

that he was able to speak coherently and quietly, for every nerve in him seemed tingling with tense anxiety. Then the man with the grey hair asked him a few terse questions about the negro's appearance, and when he had described it as well as he could remember, glanced at his companion.

"Do you recognise the symptoms?" he said.

"No," said the other man, who was younger. "There are one or two complaints not unusual in that country which appear to somewhat resemble it, but they are seldom so virulent. I would like to talk to Mr. Austin about it later, but in the meanwhile——"

"Exactly," and the specialist made a little gesture. "Mr. Austin is, no doubt, anxious to hear our opinion. If you will permit me——"

He drew the jacket gently over Austin's swollen arm, and the latter, who held it out, bare to the shoulder, felt the perspiration start from him as he watched the doctors bend over the limb. They said nothing for a space of seconds, and Austin fancied he would remember that time while he lived. Then, to his astonishment, the grey-haired man glanced at his companion with a little smile.

"I fancy this case has lost its special interest to you?" he said.

The other man nodded. "It has," he said. "Our views evidently coincide."

"I would venture to point out that any decision you may have arrived at is, naturally, of considerable importance to me," said Austin, a trifle sharply.

The specialist smiled again. "I expect you will be pleased to hear that it is not a peculiarly African disease you are suffering from. It is, in fact, no more than a by no means infrequent form of blood poisoning."

Austin gasped, and felt his heart beat furiously from