten years younger when you have been for a week in the open air."

"I will go, indeed I will go," she replied quite eagerly; "but it is almost as lonely driving by oneself, as sitting here by oneself."

"Take 'She' with you then, and fancy you are sitting on the sofa at home. Before long I hope we shall have secured someone who will talk to you and amuse you whether you are out or in. I ought to have thought of it long ago."

He rose to take his leave, holding her pulse again for a few seconds between his fingers before he did so. The touch seemed to inspire him with some hope.

"You are not so ill as you imagine, Lady Chichester, by a very long way, indeed; I shall not be surprised if a few months sees you entirely restored to health. Take heart and resolve to be well. Then, you *will* be well! Good-bye."

He left his patient still weak, trembling and scared looking, but he left hope behind him, and a more contented look settled down upon her countenance as she sank back upon the sofa, and resumed her perusal of "She."

Meanwhile Dr. Jolliffe having assumed his top-coat and an enormous woolen comforter (which he