
THE GRAVENORS

esting details, but when one brought up a topic of the day for discussion, Matt Pensy would only shrug his shoulders and walk away in disgust.

"What is the matter, Matt?" asked Muriel, noticing the sour look on the gardener's face. "You do not look well. Are you sick?"

"Not exactly," he remarked glumly. "You see I did not feel well when I left you an hour ago, Muriel, so I went to the doctor. He felt me pulse, looked at me tongue, gave me some medicine that almost turned me inside out, an' charged me a dollar for all me trouble. By jiminy! that's enough to put anybody out of humor, I think."

"Is that all he did?" asked Mrs. Hawkins. "Did you not receive any medicine, any liquid, powders or pills?"

"To be sure he gave me some stuff to drink—two doses, I believe. He called it some fancy, highfalutin' name. Just a minute. I'll have it in a second. Ah, yes! em-etic, or some other such sounding thing. Emetic, yes—that's the word."

"I thought he would not let you go without giving you some medicine," remarked Muriel.

"Medicine!" he retorted angrily. "Why, what good was the concoction to me anyway? Sure, I could not hold it on me stomach at all, at all. And to think he had the nerve to